

A Nightmare's Blessing

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Summary: Pitch Black has finally received a penance for his crimes against the Guardians, but because of his anger towards Man in the Moon and everyone else-he will have to learn to be friendly before he can call himself the Nightmare King. But he's going to have to earn a few humbling lesson's first; especially in his new body.

1. Chapter 1: Curse

Chapter 1: Pitch

Pitch struggled against the nightmares that sought to harm him. They were his nightmares and they wanted so desperately to hurt him. As his strength waned, his black sand scythe grew smaller and smaller as he swung it around. The onslaught of nightmares then suddenly stopped. Pitch looked up and saw white moonlight encase him. Growling, he shut his eyes and covered them with the back of his hand.

:Pitch:

"What do you want Old Friend?" He snarled, his voice dripping with ire.

The Man in the Moon did not answer.

"You were the one who sent your Guardians to destroy me! So why? Why of all times do you choose now to speak to me?" Pitch continued.

:Pitch, why have you succumbed to your anger? Why are you so bent on scaring all the Hopes and Dreams out of all the young of the world?:

"Do not avoid my question MiM!"

The Man in the Moon did not answer. So Pitch decided to play along. The boogeyman laughed.

"Oh Old Friend, have you forgotten that it was you who gave me Fear? You told me to use my Fear on the children of the world!"

**:Do not speak that way with me, Kozmotis Pitchiner!: **MiM said harshly.

Pitch flinched at the usage of his former name.

MiM continued to speak in a calmer tone. **:I gave you Fear, Pitch Black, so that way you could use it to help the youth become brave. One can only gain Courage if they face their Fears. But instead you've abused your powers for terrifying.:**

"Because that's what Fear is for! Fear is to SCARE!" Pitch yelled.

**:No your Fear was to bring Courage!: **MiM replied dryly.

"So what are you going to do about it?" Pitch sneered demandingly.

:I'm going to punish you Pitch, so that way you may discover the true meaning of your powers of Fear.:

Pitch cackled. "How so?"

Mim seemed to smile. **:I am going to send you back in time to the Middle Ages. There you must find a believer or friend. Only oneâ€"one who is both loyal to you and trusting of you. There, your power will only be able to sense Fear. You will not be able to conjure it through nightmares or hiding under beds. You will have to cause Fear in some other way.:**

"And I suppose while I'm gone your Guardians will have some sort of Golden Age?" Pitch spat.

:Yes.:

"Well I refuse to go."

:I did not ask, you **_will _**** go. But because of your stubbornness, you will not go as Pitch Black or even Kozmotis Pitchiner. You will go as something else. Once you've discovered how to bring Courage through Fear you will gain all of your powers back and your form.:**

"My form? What are you going to do to my form?" Pitch screamed.

MiM did not answer.

"Tell ME!"

Then out of nowhere Pitch felt something tugging at his body. He tried to dissipate into the shadows but he couldn't, he could not even feel them anymore. For the second time that day, Pitch felt Fear. He cried out in fright as he felt himself being pulled towards

an unconscious state. He tried to force himself to stay awake but whatever it was that was happening to him was all too painful.

Before he blacked out, MiM said this, **:Remember Pitch, you need one ****_TRUE_**** friend and you need to discover the true reasons for Fear.:**

And then, ironically, his world went _pitch black._

When Pitch awoke the first thing he did was open his eyes. Doing this, he was shocked to discover that he had a wider range of vision than he ever had before. Taking in his surroundings, he soon realized that he was in a forest of some sort. The world around him was cold and he shuddered at the thought that the thrice blasted Jack Frost was near. So he tried to move his feet but felt something move further down.

Further down?

Sure Pitch was tall, near 7 foot, but it wasn't his feet that moved. It was something else. Frantically he tried to move again and was relieved when he felt his right foot twitch. After that he tried to move all his fingers and toes but was totally mortified to discover he could only feel four on each appendage. Lifting his head, which was by far heavier than he could ever remember, he looked behind him and noticed a black snaking tail with two fins at his side.

What is going on? He thought furiously.

He saw a big pond in front of him, hefting himself up onto all foursâ€"all fours? Why was he on all fours? Rushing to the pond, he skidded to a stop. He was met with hateful green eyes of the reflection.

Pitch howled, or screeched, something unearthly. There staring back at him from the mirror of the water was a huge black dragon. His gold eyes were gone and replaced with toxic green.

2. Chapter 2: Fear Me

Chapter 2: Pitch

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><p>He didn't know how long he stayed rooted to that one spot. In fact, he didn't know of his current position at all. All Pitch knew was that he was in the body that was not his own. He stood there, his hackles bristling and his lips pulled back in an animalistic snarl. He was so completely outraged and frankly, quite embarrassed. It was bad enough that Man in the Moon banished him to the past, but transforming him into thisâ€! filth! That had gone too far. His eyes shot daggers up to the moon that was now above him shining brightly.<p>

_ "How dare you do this to me!" _ He howled.

MiM did not answer.

Pitch slammed his tail on the ground angrily. It didn't hurt, not much anyways; the scales that coated his body softened most of the impact. His sleek, sharp, ebony claws clutched the ground leaving scar marks in the earth. He stood there, stiff for a moment until a thought crossed his mind. He knew what sort of creature he was; he was a dragon! A sly grin crossed his face, every fang soon revealed. MiM would pay for what he did. Pitch would find every human near proximity to him and scorch Fear into their hearts. MiM thought he abused power before? Well just wait, because here comes Pitch Black, angrier than ever.

After wallowing in his steaming thoughts, Pitch turned his head and looked at his tailâ€"he cocked his head to the side. He lifted the tail a couple of times, trying to get the feel of it before focusing all his attention on the fins at the start and end of it.

I should probably figure out how to work this, _Pitch thought,
these seem to be a factor in flight._

He stared at them expecting them to move on their own, but nothing happened. Pitch growled determinedly and focused. For the next hour the same results repeated over and over again no matter how hard he focused. Frustrated, he slammed his tail on the ground and stared at the rock walls of the cove. That was when he felt a twitch at the back of his tail. He turned to see that his fins had changed position.

Good, maybe I can try flying nowâ€|_

Pitch unfurled his wings and observed each oneâ€"lifting them and testing each. Nodding that this was sufficient experimenting, he gave a deep inhale of anxiety. He was quite surprised to find a light green gas form at his open mouthâ€"a high shrieking noise following the intake. Curious, he exhaled. Pitch shocked himself when a nitro-charged, purple fireball stuck the ground and exploded on the earth. Pitch's sinister grin spread even farther.

Oh this is too good!_

Excited about wreaking havoc on nearby villages, Pitch spread his wings and literally threw himself into the air. The unexpected happened, he did not fall. He flew up into the sky, his large black wings extending full length as he changed from flapping to gliding and then repeating the process. Pitch closed his eyes, feeling the new-dawn sun glittering off his coal black scales. It was the first time in more than 300 years that he didn't have to shirk away from the sun. A deep rumble emanated from his chest in content.

It has been so long since I was mortalâ€| I had forgotten what it had felt likeâ€| _He thought solemnly.

He hadn't been mortal sinceâ€|sinceâ€|since the time the Fearlings had taken over him. Since they had taken him from his most precious treasure. But he would not think about his life in the other world, heck the other galaxy, from when he was a soldier with the Golden Ages.

Another reverberating, mirthless laugh escaped him from his chest.

Isn't fate clever? He traded the Golden Ages for the Dark Ages—“even if he didn't do it willingly. Although, he wasn't sure if he would trade this life for his previous life if given the chance. He missed the things—or people—he left behind, but he loved giving Fear; he enjoyed seeing fright in the eyes of children, teenagers, and adults alike. His other life wouldn't give him any of that enjoyment. In fact if he went back, he would either be stuck guarding the prison or fighting on the warfronts. But was this position any better than those options? He was stuck in the body of a dragon! True, it was a body of power but it was mortal—he would grow hungry, he would grow old. And now, if he didn't find a "friend" or a "believer", he would eventually die.

A thunder clap, deep and monotonous shook Pitch from his thoughts. He looked around. The weather had taken a turn for the worst, but surprisingly—or perhaps not—Pitch Black felt right at home. It felt like it was his place amongst the heat of the storm. He started to tilt his wings up when he heard shouting below him. He stopped pushing forward and made himself hover. Looking down he saw (his vision had been immensely improved since he was now a dragon) a primitive fishing boat rocking dangerously on the dark sea. Inside were people wearing armor and horned hats scrambling around with, of course, fish. They were shouting and rambling on in their Norse.

Ah the Vikings. _Pitch's mind crooned. _I believe to them I am Hel: director to the underworld; such a suspicious people. Hmm, now might be the time to use the newfound powers of Fear that I have gained. This should be very entertaining._

He pulled his wings up and tipped his nose down. Immediately he was thrown into a rapid dive. Giving a mechanical laugh he tucked his wings closer to his sides. The wind screamed past his ears, and feelers and he opened his mouth. The unmistakable screech flew from his jaws, catching the attention of all the Vikings on deck. They shouted, pointed at the U.B.O., Unidentified Black Object, free falling from the sky. Pitch smelled every one of their Fears; it was delicious. Well everyone's except a stout red headed teenager who could've passed for a man due to the fact that he already possessed the starts of a wild beard. This one had no Fear. He stood stoically, and looked Pitch straight in the eyes, headstrong.

"Fire the catapults!" he shouted. Large rocks flew at Pitch the instant the command was given. Pitch laughed evilly and easily dodged the projectile missiles with a barrel roll. The Vikings gawked at the remarkable sped of the dragon, or Pitch, obtained. Never before had they seen one like him.

Now, time to try and strike Fear into the hearts of these primitive apes in armor. _Pitch cackled in his mind. He plunged right smack for the ship again. The Vikings did not expect such a daring move. He could practically taste the Fear irradiating off of them. He sucked in his breath deeply, feeling the gas form at his mouth. Then, when he was about 300 feet away from the ship, he exhaled.

He did not have the desired effect.

He had a better one.

The minute the purple-blue fireball collided with the ship, it EXPLODED! The fire was so hard that there was even a ring of

aftershock. Debris flew everywhere. Pitch soared upward and disappeared into the thunderstorm. His laugh translated into another high pitched shriek.

He could get used to this new power of Fear. Yes indeed.

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3. Chapter 3: A Long Swim

Chapter 3: Stoick

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><p>Stoick's head shot up above the water, he coughed up the salty liquid as he resurfaced. He looked around as other Viking heads bobbed up above the cold sea. He waved to a black headed one who currently resurfaced, and swam towards the struggling Viking.<p>

"Spiteout, ye alright?"

His black-haired right hand nodded. "Aye, I'm fine. Yer okay too?"

"Fine." Stoick nodded curtly, looking around, trying to count heads. "Did anyone get killed?"

"No, everyone survivedâ€"I'm quite surprised. But the ship is another story." Spitelout shouted out over the crashing waves, grabbing onto a piece of plank wood.

Stoick growled. "Do you know how far we're from Berk?"

Spiteout nodded, his head ducking back under the surface at the motion. "Yeh, 'bout ten _rÃ´s_ out."

"Odin." Stoick muttered, then he treaded the water to turn to the other floundering Vikings. "Alright, we swim back to Berk. Let's move!"

With angry and freezing groans, they started swimming back towards their little home island. Stoick and Spitelout took point while the others followed. The two leaders were quiet for a good time until the black haired one spoke.

"Stoick, Squidface will not be pleased."

The red headed teen winced as this was said.

Yet he responded with only the determination of returning home on his

mind. "That he will be."

"What are ye going to do 'bout it?"

"Tell 'im what happened." Stoick shrugged. At this point in his life, only one thing scared him and that was his fatherâ€"Squidface the Terrible. Being nineteen going on twenty, and a Viking no less, he couldn't fear anything. His father was the one exception. It wasn't Squidface's large size, or cold hard eyes, or even the missing limbs that made him uncomfortable.

It was the thought that he might let his father down made him afraid. Squidface was always speaking of how Stoick would one day be the chief and that he would need to be the strongest, the fiercest, the merciless, the most blood thirsty; the best. He had to live up to those expectationsâ€"because he couldn't bear the look of his father's disappointed and furious face.

"Stoick." Spitelout repeated impatiently for the umpteenth time, trying to gain the red head's attention.

"What?"

"What was the demon that attacked us?" He asked quietly.

"A dragon no doubt." Stoick answered absentmindedly, focusing on doggy paddling back to Berk.

"Yeh, but we've never seen a dragon like that before. It was a black as the night and its fire more deadly then even that of a Nadderâ€"it hit the ship and caused the whole thing to blow! Lastly, I don' know 'bout ye, but I saw it's eyes. They were so full of fury and hate that it made my bones shudder."

Stoick grunted. "Yes, I saw the beast's bloody eyes. All I saw was another devil to slay."

"Truly you will end up in Valhalla with Thor, you crazy goat." Spitelout spat with a bitter laugh.

"I do it for our people." He defended.

"Most o' the time." Spitelout grinned.

Stoick smirked slightly and nodded in playful resentment. "Most o' the time."

"Do ye remember anything like it from the Book of Dragons?" Spitelout questioned, returning to a more serious mood.

Stoick nodded very slowly. "It was more o' a myth though. None have ever seen the devil."

"A myth?"

"Hel's slave dragon."

Spitelout gaped, a mistake because cold salt water entered his mouth immediately.

He spluttered. "Yeâ€|ye don' meanâ€" "

"Yes, I do." Stoick nodded grimly.

"The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself?" Spitelout quoted.

"That's the one." Stoick confirmed.

The right-hand man shrieked. "THE NIGHT FURY!"

Immediately all the Vikings around them went into a hysteria. They started screaming and looking up at the sky frantically. They scrambled in the water like a broken school of fish, reaching for their weapons in the cold water. Some of them actually managed to pull them from their wet scabbards and while they floated along, they swung their swords, axes and maces wildly.

Stoick, had he not been using both hands for swimming, would have face palmed.

"NO! No, no, no. No Night Fury. False alarm, jus' keep swimming." Stoick bellowed, glowering at Spitelout.

Spitelout had a grim face but his eyes showed embarrassment. Stoick just growled and shook his head.

"Let's just continue towards Berk."

About ten to fifteen hours later, the bedraggled Vikings washed up on the shores of Berk. They were tired, cold, and completely unaware of the black figure that quickly slid in and out of the dark storm cloudsâ€"it had been following them ever since the explosion. Stoick got up to the shore, stood up weakly and rested his hands on his shaking knees. Spitelout came up next to him and collapsed on the sand.

"Weâ€|got luckyâ€|that the storm didn't hit while we were out at sea." He panted.

"True," Stoick rasped tiredly. "But this isn't over yet. We have wounded and we stillâ€" "

"STOICK!" Came an angry yowl.

Both teenagers looked up to see a mountain of a man garbed in the finest furs and chainmail armor approaching them. Spitelout swallowed loudly and forced himself to stand up. Stoick only stood up taller, trying to reach the man's height and face him with a brave face.

The man in turn stood angrily in front of the boy, his giant arms crossed.

"What 'ave ye done boy? I give ye the chance to do something as a temporary leader, and ye get the whole blasted ship destroyed!" Squidface screamed.

"It was a dragon attack." Stoick stated calmly, crossing his own arms.

"There's always a dragon attack but ye don' see me losin' all my ships." The father spat, before asking sarcastically. "What was it? A rogue species?"

"As a matter of fact," Stoick rumbled angrily. "I believe it was."

"Stoick, don'." Spitelout whispered. "He won't believe ye, he wasn't there."

"Oh really?" Squidface crooned cruelly. "And what rogue dragon attacked ye and yer fishin' boat son?" That last words were hissed out mockingly.

Sometimes Stoick really disliked his father.

"A Night Fury."

Squidface threw back his head and barked out several hooting laughs. Then he looked back down and glowered at Stoick. "Yer joking."

"Do I look like I'm jokin'?" His expression deadpan.

Squidface sighed exasperatedly, a small sign of what a stressed man he was. "Stoick, yer going to be chief! Ye 'ave no time fer myths. And even if ye did, the last Night Fury was spotted over 200 hundred years ago."

"Father, I know what I speak o'."

"Stoick, I 'aven't the tiâ€""

"DRAGON ATTACK!" Some screamed as soon as the village behind them erupted into flames. The Vikings, even the ones who had just finished their great swim, got to their feet and ran to the flaming village. Eyes widened as they all, including Squidface, Stoick and Spitelout, got there.

No less than sixty dragons were attacking the village.

"Oh Great Odin's Ghost." Squidface growled tiredly. Would there never be an end?

* * *

><p>AN: ****_rÃ´s_t_****= a Viking measurement unit, it is equivalent to a mile.**

And, to all you Whovians out there, did you know David Tennant voiced Spitelout in the movie and the tv show? Just thought I might put that out there.

And to those of you who are asking if Valka(or Valhallarama, which ever you prefer) was on the ship, she wasn't. Stoick isn't married...yet.

4. Chapter 4: Avara

Chapter 4: Pitch

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A/N: To those who read this, please leave reviews. It influences my style, content, and how I write this story. It is important to be critiqued. So, even if you do not like this story, please review. I don't mind, anything thing to help me become a better writer is okay.

**Also, to those of you who are wondering when Hiccup will come in...let's try 20 years from now (literally.) **

I am very lucky to be updating so quickly because spring break is coming, and teachers have decided to slack on homework. I'm sorry, but these constant updates won't last forever.

* * *

><p>Pitch watched amusedly from a dark corner as several dozen dragons destroyed the unsuspecting village. He might not have been the one to start the attack, but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy it. It was too perfect. Without even knowing it, the dragons were helping him feed off the Fears of the people. And oh, it was absolutely intoxicating. Even better, it quickly escalated to the point where it became a mix of the Fear of dragon and human alike.<p>

Pitch's now green eyes sparkled sinisterly as he watched the two races destroy each other. It was, to him, a source of entertainmentâ€"like some sort of ancient slapstick or comedy. A dragon would attack a Viking, then a Viking would slice at it with an axe or sword. A Viking would chuck a mace, and a dragon would spew fire. The process would repeat itself and Pitch couldn't help but let his laughter escape. So he fixed his position so he could get a better view while still being comfortable.

_ "Such primitive creatures," _Pitch mused to himself, practically rolling for joy in the chaos.

_ "You're one to talk," _came a gruff reply.

Pitch startled, before spinning around to see a fat, rocky, bumble bee shaped dragons sitting right next to himâ€"lazily licking the gore between its claws.

_ "What do you want? Don't you have a battle to be fighting?" _Pitch griped, glaring at the fat dragon.

The dragon hummed jeeringly. _ "Oh you're not getting rid of me that easily. If _this _battle is so dangerous that the praised Night Fury would sit out, then so shall I." _

_ "Well, what do you need of me? Surely I can do something to get you to leave me alone." _Pitch snapped, seriously considering just blasting the dragon.

_ "Your help." _

_ "Now what could I help you with?"_

The bulbous dragon gave a nonchalant flick of his head towards the heated battle.

Pitch scoffed. _ "You want me to fight? Ha. Why would I do that?"_

The dragon blinked, clearly puzzled by the Night Fury's sardonic response. _ "You're the Night Fury! You're supposed to attack the human-scum. It's according to all the legends we've ever built around you." Not to mention that you're to free us from the Queen._

Pitch wasn't even going to ask about those legends, but they did feed his ego a bit.

_ "Please brother," _The dragon pleaded; it was so pathetic that Pitch wanted to slap the overweight dragon with his whip-like tail.

But then, a scam formed in the black dragon's mind. He was called, or seemed similar to a so called Night Fury? Oh how fitting. It was time to have a little fun.

He heaved a bored sigh. _ "Oh, I suppose; but only this onceâ€"and don't expect magic or anything similar to the sort. That would be ridiculous."_

With that, Pitch lifted his wings up and surged himself into the air. The wind whipped across his sleek body as he shot through the air like an arrow. Once he reached his desired height, he flipped his tail over his head and pulled into a dive. Surprisingly to him, the aerial maneuvers he was able to pull in flight were coming from instincts; not his instincts, but instincts nonetheless.

Back to the current situation, he waited until the building came into view; then he summoned a plasma blast and pulled up as the fireball continued on its path. He didn't miss his markâ€"the Viking longhouse. He spun back into the air for another nose dive.

Once.

Twice.

Thrice.

A fourth.

A fifth.

He bombarded the Vikings mercilessly with his nitro charged fireball, making sure that his high-pitched scream racked the sky and the earth each time. He wanted it to be fair; and by the fifth time, most of them had caught the gist of his attacks and would shout, "Night Fury! Get down!" when they heard his piercing shriek. All the while he was absorbed in their Fear. They were afraid of him._ It was too precious.

The dragons cheered, watching Pitch as he occupied the Vikings'

attentions with his explosions while they raided for food.

Pitch's thoughts crooned excitedly. "Oh, I'm not done yet..."

Once again he spun into a dive. His yowl ripped from his mouth as he summoned his fire. The dragons roared with pride and approval as they thought that he would once again terrorize the humans.

Or so they thought.

The fire rippled through the air and smacked the dragons, scattering them and their loot. Bull's-eye.

Once.

Twice.

Thrice.

Confused and betrayed, the dragons flung themselves up into the sky trying to catch the traitor. But the Night Fury was in his elements. His hating cackle filled the air as he circled around them, invisible in the thunderheads. The dragons snarled and howled furiously, searching for him futilely.

"Such dull creatures!" He mocked loudly and laughingly.

"Do not mock us, Fury! We must take you to the Queen so that she might decide what to do with your treachery!" A green, bird-like dragon hissed forcefully.

"Ooo, I'm terrified." Pitch jeered, still swimming in and out of the black clouds.

The green bird-dragon turned to an orange dragonâ€"which looked like a stereotypical dragon. It nodded in turn. With that the sixty-something dragons fanned out forming a U-shape around Pitch. He noticed and used his speed to escape the trap, thankful that MiM at least put him in the body of a mighty dragon. But a lucky dragon caught sight of his actions (Pitch was pretty sure it was the green bird-dragon) and it snapped his jaws at him, forcing him back up into the center of the semi-circle.

With a roll of his eyes, he complied, figuring that he could fight his way off from this Queen.

The dragons left the village area immediately with their perpetrator. Leaving the Vikings to a smoldering, burning placeâ€| and a slain chief.

It didn't take much time, but they finally reached the sea stacks and finally a giant mountain. Only then did Pitch begin to become nervous. He flicked his ears and feelers around. His green eyes stared at the many dragons.

"So, this may be my immense curiosity, but where are you taking me?"

—

But none of them answered. They all seemed to be in a trance. Now that was really disconcerting, so Pitch tried to pull away but, they

were all flying tightlyâ€"too close together for him to fly up or to the side. Before he could squeeze his wings together to bring himself to dive, all of the dragons crushed together and dove into a tunnel of the mountain they had been flying towards. Immediately a blast of heat hit him; he and the others entered the volcano.

When he got inside, the dragons automatically forced him onto a ledge in front of a huge pit; they were no longer in their tranceâ€"in fact they seemed almost restless. Pitch stared at it, the pit, and his body becoming weak and useless with anxiety. His mind was spinning, what was in the hole? Was he to be sacrificed in front of their queen? He was a dragon, so did that mean he was lava proof as well as fire proof?

There was a shocking rumble and ground quaked violently. Pitch made an alarmed face and focused on the fire hole, while demanding of the closest dragon next to him.

_ "What did you bring me here for? Who is this Queen you speak of?" _

A two-headed dragon hissed back at him. _ "Shush worm, do you want to anger the Queen? You will learn well to hold your tongue!" _

_ "Make sure to bow to her when she appears." _ Another dragon added quietly.

Pitch scoffed. _ "I bow to no one!" _

_ **:Are you sure, little worm?**:_ A voice roared.

All of the dragons started and most of them went into hiding on various ledges. Pitch shivered. That voice was very much like Man in the Moon's; it was mental, and resoundingâ€"it was also definitely a female's. But it was cruel and fierce, not soft and caressing like MiM's. But Pitch would not show Fear to this beast. He was the King of Fear.

_ "I am sure," _

A ginormous head appeared in the fire pit, gradually pushing its way out. Pitch's eyes widened and his wings sunk to the ground, as an expression of disgust spread across his face. This _thing_ was the queen? He hadn't expected the dragon to be this large. If he had control of his nightmares he would easily be able to control the dragon. But this was nearly impossible.

_ **:Who do you think you are, Little Worm, that you would dare speak to me with such disrespect?:**:_ She roared.

Pitch put on his best sneer and cocky smirk. _ "I am Pitch Black, Prince of Darkness and Nightmare King. And let me tell you that title is something more than you could _ever_ hope for." _

The big Queen surprisingly laughed; it shook the entire mountain.

_ **:That is a large title for such a little dragon. And I highly doubt that the Monstrous Nightmares would let you be their king.:** _

_ "Not those Nightmares you oaf." _Pitch snarled, although unsure of which dragon was the Monstrous Nightmares. _"I am king of the nightmares that haunt your dreams; the nightmares that suck the very happiness out of your sleep." _

Then, suddenly, a new voice came. **:Pitch, caution.:**

_ "MiM?" _The nightmare dragon asked almost hopefully.

But the voice had gone as quickly as it had come.

_ **:Oh Little Worm, little Pitch Black, Now it is time for you to know my name. My name is Avara, the Red Death.: **_The Queen jeered, as if expecting for that name to instill Fear into the heart of the Night Fury.

_ "Ooo, I'm so scared. The _Red_ Death. What was wrong with the color green?" _Pitch mocked, but expression deadpanned. _"Did your sire come up with that or did you?" _

Avara, the Red Death, snarled loudly shaking the hollow mountain again. Rocks fell from the ceiling and the ledges; the dragons huddled closer together in their hiding spots. The feared Death.

_ **:You have a special fire, Little Worm:**_She growled admitting.
_ **:You will be fun to break.:**_

_ "It will not happen I assure you." _Pitch laughed smoothly.

He allowed his laugh to bounce off the walls of the caves. The dragons cringed back at the noise. To humans it sounded like a shriek, but to the dragons it sounded like his normal cackle. Chilling and frightening and the last thing he had to remind himself that he was the Boogeyman.

The Queen just laughed.

_ **:I see great potential in you, my little Pitch Blackâ€":**_

_ "I am anything but yours." _He growled warningly.

_ **:And we will see what service you have to offer me, you will be very valuable to me if you do well. Already I have heard reports of your incredible speed, strength, and powâ€":**_

_ "Rumors,"_ he interrupted again, disliking her praise.

_ **:power,: **_The Red Death finished frustrated. _ **:You will become my little slave, and you will do great things. Together we will destroy the humans and rule to world like dragons were meant.:**_

Pitch laughed again. _ "Do you really think you can scare me? I am Commander to Fear!"_

But the same voice from earlier softly murmured, **:Not anymore Kozmotis Pitchiner.:**

_**:We shall see Little Worm, we shall see.: **_She rumbled, leveling her head with him, so that all six eyes were staring straight at him.

_ "Stop calling me Little Worm! I am Pitch Black!"_

The Queen rolled her eyes and whispered gently, and almost seductively. _**:Stare into my eyes, Pitch Black. Stare into them.:**_

_ "What? Do you really think I willâ€"" _He started, but it was too late. He had hesitated for a moment and looked her full on.

At that moment, a presence wormed its way into his mind, trying to take control of his body and his mindâ€"trying to control him. His body contorted into horrible shapes as he tried to fight off the unwanted presence.

The Queen gave him a toothy grin, as he yowled in pain.

Pitch screamed and screamed as he started to go unconscious. The presence overtaking him with no mercy, and no relentlessness.

** :Kozmotis.:**

5. Chapter 5: 20 Years Later

Chapter 5: Hiccup

* * *

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A/N: GoÃ°an Nott! To those of you who were waiting for this, it is finally time to get to Hiccup. This chapter is officially where the movie begins; it is set 20 years after the last chapter. But because this means Hiccup is officially getting a part, that also means that I am starting recounts of the movie whenever a chapter focuses on Hiccup. I will mainly be using these chapters as transitions, and also so I can put some of Hiccup's thoughts in; because, we see what he says and does, but we don't actually hear his thoughts except for at the beginning of the movie. So some perspective on Hiccup and as well as transitions will be what these "Hiccup" chapters are for.

* * *

><p>He stood there, staring out the window in his room. The sky was still dark, telling of how early it was. As he stared out into the still twilight, he looked at the pitch black waves that sloshed around violently in the sea that surrounded the island. As he saw them, the words he came up with on his own ran through his mind like they did so many times before.<p>

This is Berk, it is 12 degrees west of hopeless and 30 degrees south of freezing to death. It is located solemnly on the Prime Meridian of Misery.

His eyes wandered to his village.

My village, in a word: sturdy. It's been here for seven generations but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting and a charming view of the sunsets; the only problem are the pests.

He went downstairs, from his window he saw that a sheep had mysteriously disappeared from the field in which it was grazing.

While most places have mice or mosquitos, we haveâ€¦

He pulled the door open, only to swiftly shut it again because a monstrous sized dragon spewed fire at him. He braced himself nervously against the door.

"Dragons." He exhaled. As soon as the threat had flown off, he rushed out of the house. The once quiet village was now very alive and very loud. Various Vikings were fighting dragons or hauling timber to fix houses or to use as kindling to light the village up to see their attackers.

Most people would leave, not us. We're Vikings we have stubbornness issues. My name is Hiccup.

Hiccup ducked under a log that a few people were carrying.

Great name, I know, but it's not the worst. Parents believe that giving their children a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. As if our charming Viking demeanor didn't do that already.

Immediately following that thought, a Viking barreled into him and landed on top of him. His helmet was smoking and his beard holding bits of smoldering flame. He raised his axe screaming.

Before a smile broke out across his face, and he chirped out a "Good morning!" before taking off again.

Hiccup sprinted away, continuing to his destination. He completely ignored the shouts and protests of "what are ye doin'?" and "get back inside!" In fact, he was so busy maneuvering in and out of the crowds that he failed to notice a large dragon spraying fire in front of him until he was suddenly pulled back and picked off the ground. His emerald green eyes were met with a pair of angry blue ones.

"Hiccup!" The man, bigger than anyone else in the village, shouted. "Wha-what are ye doin'? Get back inside!" He then shoved the boy in the direction of his journey's end.

That's Stoick the Vast, Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes I do.

"What have we got?" The chief asked a man who was ducking under his shield.

"Nadders, Gronckles, Zippelbacksâ€¦oh! And Horst saw a Monstrous Nightmare!" He replied before ducking under his shield due to a

reapplied stream of flames.

Stoick simply brushed the smoldering bits that landed on his shoulder pads. "Any Night Furies?"

"None so far."

"Good."

Meanwhile, Hiccup finally reached his destination. Automatically, he entered the smithy shop, taking off his bear fur jacket and trading it for a leather smith's apron. The smith, with about too many missing limbs, was working hard; not bothering to pay attention as the apprentice entered. He already knew it was him.

"Och, glad ye could join the party." The blacksmith said sardonically. "'Fraid they might've carried ye away."

Hiccup was already starting his duties like rearranging his mentor's prosthetics in their proper cupboard and then beginning to sharpen tools—mainly axes and swords.

"Who's what me?" He asked, putting a hammer down. "They wouldn't know what to do with all this."

He tried to make an intimidating pose.

"They need toothpicks, don' they?" The smith snorted, changing the hammer on his arm to a pair of pliers.

Hiccup continued his mental dialogue. The meathead with attitude, and interchangeable arms, is Gobber. I've been his apprentice ever since I was little|well littler.

He went to the window, putting an armful of weapons down for coming and going Vikings to grab. That was when he saw the bucket brigade rushing by to put out the flames on the nearby house. Hiccup couldn't help but stare longingly.

That's the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut; Snotlout, Fishlegs and|

A giant fireball of bright yellow flames erupted behind a shapely young Viking girl with blonde hair and spiky metal shoulders pads. Hiccup felt his world melt away as he saw her walk away from the inferno with extreme cool.

Astrid!

Hiccup's eyes widened as he saw them, they looked amazing with the fire blazing around them—they looked so Viking.

Oh their jobs are so much cooler than mine. He leaned out the window to get a better glance at them. But the feeling of metal of cold metal touch the back of his neck and he was pulled away from the window.

"Nuh-uh." Gobber clucked.

"Oh c'mon! I need to make my mark!" Hiccup cried hopefully.

Gobber set him down and stared at him exasperatedly.

"Oh, you've made your mark alright; all in the wrong places!" He swiped his hand in the air for emphasis.

"Give me two minutes, my life will get infinitely better! I might kill a dragon!" I might even get a date!" Hiccup argued.

Gobber started to count on his fingers.

"Ye can't lift a hammer, ye can't lift an axe!" you can't even throw one o' these!" He shouted lifting up a bola. But right then, a Viking reached over from the window and took the bola from Gobber. He used it to tie a flying bumble-bee dragon that was buzzing rather nonchalantly for it to be in a war zone.

"Yes, but this will throw it for me." Hiccup stated, walking over to one of his many go-wrong inventions and patted it.

As soon as he touched it the "machine" reacted. It launched the bola inside it quickly, and thought Gobber moved out of the way in time it smacked a by standing Viking in the face. He fell with an "oof" before going unconscious. Gobber looked with frustration at the weapon and pointed at it with an unhappy yell.

"See this here is what I'm talkin' about!"

"It's a!"

"Hiccup!"

"A mild calibration issue!"

"Hiccup," Gobber reiterated, interrupting the boy's explanation. "If ye e'er want to get out there to fight dragons, ye got to stop all this._" He said motioning towards Hiccup.

"You just gestured to all of me!" Hiccup declared with irritation.

Gobber's face lit up, feeling like he'd finally reached the boy. "Yeh, that's it! Stop being all of ye!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" Hiccup drawled with a distrusting look on his face.

"Oh, oh, oh." Gobber copied, his face turning deadpanned. Maybe he hadn't reached his favorite pupil after all.

Hiccup became flustered. "_You_ sir, are playing a dangerous game! Keeping all this raw Vikingness contained there will be consequences!"

Gobber rolled his eyes, then tossed a sword to Hiccup. "I'll take my chances. Sword. Sharpen. Now."

Hiccup barely caught it, and when he did, a scornful look was graced on his face. He took the sword to the grinding wheel and pressed the edge to the spinning stone. But his mind wasn't in his work; it was outside where flaming dragons roared.

Sparks flew from the metal and rock.

One day, I'll get out there, because killing a dragon is everything here. His mind continued its rant.

He took the sword and put it to the shelf by the "take-out" window. He looked out. His eyes glazed over as he thought what would happen if he managed to kill any of those dragons.

_A Nadder Head, killing one of those should at least get me noticed. _He thought as he saw the bird-like dragons. _Gronckles are tough, taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend. _He watched the fat, bumble bee rock dragons took fish that had been left hanging to dry. _Zippleback? Exoticâ€"two heads, twice the status. _A house exploded into green gas and fire; no doubt due to said dragon. His eyes wandered to his chief at one of the catapult stations.

_There's a Monstrous Nightmare, only the best Vikings go after those. _He vaguely saw Stoick facing the bright red dragon.

Suddenly a high pitch shriek echoed across the land and Hiccup couldn't help but contain his excitement.

_Then there's the dragon that nobody's ever seen. We call it theâ€" _he saw the almost invisible black shape sweep across the sky. And then there was a shattering shriek followed by the lighting quick purple blast of a fireball. Several Viking, including Stoick, jumped before the flaming missile hit them.

"Night Fury! Get down!" One of the warriors shouted, in tandem all of the Vikings within the area ducked as the blast hit. The top of the station exploded.

_This thing never steals food, never shows itself andâ€" _

The creature struck again, and this time the whole station imploded completely.

_â€"never misses. No Viking has ever killed a Night Fury. _Hiccup wiped his hands on his apron and looked out the window with determination. _That's why I'm going to be the first._

Gobber came up to his apprentice suddenly. He was switching his arm prosthetic to an axe. "Man the fort, Hiccup; they need me out there!"

Before he left though, he turned around to face the boy impatiently. "Stay. Put. Thereâ€|"

Hiccup flicked his eyes in acknowledgement.

"Ye know what I mean; YAAARRGGHHH!" He screamed, rushing into the crowd swinging his axe-arm in the air.

As soon as Gobber disappeared into the crowd, Hiccup threw off his smithy's apron. He jumped to his invention and rushed outside, trundling it along speedily. He ran people, swerving his machine all around him so not to cause another calamity. Several busy Vikings shouted to him "what are ye doin'" or "get back inside!" or even "get back 'ere!" and all Hiccup replied was "Yeah, I know! Be right back!"

Finally, he left the sight of the villagers and began to rapidly set up his weapon on his favorite peak of the village. He looked up at the sky when it was ready.

"C'mon! Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at!"

He heard a great intake of air and knew the sound to belong to a dragon. He didn't see one though; so he took aim—"eyes catching a shadow gliding across the stars. He was trying to watch it carefully. The shriek. The glow of purple. The combustion—"another watch station destroyed. Hiccup pulled the lever on his contraption as he saw the same black shape evacuate the wreckage. The boy fell back at the momentum as the bola shot out of the shooter. But he looked up just in time to see a dark shape moaning loudly as it plummeted across the dawning sky.

Hiccup stood up, giddy and eyes full of joy.

"I-I-I hit it!" He shouted, throwing his arms up into the air with a victorious smile. "Yes, I hit it! Did anyone see that?"

So caught up in his triumph, he failed to notice the Monstrous Nightmare that crept up behind him—"that is until the big brute crushed his bola shooter and crouched snarling, behind the happy Viking boy.

His arms dropped immediately and his smile disappeared. He turned around and faced the dragon.

"Anyone except for you." Hiccup retorted, and then—"sadly but not unexpectedly, he ran away: screaming.

The dragon chased after him, roaring.

Hiccup ran as fast as he could into the village, and hit behind a large night torch as the beast spewed its molten lava fire at him. Once the blazing onslaught finished, Hiccup peeked behind the torch to see if he could spot the reptile. Again, he failed to notice the dragon sneaking up on him. Just as it was about to snap its jaws, Stoick the Vast lunged at it from out of seemingly nowhere, with a savage war cry. As Stoick dueled the Monstrous Nightmare, Hiccup decided that it was probably best to stay behind the torch. Until, a sickening crack broke through the air and torch fell; the fire having eaten its way through the wood.

—Oh yeah, and there's one more thing I forgot to tell you.—

The torch finished falling with a groan, and tumbled down hill—"hurting some people, scaring some sheep, and freeing some captured dragons.

Hiccup winced with every 'ouch' and 'och'; and he also flinched as the dragons flew off with plenty of sheep in tow.

"Sorry—"Dad."

Stoick the Vast glared down at his pathetic son.

Hiccup looked at his father awkwardly but then he said, "Okay but I hit a Night Fury."

Stoick's anger fumed and he reached forward and grabbed Hiccup by the shoulder. Embarrassed and furious, he started to take him away.

"Dad, it's not like the last few times; I mean I really actually hit it. You guys were all busy and I had a really clear shot. It went down right over Raven's Peak .We should get a search party out there beforeâ€" "

Stoick set Hiccup down with a jolt.

"Stop! Justâ€|stop." He yelled, aggravated. "Every time ye step outside, disaster follows! Can ye not see I 'ave bigger problems to deal with? Winter's almost 'ere and I 'ave an entire village to feed!"

"Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't you think?" Hiccup mumbled, quietly.

A few warriors exclaimed indignantly.

"This isn't a joke Hiccup!" Stoick declared exasperatedly. "Why can't ye follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't help myself," Hiccup stated. "I see a dragon and I have to justâ€| kill it. You know? It's who I am, Dad."

The chief pressed his hand to the bridge of his nose. Would it never end?

"Odinâ€|ye are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon slayer isn't one of them." He looked to Gobber. "Get him back to the house, I've got his mess to clean up."

Gobber nodded and pushed Hiccup forward. As they walked away they had to pass the fire-brigade teens.

"Quite the performance." Tuffnut jeered; his sister Ruffnut cackled for emphasis.

Hiccup kept walking. Ignore them. They enjoy it; let them. There's no point in wasting my words with them.

"I have never seen anyone mess up that bad!" Snotlout, Hiccup's cousin on his mother's side, sneered. "That helped!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. He could spare some sarcasm for his cousin. "Thank you, I was trying."

Astrid just continued sharpening her axe, while Fishlegs just watched quietly.

As he walked passed, Gobber shoved the brawny cousin into the barrel he was sitting on. Snotlout gave a nervous laugh. Hiccup just kept going, not looking back; he was used to enough ridicule to know not to ever look back. The older blacksmith limped after him to keep up.

"He never listens." Hiccup mumbled tiredly.

"Runs in the family." Gobber countered.

"And when he does, it's always with this disappointed scowl, like someone skipped the meat in his sandwich." He stopped in front of his house and did his best impression of his father. "Excuse me, barmaid! I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring! I asked for an extra-large boy with beefy arms; extra guts and glory on the side! This here, this is a talking fishbone!"

Gobber's eyes softened and he tried to sooth the boy. "Now ye've got this all wrong. It's not what ye look like on the outside, it's what's on the inside that he can't stand."

Hiccup looked cynically at his teacher. "Thank you for summing that up." His voice was drench with sarcasm.

The smith tried again. "Hiccup, stop tryin' so 'ard to be something yer not."

Hiccup pushed his house door open, his facial expression disappointed and his voice quiet. "I just want to be one of you guys."

He entered the house without another word, and shut the door quickly behind him. He stayed there for a moment with his head leaning against the plank wood.

Why am I so different? Why can't I be brave, or useful, or strong? Why can I never face my Fear of dragons? His cheeks burned red as he remembered running away screaming from the Monstrous Nightmare. Why couldn't he have faced it?

He closed his eyes, squeezing them tight; before his shook his head quickly. He sped over to the table in the middle of the front room and grabbed his journal from off it. He stuck it in the little pocket he had sown in his bear fur vest and with a determined inhale, he ran out of the house and into the woods.

He was going to kill the Night Fury and prove he was a Viking.

I'm never going to be afraid of dragons again. Never. Not after this.

6. Chapter 6: The Darkness and The Gold

Chapter 6: Pitch

* * *

><p>Disclaimer: All rights remain with DreamWorks, Cressida Cowell and William Joyce.

A/N: okay, here's a quick run through of different dialogues:
italics **mean thoughts.** "Italics in quotations" **mean dragon(s) are speaking. **"normal quotations" **are people speaking (or are used for emphasizing words.) :these little dots with italics

and boldface.: _means that the Red Death is speaking telepathically. :The dots with just normal boldface.: means that anyone is speaking telepathically (mainly MiM). I am introducing to new characters in this chapter, the Darkness and Gold. See if you can figure out to who they belong to.**

* * *

><p>His head buzzed and he was all tied upâ€"literally. His body was ensnared in ropes. They were tangled all about him, knotted and digging into his scales and skin painfully. His tail, though, is what hurt the most; the worst part was that he couldn't even move it. The pain seared through him like a white hot branding, stinging and biting.</p>

But he couldn't remember how he had gotten hereâ€"to this particular space in time. The last thing he could remember was that Avara had said to him, _**:Okay, my little Pitch Black, go on tonight's raid. Please make sure that no one is unaccounted for this time. It'd be a pity for you if someone went missing.:**_

And Pitch 'agreed'. For the past twenty years, he had been doing Avara's dirty workâ€"of course not willingly. He would never serve anybody save himself willingly. But somehow the Red Death controlled him, and through their telepathic connection he knew she relished it. She was the Queen and he was the worker. There was nothing he could do to stop it. He was a king who was now the slave.

Or was.

As he lay there, snagged in the ropes, his mind slowly began to clear. Pitch was slowly able to no longer hear the commands of the Red Death. And a soft, pained sigh of relief escaped him. Exceptâ€|there was one problem.

He had become two.

As strange as it sounds, in the time that he had worked for the Red Death, his personality split. There was of course, the Darkness inside of himâ€"the Fearling part. But now there was the part of him that he believed to have died long ago: Kozmotis Pitchiner. And now because both were alive and awake inside of him, he seemed to always be at war with himself.

_Look at what happened now. You thought that maybe you would have found some sort of believer by now. But no, you don't even have a friend. _The Darkness said.

_How can I when I was under the influence of Avara? I've had no time for friends. _Pitch growled, shuddering. He was steaming with anger, but trapped to the confines of the bola.

_Be patient. _The Gold whispered softly. _Your time will come soon. You cannot rush something like this._

_ Bah, don't listen to that fool! Do you really think that _you _will find a believer? Let alone a friend?_ The Darkness growled. _None of the dragons trust you and neither does the Red Death. You are only a play thing to her! And the humans? You're a monster to themâ€|but then again you always have been._

_ No, listen to me Old One. _The Gold cooed. _Your friend will come soon, this I can promise. _

_ "How long must I wait?" Pitch shrieked. "It's been 20 bloody years!" _

He laid his head up on the ground and closed his eyes.

_ "What I would give to feel something other than anger and Fear." _He groaned as his eyes closed shut.

_ You are the King of Fear. _The Darkness hissed. _You should be overjoyed to feel nothing but our Fear._

Pitch thought grumpily. _Shut up._

Suddenly, there was a sharp snap of a branch and a yelp. Pitch ignored, what did it matter to him? There was a scared gasp, and then suddenly it hit him like a brick wall. He could smell Fear, but it was also a mixture of anxiety and excitement. But he paid no attention; those signs could only mean it was his captor searching for its prize.

Something slid down the hill.

He couldn't help but wonder, _who in the worldâ€" _

"Oh yes, I-I-I actually hit it!" Said an ecstatic male voice. "Yes this fixes everything!"

Pitch squeezed his eyes tighter. _Let's see if I can scare him, even if it's just a bit._

The voice started again, placing his foot on top of the Pitch's foreleg. "I have brought down this mighty beastâ€" "

Pitch shoved whoever it was off him. The human came into view when he opened his eyes. His pupils slit. This was his conqueror? A skinny, weak, wet nosed boy? The boy had a small knife in his quivering hands, his arms also shaking. His expression was scared for only few seconds before it changed to a determined one.

"Alright dragonâ€|I'm going to carve out your heart and take it to my father. I am a Vikingâ€|I AM A VIKING!" The boy shouted trying to intimidate the Night Fury, although it sounded like he was trying to convince himself. He raised his knife, poising it to strike.

Pitch's eyes widened, he was entirely incredulousâ€"and slightly impressedâ€"that this boy would pursue. And for a second the shrimp of a Viking met his eyes; and for a moment they filled with curiosity, but then the time ended and the boy shook his head.

_ Do it boy, _Pitch thought bitterly, closing his eyes and laying his head back down with a groan, _impress me and end my misery._

He had entirely given up on finding a friend and earning back his immortality. His only escape was to die. There was no one out there for him.

But the life taking blow never came.

"I did this!" was mumbled by the human child.

Snap, zzztâ€|snap zzztâ€| went the sound of failing ropes.

Pitch's ears pricked up and his eyes snapped open. He looked over to the boy to see him cutting the ropes! How idiotic of him. They started to fall off slowly, once most of them had slid off, Pitch leapt from the ground and pinned the boy against a rock. The child gasped in fright.

_That was a poor decision boy! Now I want you to taste every bit of Fear I did!" _His green reptilian eyes, full of hatred, bore into the boy's. Waitâ€|had he really been afraid to die? No, the Nightmare King never feared. Right?

The boy looked at Pitch for approximately 5.6 seconds with Fear before their meaning changed. They began to soften, slowly expanding with curiosity and an expression Pitch never expectedâ€"understanding. But that only made him angrier, and he pressed his claws to the boy's throat and raised his head; inhaling for his flammable gas.

_Remember your chivalry Old One! _The Gold chirped. _He spared your life!_

_ He owes the wimpling nothing. _The Darkness countered with a snarl. _ Kill the weakling, end its puny pathetic life!_

Pitch stared deeper into the boy's eyes and saw something he was all too familiar with. _Loneliness. _The desire to be wanted, to not be alone. Also the handy fact that Pitch Black knew the boy's Fear was to never be wanted; to always be in solitude. Perhaps, just maybeâ€|

_NO! _Roared the Darkness.

Yes! Chimed Gold.

Pitch raised himself up high and brought himself down on the boy. He yowled as loudly as possible in the lad's ear. Without another look back, he spun around and flew into the forest. Or tried to fly; something was wrong with his flight pattern. More importantly, something was off about his tailfinsâ€|something was definitely off.

_What have you done? _The Darkness demanded furiously.

He saved the boy who saved him! Gold warbled. _He owed a debt._

_ I had owed a debt,_ a struggling Pitch growled. _I owe him nothing now._

Ð%Ð%Ð%

Slam!

His claws flailed against the rock of the cove as he tried to escape. Nothing. He fell back to the ground ungracefully. When he had crash

landed into the cove, he had discovered that he was missing his left tail fin. Because of that, he couldn't fly. He couldn't leave. He was trapped.

With a frustrated growl, Pitch walked over to a particular spot on the ground and made another tally mark with all its brethren. 3,557. 3,557 times in the course of two days he attempted to flee the cove and 3,557 times he failed.

Annoyed, Pitch launched himself into the air again. This time he came so close to the rim of the cove that his claws scratched up against the grassy surface. But they did not have a chance to lock, so he skidded down the sheer rock. He uselessly skittered until he fell to the ground.

_3,558. _He sulkily glowered.

With another bout of anger, he slammed his tail onto the ground and snorted. After that, he let out a fireball for good measure; just in case the ground didn't take a good enough beating. He pawed the ground and was about to take off again when he heard a soft, quiet _tap._

He turned around to see a charcoal pencil resting innocently on the ground.

_What is this doing here? _Pitch bemused.

He looked up, and lo! There he was on a rocky outcropping! That stupid boy who made him lose his tailfinâ€¦but also the boy who set him free when he could've killed Pitch. Right now, he looked scared thoughâ€"but only for a minute.

The frightened look melted away and was replaced by an intrigued and questioning look. He cocked his head to the side. Pitch followed in suit; extremely curious why the child would come backâ€"especially if he knew what damage Pitch was capable of doing.

_What is it with this boy? _Pitch bewildered. _Shouldn't he be afraid of the hellish Night Fury? _

He raised his eyes to the boy and both pairs of green eyes locked. The boy's widened and softened. Pitch's darkened yet sparkled with puzzlement. But soon it ended, and the child got up and left. Pitch sat there for a moment, before his pupils slowly dilated.

He was almost disappointed that the boy had left; because he was aloneâ€¦

Again.

7. Chapter 7: The Book of Dragons

Chapter 7: Hiccup

* * *

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A/N: GoÃ°an Nott! alright, here's a transition chappie. Sorry; at least most of us love Hiccup though:

* * *

><p>"Where did Astrid go wrong in the Ring?" Gobber asked the trainees as Hiccup walked inâ€"who happened to be soaking wet.<p>

"I messed up on my reverse dive; it was sloppy." Astrid admitted nonchalantly.

"Yeah, we noticed." Ruffnut snorted rudely.

"No, noâ€"it was so totallyâ€|_Astrid_." Snotlout praised adoringly.

The twins snorted and Fishlegs just remained quiet, continuing his meal.

>"She's right," Gobber agreed, ignoring Snotlout's comment. "Ye have to be hard on yerself out there. Where did Hiccup go wrong?"<p>

"Uh, he showed up?" Ruffnut offered, sneering.

"He didn't get eaten!" Tuffnut chirped out.

Hiccup rolled his eyes and reached out for a mug of water. Snotlout moved over so that Hiccup couldn't sit down where the mug was. He ignored the action committed by his brawny cousin and walked up to where his plate of food was; again Snotlout blocked the seat. Hiccup just moved to his own table to where he could sit alone.

Again.

"He's never where he should be." Astrid cut in, staring begrudgingly at the boy who was picking at his chicken. He should be thrilled to at least know that she had given him advice.

But quite contrary, Hiccup wondered: _What can I do to get her to like me? Am I really just that useless?_

"Thank ye Astrid," Gobber sighed, he shoved Ruffnut's head out of the way as he made his way around the table. "Ye need to live and breathe this stuff."

He them slammed a large book with the Berk Crest onto the table.

"The dragon manual. It 'as everything we know of and anything we know about dragons."

A thunder clap shook the Great Hall. Gobber grunted, and looked up at the ceiling.

"Hm, no attacks tonight. Hurry up." And then he left.

Ruffnut leaned back and gave a bored "ugh".

"Wait, you mean like _read?_" Tuffnut shouted urgently after the limping blacksmith.

"Why read stuff, when you can just kill the stuff you're reading about?!" Snotlout snarled, banging his fist on the table.

Hiccup and Astrid simultaneously rolled their eyes.

"Oh, I've read it like seven times!" Fishlegs piped up enthusiastically, finally breaking his silence. "There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face! And then there's another one thatâ€" "

Tuffnut held up his hand and closed it, imitating a mouth. "Yeah, there was a chance I was going to read itâ€!"

"But nowâ€!" Ruffnut exhaled with an uninterested expression.

"You guys read while I kill something." Snotlout laughed, getting up rudely, by pushing the wood bench back with a screech. He stalked away with all the arrogance known to Berk. The twins jumped up and followed him.

"Hey-hey, w-w-wait for me!" Fishlegs cried out, bumbling after them.

Hiccup realized that in their hurried get away, they had left him alone with Astrid.

_It's time to make my move. Hiccup thought. He walked up pompously to the table where Astrid was sitting at.

"So I guess we shareâ€" "

"Read it," She said haughtily and curtly, pushing the book towards him. She didn't even look at him as she got up and began to leave.

Hiccup deflated. "All mine then, aright. See youâ€!"

The door slammed, registering the thought that she had actually left him. Hiccup sucked in his breath.

"â€"tomorrow. Great."

After he finished the little bit of dinner he had, Hiccup went and got a few candles; for by now the Great Hall was dark. With a lonely sigh, he sat down at the table and opened the dragon book. Turning to the first page, he ran his pointer finger down the list of words; he read out loud to himself.

"Strike class, fear class, mystery classâ€!"

Soon enough, Hiccup found himself going through the lists of dragons and their descriptions as he flipped through the pages. He was so into the book that he was beginning to scare himselfâ€"imagining the pictures beginning to stir to life and move.

A loud crack of thunder made him spin around and stare anxiously at the door. When nothing happened, he heaved a sigh and continued to read.

"Kills its victims, buries its victims, chokes its victims, turns its

victims inside outâ€"extremely dangerous, extremely dangerousâ€|kill on sight, kill on sight, kill on sightâ€|"

Hiccup paused as he reached the last page. This was it. This was what he had been hoping to find. His breath hitched.

"Night Fury," he whispered. "Speed: unknown, sizeâ€"unknown; the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only hope? Hid and pray it does not find you."

The boy thought for a moment, and then reaching into his vest, he pulled out his journal. Opening it to the correct page, he dropped it on top of the Book of Dragons. His eyes stared at the sketch of the Night Fury.

So why aren't you like the rest of them?

Ò‰Ò‰Ò‰

* * *

><p>AN: okay people, please as I've said before: if you've read a chapter, please leave a review. Criticism influences my writing! also if you have a problem with something, reviews are a good place to let me know.**

8. Chapter 8: Forbidden Friendship

Chapter 8: Pitch

* * *

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**A/N: GoÃ°an Nott, and Takk Fyrir to those of you who actually read my story. Oh yeah, to those it may concern...I'M SORRY FOR TRANSITION CHAPTERS! I absolutely hate them, but it is to the utter deepest part of my hate, that I admit they are important. and until I leave the How to Train Your Dragon storyline (this will end at Snoggletog) most of the characters from the movie will be relapses of the movie. I think I warned you guys before I wrote the... fourth chapter? anyways, this is just another friendly reminder.

>Loki: Although I do admit, I enjoy a good transition chapter; you are able to understand the setting and some of their character's actions and ideas better.
Me: What the Hel? Loki, what in the Nine Realms are you doing here? You're not even in this story!

>Loki: I figured I would read your story, I enjoy mocking your fragile attempts to write.
Me: Hey, that's not nice.

>Loki: *winking* no one ever explained to me that I had to be nice.
Me: I think I write okay, at least I try to make up for transitional chapters with a good creative one.

>Loki: Whatever you say.
Me: *grabs a baseball bat* you guys go on and enjoy the fic, I've got some sense to beat into the mind of everyone's favorite god of Mischief...**

* * *

><p>Pitch jumped onto a rock that was high up and out of view if one

were to be standing at ground point; he laid himself as flat as he could against the rock. A fish had magically appeared on the ground of the cove, and knowing that this was wrong, Pitch wanted to see his intruder with it seeing him. So he waited.<p>

Sure enough, there was a flash of color of a Viking shieldâ€"but it stopped, caught between the rocks of the side of the cove. And finally, his patience was rewarded as a small body crawled out from underneath the shield.

It. Was. That. Boy.

Said child reached over and picked up the fish from the ground and clutched it to his chest. He started to walk forward looking around. Pitch could feel the slight anxiety stemming from the boy, but nonetheless, despite his Fear, the boy kept looking.

_It's almost as if he is looking for something. _Pitch thought.

The Gold smirked. _Who do you think he could be looking for, Old One?_

_ He's looking for his death._ The Darkness spat.

I wasn't talking to you. The Gold chirped out annoyingly.

Pitch rolled his eyes.

_What are you doing here, boy?" _He questioned menacingly, starting to crawl down the rock he had been perched on. _"Don't you know I could devour you in an instant?"_

_ Would you really? _The Gold inquired.

OF COURSE _he would! _Darkness roared. _Sink your fangs into the little brat and show him Fear!_

_ Or you could let him be. _The Gold suggested. _So far he has done nothing to provoke you._

Pitch's mind growled angrily. _Or you both could just shut up._

Pitch, not caring whether or not they listened to him, ignored their ideas. Instead he made himself completely obvious to the child as he slunk down the rock and in front of the boy. Pitch let loose a growl.

_ "Why are you here?" _He repeated demandingly.

The red headed boy held out the fish.

_ Is this for me? _Pitch wondered skeptically. _ Is it some sort of peace offering?_

The boy extended his arm a bit more.

_ "Hmâ€|" _Pitch rumbled, slowly coming forward. He was incredibly hungryâ€"having been fruitless in catching his own meals. He almost had the small morsel between his teeth when he shuffled back and

snarled. That stupid spawn was armed.

_ "Drop the knife and no one gets hurt!" _ Pitch hissed furiously.

The boy stiffly back away, his fear increasing; but he reached into his vest and pulled out the metal knife. When Pitch growled again, he dropped the weapon. But still, it wasn't good enough.

_ "More," _ he growled, suspiciously gesturing to the weapon on the ground.

The child reached out with his foot and balanced the knife on his bootâ€"he tossed it into the pond. He looked back at the Night Fury reassuringly. Only then did Pitch relax. His ears twitched up and he sat back on his haunches. With a nervous look the small pathetic human proffered the fish again. Pitch moved forward cautiously and opened his mouth.

The boy spoke. "Huh, toothless. I could've sworn you hadâ€" "

Pitch smirked. _ Wish to see my teeth? _ With that, his retractable teeth shot out and he snatched the teeth away.

The boy's hands pulled back and stared bug-eyed at Pitch. He wasn't scared, so much as shocked.

"â€"teeth."

Pitch then decided to confront the boy. He approached him slowly, looking at him inquisitively but warily. _ "So what are you doing here and what do you want with me, boy?" _

The boy fell back as he tried to scuffle away. "Uh no-no-no-no-noâ€| I don't have any more."

_ More?_ Pitch thought. _ Why would youâ€|oh. I think you see me as a threat. Well currently, I'm notâ€"well, I always am but not to youâ€|at the moment._

_ Offer him something to show you mean well. _ The Gold whispered.

_ He can't!_ _ But heâ€"errghâ€"mrrghâ€" _ The Darkness spluttered, so angry it couldn't even use its words.

_ Perhaps,_ Pitch supposed. _ I c_an _do something. He hascome visited me twice nowâ€|voluntarilyâ€|as far as I know. _

Crossly, he contracted his throat several times; this forced the contents of his stomach to churn and he managed to chuck up half of the fish he had just consumed. He'd seen many dragons used this method to feed their young and only hoped the small human didn't get any ideas. With a sickening squelch, the fish landed in the young Viking's lap. Pitch sat back on his haunches and looked expectantly at the smaller being.

The boy made a disgusted face. Pitch continued to stare at him. The boy returned the look with an awkward glanceâ€"he sat back against the boulder that was behind him. Pitch looked from the fish and to the boy again. The boy did the same, only more rapid. Pitch nodded in

confirmation and blinked.

In that time that his eyes closed, he saw a toddler with pitch black, long, curly hair and bright green eyes, sitting in a wooden high chair at an elaborately decorated table. She looked at the food in front of her the same way the skimpy Viking boy did.

_ "Come on, darling Seraphinaâ€"eat your food." A voice crooned softly. To Pitch, it sounded very much like the Gold._

The flashback ended and he was sitting in the form of a dragon in front of the boy again. This time though, something welled up inside himâ€|something good.

_ "Come on now, eat your food; bringing that food up for you was not the best of experiences that I've had." _Pitch growled softly, it wasn't unkind though; which meant something if it was coming from him.

The boy exhaled, conceding to the will of the dragon and picked up the fish. Closing his eyes, he bit into the piece of raw meat. He tore the meat from away from his mouth as soon as he bit inâ€"it left with a strand of saliva and a 'squish'.

Pitch looked at skeptically at the boy who was reoffering the fish half to him.

"Umhm." The boy gurgled, trying to make himself sound convincing. But his cheeks were puffed up with meat.

Does he think I'm stupid? Pitch thought, slightly offended.
Obviously the stupid fish is in his cheeks. I vomited that up for him, so he better eat it and do it with a slap-happy grin on his faceâ€"the ingrate.

_ "Swallow." _ Pitch commanded, making a swallowing sound at the back of his throat.

The boy made a distressed sound, but with a forced swallow it went down his throat. Well, actually, it came back up the first time, so he had to repeat the process of swallowing it. When he actually stomached the small bit of slimy raw flesh, he gave a shiver and quickly stuck his tongue out in disgust.

Pitch Black looked at him amusedly.

"_See? That wasn't so bad now, was it?" _He sneered, Pitch even flicked his tongue out like the boy had just to tease him.

The boy gave him a fake smile.

Pitch keenly stared at him. _"You are a curious human." _

And despite that he was the Nightmare King, he couldn't help but smile back at the small human.

The boy's faulty smile faded away and turned into a genuine grin, and then that too phased past and was replaced with a look of wonder. His emerald eyes were full of inquisitiveness; and that curiosity seemed to prompt him to carefully get up. His arm stretch out, hand

extending.

Pitch panicked. _"What-what- are you doâ€"?"

_You idiot! _The Darkness howled, _do not let the little whelp touch you!_

For once, I will not argue. Pitch agreed. His eyes thinned and he unsheathed his teeth with a menacing snarl. He sped away to the opposite of the cove where he crashed onto the ground.

The Gold gave a sigh.

_What's wrong with you? _Pitch demanded, upon landing he crawled into a circle spewing a small stream of fire onto the ground. He pressed down on the hot earth and caked dirt, forming coals. As he laid down, he noticed a bird in its nest as it flew away. He gave a sigh.

_How I want my immortal body back so that way I wouldn't have to be in this _crippled _body. _He mused sourly.

_Did you even think that the boy might have wanted to have been your friend? _The Gold demanded, a bit coldly for his character.

Oddly enough, no. Pitch bit back. _No one would want to be my friend._

The Darkness grinned smugly. Pitch was finally seeing the truth.

Turning his head to lay down on his claws, Pitch noticed the boy was sitting right there next to him. He gave an annoyed growl. The boy smiled and waved at Pitch as if to say 'hey, how's it going. I'll just wait right here until you wake up'.

Pitch moaned. _"Can't you just leave me alone?"

In hopes of sending the boy away, Pitch curled his tail around him, covering his face with the last remaining fin. He closed his eyes but made sure to keep himself alert. The next thing he knew, there was a rustling sound and a presence started to approach his tail. Pitch lifted up his tail and stared curiouslyâ€"and slightly peevedâ€"at the boy.

"_What are you doing?"

The boy had already drawn his hand back. He got up awkwardly and stiffly walked away. Pitch rolled his eyes and stalked away to take a nap; a constant pass by now. His feet stamped against the ground, while he rumbled deep in his throat and chest.

He is the oddest human I've ever encountered. Even as the fiercest creature of this time, he still does not Fear me.

_You have given him nothing to Fear! _The Darkness yowled, although the voice was not quite as loud as it once had been.

Nonsense, Pitch scoffed. _Being a dragon is intimidating enough. _He climbed up a tree, and curling his tail around the branch, he hung there like a branch.

Agreed. The Gold chuckled.

_Apparently not. _The Darkness growled.

_Oh, bug off. _The dragon yawned, before falling into a light sleep.

0%0%0%

His tail swung around as he blinked his eyes, trying to focus.

"_Hello?" _Pitch called groggily, looking about him. He didn't see the boy anywhere; but he was particularly surprised due to it being sunset. But as his toxic green eyes swept around, they darted to a small, lone figure sitting on a rock. Pitch couldn't help but marvel.

_ He's still here._

His head blooming with curiosity, he dropped down from his branch and snuck over to where the boy was sitting. The Night Fury watched, intrigued, the human was drawing in the sand. He leaned over the Viking's shoulder, the boy stopped for a second before continuing. As Pitch cocked his head to the side, he realized that the boy was drawing a picture of _him._ And it was a very accurate drawing too.

_ "I remember when I had hands." _Pitch mumble jealously leaking through his voice. Then he saw a weak sapling not very far from them.
_ "Hold the phoneâ€!" _

He stomped over to the little dying tree, and clutching the sapling between his forelegs, he ripped the tree from the ground. Looking at the boy for a split moment, he turned back a round and started sketching in the dirt. It was like a danceâ€"and he was everywhere. He stopped to look at the boy again, who smiled, and then went back to swirling the dirt with his tree.

_What in the bloody name of Nightmares are you doing? _The Darkness demanded, horrified at such whimsical behavior.

"_Having a little fun," _Pitch retorted back.

_Remember who you are, Pitch Black. _The Darkness threatened warningly.

_Ignore him and just continue; do what you must. _The Gold whispered enthusiastically.

And that he did. With a content hum, he threw aside his sapling and stared proudly at his drawing. He believed that his sketch looked exactly like the boy. The young Viking got up and started to look at the entwining vines of drawing. He misstepped and accidentally stepped on one of the lines.

_ "Watch where you're going." _Pitch growled.

The boy lifted his foot and stared at the now calm dragon.

_ "There you go," _Pitch gave a slight nod of approval.

The boy set his foot down on the line again.

_ "Did I step on _your _drawing?" _Pitch demanded angrily.

The foot was lifted.

_ "Yes, that'sâ€" _

The foot once again landed on the line.

_ "STOP. Stepping. On. My. Drawing." _Pitch snarled.

The young Viking lifted his foot and stepped over the line.

_ "Yes, there you go; don't step on my drawing again." _ Pitch nodded. He observed the boy twirling around as he tried to see every bit of the Night Fury's picture. And then suddenly, the boy almost backed into him; Pitch blew a breath of hot air to ruffle his hair as a warning. The boy stopped and turned around staring wide-eyed.

Slowly, he outstretched his hand. Pitch growled and the boy pulled it back hesitantly. Then unsurely, he turned his head away and dipped his chin onto his chest. Only then did he dare extend his arm again. He squeezed his eyes shut in nervous anticipation.

Pitch couldn't believe it. _He is so incrediblyâ€|stupid. He trusts me enough, to turn away and allow me to do what Iâ€" _

_ Do it! Tear his hand off, and show him Fear! _The Darkness suggested happily. _This is your chance to prove that you are the King of Fear._

_ I shouldâ€" _Pitch started but was interrupted again.

_No Pitch, do what you know you should do. _The Gold chirped softly. _This is him._

With a great exhale and the last bits of his hope, Pitch closed his eyes and pushed his snout up against the human boy's hand. It was warm. It pulsed with life. It made him feel as if he pulsed with a never ending life.

The boy's breath hitched and he looked at the dragon, who was pressed up against his hand with shock. Pitch opened his eyes slowly, and looked at the boy tenderly.

_ "Iâ€" _

_ "GET AWAY FROM HIM!" _Darkness screamed with rage.

Pitch shook his head and snorted. With a glare thrown at the boy, he sped away from him. He was full of something though, and it wasn't anger despite his darker half's attitude. He felt something he hadn't felt in a very, very long time: happiness.

And then, a voice he had not heard in twenty years spoke; breaking

his long leave of silence.

:Pitch,: MiM said gently. **:The boy's name is Hiccup.:**

That was all the Man in the Moon told him, and he would remain silent untilâ€"and if there ever wasâ€"the end of the Nightmare King's banishment.

* * *

><p>AN: aaaannnnndddd that's a wrap. I hope this makes up for the last transition chapter, but warning the next chapter is Hiccup's War Cry, and as the title can tell you, it's another transition chapter. I really am sorry.

>Loki: *rubbing the bump on his head* if you truly are sorry, then you should stop writing transition chapters.
Me: But they're so important!

>Loki: Then you are not as remorseful as you claim to be.
Me: *pouting* Shut up...*then remembers* oh yes I would like to give a shout out toâ€"

>Loki: I would best handle this, I believe, dear CAMBRIA. I would like to personally thank Vi-Violence, IWannaBMrsFelton, Rochana, and Democrisis for reviewing on CAMBRIA's last chapter. It means much to her, even me that you review.
Me: I wanted to thank them Loki.

>Loki: I will permit you to take your turn during the transition chapter, mortal.
Me: but...okay. *happy again* Hey guys! if you leave a review for this chapter, I'll post your name on the next chapter! Ya'll can be famous!

>Loki: Oh yes, and please let CAMBRIA know if you liked me being part of the AN. If enough of you enjoy my company, she might let me accompany her here. If not, then I go back to the confines of her just barely starting story There Be Demi-godsâ€"which you can find on this site as well.

>Me: Stop whining.
Loki: I do as I please.

>Me:...anyways, see you guys at the next update!
Loki: Until we meet again.**

9. Chapter 9: Hiccup's War Cry

Chapter 9: Hiccup

* * *

><p>what is the purpose of these...? Disclaimer: All rights remain with DreamWorks, Cressida Cowell, and William Joyce.

**Me: Oh look, it's a baby chapter!

>Loki: but is it not a transition chapter?
Me: shut up.

>Loki: I must give you fair warning, dear readers, CAMBRIA has probably created her shortest chapter yet.
Me:...I'll make up for it, but I decided to make transition chapters as short as possible.

>Loki: we have yet to see, dear CAMBRIA, what the people think...

* * *

><p>"And with one twist, he took my hand and swallowed it whole." Gobber said proudly, swinging his cooking chicken-on-a-spit around with gusto. "And I saw the look on 'is faceâ€"I was delicious! He must've passed the word because it wasn't long before another one took my leg!"<p>

He showcased his peg leg to the Viking teens. He was particularly proud of that loss.

"Whoa," they admired, pausing their cooking dinner to stare at this faulty legâ€|well all of them save Hiccup.

He sat quietly, watching his fish cook quietly. Normally he would have enjoyed Gobber's stories, but tonight he wasn't in the mood. His mind was tormented with thought; of one solitary creature. He kept thinking back to the Night Fury he had entrapped in the cove. His hand tingled at the memory of the dragon's smooth scales brushing up against this skin.

And then there was the dragon's eyes.

Most people who claimed to see a Night Fury attested that its eyes were an ecstatic green. Yet when he looked into the reptilian eyes he saw that they weren't just green, but also a mixture of shimmering gold. Granted they were mostly emeraldâ€"like his ownâ€"but around the green corona that surrounded the black pupils, was a pale gold color.

Those eyes showed so many emotions; anger, hate, surprise, and even loneliness. He was so familiar to that mood.

"I'm so angry right now!" Snotlout exclaimed interrupting Hiccup's thoughts, swinging his own chicken-on-a-stick around but mainly in front of Gobber. "I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot! I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fightâ€|with my face!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes at his cousin's banter. Typical Snotlout.

Gobber grunted amusedly. "It's the wings and the tails ye really want."

He ripped a wing off of his chicken and twirled it around. "If it can' fly, it can' get away. A downed dragon, is a dead dragon."

Hiccup's train of thought ran off its track. A downed dragon is a dead dragon? Wings and tail are what you aim for? The Night Fury seemed to have been missing a tail fin, what ifâ€"oh godsâ€|

He jumped, abandoned his little fish that he had been burning, and rushed down the stair of the village. He ran through the small plaza in the center of the village to the blacksmith shop. He burst through the entrance and ran up to his room where he had left his journal. He went straight to the book and flipping to the right page, he took out his charcoal pencil and drew in a new fin to the Night Fury tail.

I did that, I marred himâ€"so now I'm going to fix it. _

Jumping down the stairs he started to heat up the forge, the huge bellow wafting new air onto the amber coals. Once it got to a suitable heat, he picked up a scrap piece of metal and started to do what he knew best—“inventing. That was the one thing he could do to make himself feel useful—but then again, few of his inventions actually worked.

He forced the newly formed steel connecting rod into the water bucket. Next he started to wrench bolts off of shields—“old shields. If any from newer ones were gone, the others would notice and he would be in for it. But it didn't matter; not now. He needed to help the dragon.

And like every time he started to work his craft, his mind began to go into a trance.

I have made a fault against a foe, who I can change. I've created a wrong—!

The little metal bolts began to attach themselves to the now three or four connecting rods.

I've created a wrong, that now I must right. It is to save a life...

A sewing needle began to play hide and seek in and out of a sack cloth material—he used it often to make or repair ship sails.

This is something I must do, to prove what I am. A boy or a man? This is my war cry to save the dragon...

He stared at the finished tarp tailfin. A confident grin covered his face. Stifling a yawn, he gave a satisfied nod and furled it into a roll. He set it down as the new dawn light began to seep into the shop.

It is done...

* * *

><p>Me: DON'T STONE ME! I know it's a short one, and it was originally longer but I know how you guys dislike transition chapters, so I cut it down and switched views. So now we get to see Pitch's point of view on the new name and tail.
Loki: hm, I would consider doing an update quickly then.

>Me: oh yes, that's another problem; school will be starting up again on Monday, so I don't know how often I will be able to update this or There Be Demi-gods.
Loki: which you should best update soon. I despise being second thought.

>Me: Yes we all know. *with a big smile* thanks to Xyst, Rochana, Vi-Violence, Sapphire Roz, Moonpie, and Roses for reviewing my last chapter. And please don't worry, the next chapter is relatively long (around 2k words) so it should make up for this baby one. Well that's about it. See you guys next update.
Loki: Until then, fair readers.**

Next Chapter: Toothless

10. Chapter 10: Toothless

Disclaimer: All rights remain with DreamWorks, Cressida Cowell, and William Joyce._

A/N: **Me: GoÃ°an Nott! This chapter was actually part of chapter 9 but I decided to cut down on the size of transitional chapters. So I rearranged some stuff, added some CAMBRIA flare, and I created this chapter! It took me longer because it wasn't prewritten like the others, but that's never stopped me before! I decided to do this instead of my homework, i'll do that in the morning when I get up.

>Loki: *rubs the bump on his head* you clearly need to reprioritize your standards then.
Me: Oh you're one to talk Mr. "I'm going to defeat my brother, and kill my father so I can become king of Asgard"!

>Loki: I doubt I sound like that.
Me: that's right, you definitely sound like your Shakespearian or something...

>Loki: ...do we really need to have this conversation again.
Me: *nodding.* Clearly. Alright readers, as Loki and I have a conversation about his accent, you guys enjoy the story.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 10:
Pitch

"Tttttttttoooodttttthhhhhllllllllleeeeeeeeessssssssss!" echoed a voice through the cove.

Pitch's ears twitched. Now who could possibly find this place?

He raised his head, stirring from his nap and stared at the boy walking towards him. Over Hiccup's left shoulder a basket was slung and tucked under his right arm was a long parcel. A giant grin plastered his face.

"Hey Toothless." He greeted warmly.

Pitch's pupils slit as he got up to meet the boy. "You did not just call me Toothless."

_ Calm down, Old One. _The Gold soothed. _I'm sure the boy didn't mean anything by it._

_ He insulted the Nightmare King's bravery! _The Darkness roared angrily. _He called him toothless! It was definitely an insult, almost as if he called him spineless!_

_ The boy's name is Hiccup. _The Gold pointed out. _I'm sure Toothless was not the worst name the boy could come up with._

Pitch just glared.

"I brought breakfast for you," the boy continued setting the basket down. "I h-h-hope you're hungry."

Pitch immediately brightened up.

_ "Well Hiccup, I suppose you aren't entirely pathetic after all."

_He crooned eagerly.

Hiccup tipped the woven basket over causing all the contents of fish to pour out over the ground.

"Alright, that's disgusting." He mumbled, but then chirped up, "So we've got some nice Icelandic cod, some Atlantic salmon and a whole smoked eel."

He smiled.

But at the sound of "eel" Pitch reared back, baring his teeth and hissing violently.

_ "Get that blasted thing away!" _He demanded, _"It looks like a Black Star Serpent. I _despise _those creaturesâ€"they were one of the many banes to my regiment in the Golden Ages." _

_ Are you still afraid of the Black Star Serpent, little Pitch Black? _The Darkness jeered.

_ "Shut up!" _Pitch roared.

_Everyone was afraid of those monsters. _The Gold whispered.

"No, no, no!" Hiccup shouted, picking up the eel and throwing it into the pond next to them.

Pitch stopped and looked at Hiccup. He just gave a final snort.

"Yeah, I don't really like eel much either." The child agreed.

With caution, the once-was Nightmare King inched his head forward towards the spilled fish. Catching no fresh scent of anymore of foul serpentine fish, he deemed it safe to eat. Hesitantly, he took one in his mouth and swallowed it; finding that it was good he quickly forced it down his throat so he could eat the next one.

"There you go, that's itâ€"don't you mind me, I'll just be right here, minding my own businessâ€!" Hiccup muttered, disappearing from his line of sight.

_ "Do whatever you want boy, I am not your mother; I need not know of what you do... or frankly, I don't really careâ€"so long as you don't kill yourself." _Pitch growled lightly, continuing to enjoy his meal.

_I cannot believe you are actually eating what the little whelp brought you. _The Darkness spat.

_Hush. _Pitch replied, continuing his meal. _Being that I cannot hunt anymore without Avara's mind control, I would've had to learn on my own. And that was being unfruitful and catching me no food. At least now I have a person to bring food; almost like a personal slave._

_ Is that really what you think of him, Old One? _The Gold questioned.

Pitch stopped wolfing his food down to think about the Gold's

question. He hid his thoughts from both the Gold and the Darkness.

_What do I think of Hiccup? _He wondered. _I've only known him for the day, and yetâ€|I feel a sort of connection._

The moment ended for him.

_Nevermind, he's just a boyâ€"a child. _His insides roiled. _I dislike children._

_ There's the Pitch we all Fear. _The Darkness butted in, ignoring the fences Pitch put up around his thoughts.

Pitch scoffed. _"Few truly Fear me these days. I am old, becoming nothing but a bad dream."_

_ I wonder why, _the Darkness questioned sardonically. _You give no reason to Fear you, and people do not Fear you. Such a conundrum._

Pitch was about to retort when he felt a sudden clenching on his tail where his end fin was. He knew that feelingâ€"the feeling of his other fin.

_It's there again! _ Pitch's mind exclaimed excitedly.

Without second thought or any true reasoning, he lunged himself into the air.

"Ah! No, no, no!" Hiccup cried out frantically.

_So long Hiccup, good-bye boy! _He bellowed without really considering what the boy meant to him.

But as soon as he reached a certain height, gravity took its toll. For some reason he couldn't control the fin, he couldn't even feel it connected to him in his mind. So he fell back towards the earth.

_No! _Pitch shrieked, trying to find in his mind, the place where he could control both fins, but only feeling the one.

Suddenly with a loud sound of ripping paper, Pitch soared back up, gaining his flight senses again.

Yes, I did it! Although I'm not sure howâ€| _Pitch howled in triumph spread his wings taut; in doing so he turned left so he could circle around the cove again.

_Maybe I can properly say good-bye to Hiccup. _He thought. _Perhaps even take him with meâ€|_ He could not forget Hiccup's Fear. He could never forget itâ€"not when his was so similar.

Suddenly a shout shook him from his thoughts.

"Oh yes, I did it!"

The shocked Night Fury looked back to see Hiccup on his tail, holding on the new fin.

Pitch looked down at the pond. I was considering taking you with me, and maybe I still will, but no hitchhikers. Besides, this will get you back for naming me something utterly ridiculous.

With that pleasant thought, he lashed his tail to the side flinging Hiccup into the pond. The boy skipped like a stone over the water before sinking in. But Pitch didn't even get to enjoy the moment, because he too plummeted towards the water. Giving a look at his tail he realized that the fin was a paper color and completely furled.

"What?" He didn't get to finish the statement though, because he presently skidded across the water.

When he resurfaced, little Hiccup's head was bobbing above the water with his hands thrown in the air.

"Yeah!" He chirped enthusiastically.

Pitch glared at him before, turning around to swim towards the shore.

"I can't believe I don't know what he did to my new fin or my flight, but he ruined it. Absolutely soiled!"

"Old One, have you not observed the fin more closely?" The Gold questioned.

Curious by his nicer side, once he reached the shore, he swished his tail in front of him so he could look at the fins. The one that he thought had grown back was indeed made out of a sort of papery material. What he had thought to be bones, were iron rods connected to a leather that was wrapped around his tail.

It was man made.

"Toothless!" a young voice shouted.

The nightmare dragon turned around to see a grinning boy who was sopping wet come towards him from out of the water.

"Hiccup, did you?"

"It worked, bud! It actually worked!" Hiccup chattered, shaking his wet hair.

"You built that tail for me?" Pitch questioned again.

"Of course we'll have to fix the bugs in the design," Hiccup babbled, walking towards Pitch's tail. "And not only that, but I'll have to see if I can find a lighter material or more connecting rods so that the fin can stay open for sustained flight!"

"Do you think you can honestly get me to fly again?" Pitch scoffed, but holding still so the boy could take the faulty tail off. His wet hands brushed against Pitch's tail scales, making him feel warm.

"But I know with a few tweaks I can get you back up into the sky

again in no time!" He cheeped happily, furling the tail together and wrapping the leather strap around the paper material.

Pitch stared incredulous at the boy.

Can you believe the whelp? The Darkness laughed bitterly. _He actually believes he can get a downed dragon to fly again._

_ He did get the Old One into the air for a while. _The Gold sang out.

_Bah! But he could never actually achieve anything better. _The Darkness countered. _He's nothing but an ignorant, stupid child._

Hiccup finished taking the tail off of Pitch's tail; he set it down on the ground and held the long black thing in his arms, staring at the real fin intently.

"It seems as though I might have to make a few minor adjustments to the current connecting rods as wellâ€|" He mumbled to himself. "But considering that I used just what I had seen from yesterday night and a drawing that I made, I say that I did really wellâ€"considering that the size is almost right."

Pitch could only keep looking at the boy; why was he doing this?

With a shrug, Hiccup carefully placed the tail on the ground and picked up the prosthetic fin. Shaking his soaking wet hair again, he sprinkled Pitch with a shower of little droplets.

Pitch snapped out of his thoughts growling. _"Don't do that, boy!"

-

Hiccup gave a clearly pleased chuckle. "Hey, you were the one that tossed me into the pond! You got what you deserved."

_ "I don't take hitchhikers!" _Pitch snarled, but it was almost playful.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, shivered, but still kept his great big smile. "I best be going then, Gobber's probably going to wonder where I went."

Pitch yawned in return. Inhaling deeply, he sprayed a small stream of fire onto the ground where he was standing; he pressed down on them thoroughly to make coals. Satisfied with the temperature in result, he curled down on them. The warm embers fitted to his body and seeped there warmth into this cold and wet skin and scales.

_ "Then go. I don't want you getting in trouble and having those stomping, bumbling adults coming down here to find me." _

"Get a good night's rest bud, I'll be back tomorrow." Hiccup said spinning around and beginning to leave the cove.

Pitch laid his head down on his claws and closed his eyes.

There was a quick swish of gravel and dirt and suddenly footsteps

approached him. Pitch reopened his eyes to see Hiccup in front of him. The boy placed his warm, but wet, palm on Pitch's snout just for a second.

"Bye Toothless." And then he left.

Pitch was stuck in the cove by himself again, and alone. But he didn't feel very lonely. In fact, he even smiled--even if it was a very small grin.

_"Goodnight Hiccup."__

* * *

><p>AN: ** Me: Aw, wasn't that cute...sort of?
>Loki: CAMBRIA, stop trying to make conversations of any sort.
Me: Okay, okay... *sigh*
>Loki: I would like to personally thank, for both CAMBRIA and I: Vi-Violence, Kit-Usa, Sapphire Roz, sauara, Rochana, Zehava, uknowhosis, and Demonicssis for reviewing on the last chapter. It meant a good deal to the both of us.
Me: oh yeah, Rochana, don't worry if English isn't your first language; just tell me what your first language is and go ahead and leave a review in that language, i'm pretty sure I can figure it out! Also I want to have my college degree in foreign languages so any of you guys, throw me all the languages you know (be sure to tell me what they are) I want to know as many as I can. My favorite will always be Icelandic though:)

>Loki: *rolls eyes* anyways, I believe that is all we have for you.
Me: Yup, see you guys next update!

>Loki: Until we meet again, fair readers.
Me: Takk fyrir!**

11. Chapter 11: The Gallant Yard

Chapter 11: Hiccup

* * *

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**A/N: Me: Goðan Morgunn! Guess what guys?

>Loki: CAMBRIA has officially reached-
Me: I have officially reached 50 reviews! Can you believe it? Only 11 chapters and I have 50 reviews! Agh, I feel so happy.

>Loki: Believe me, she is extremely happy. A big pat on the back for IWannaBMrsFelton for being our 50th reviewer.
Me: And in honor of the 50 reviews, here's a new chapter that is not a transition chapter or a chapter from Pitch's P.O.V. Get ready for some unexpected fluffiness!**

* * *

><p>Hiccup entered, his workshop. It had been a trying day--the whole Zippelback fiasco made him feel jittery and nervous. Everyone looked at him strangely for the rest of the day, as if they couldn't believe that he had taken out the dragon.<p>

And to give the others credit, they were technically right. Hiccup

didn't defeat the Hideous Zipplebackâ€|well not truly. He simply scared it with the eel. True it was a big risk, he hadn't known whether or not that it would work with other dragons but he tried it nonetheless.

_It's not like it would've surprised anyone if it didn't work. _He snorted._ Probably everyone would've expected it._

With a gathered sigh, Hiccup went through the pages on his desk. They were new outlines for the tail for Toothless, but every time he redrew the tail with more rods or wire, there would be some problem. Such as too many connecting rods would weigh down the tail causing too much lift on one side and too much drag on the other.

He groaned. "This is very complicated. I mean, my first model wasn't too shabby butâ€|I just can't figure out how to get the prosthetic to synchronize with his real one."

He looked at his drawings.

"'iccup?" called a voice from downstairs.

Immediately recognizing the voice of his mentor, Hiccup scrambled to hide the sketches for the new prosthesis. Just as he finished stowing away the last drawing, Gobber came limping up the stairs.

"What are ye doin' lad?" He questioned, squeezing through the door. "Is late, and ye know yer father won' be happy with me if yer getting' to bed late every night."

Hiccup fake yawned. "I, er, know. It's just, I wanted to finish up some work before I headed home you know?"

Gobber chuckled, reached over and ruffled his apprentice's hair with his good hand. "I know boy, I know. Yer as much of a blacksmith as me. Ye get ta workin' an' suddenly ye can' stop 'til yer done."

"I learned from the best." Hiccup laughed and rearranged his hair, although it wasn't much of a change from what Gobber had done.

The older blacksmith sighed, and suddenly his expression changed to something more serious.

"Hiccup, 'ow did ye do that thing in the Ring? I'm wonderin' 'ow ye did it becauseâ€""

"I'm not really one for defeating dragons?" Hiccup supplied a bit bitterly.

"Now 'old on a minute, that wasn' what I was goin' to say." Gobber protested, raising his hands up defensively.

The boy growled. "But it's what you were thinking."

The master didn't answer.

"You don't have to feel bad about it." Hiccup exhaled tiredly. "Everyone thinks it, so I wouldn't be all that surprised if you thought it too."

"Come on, Hiccup. Ye know I don' think like thatâ€|most of the times. I knew yer capable of doin' anythin' ye put yer mind too. Especially when it comes to yer inventions."

Hiccup looked up to see the blacksmith grinning a bit.

"Ye can do anythin' ye want Hiccup, and even though yer a walkin' fishbone."

Hiccup couldn't help but flinch.

"Yer able to pull the ice from Yggdrasil and back if ye wanted to." The smith finished.

"Youâ€|you mean that?" The child stuttered, completely surprised by his teacher.

"Yeh, I said it. But don' go round tellin' everybody that I said that stuff. It could ruin my reputation."

Hiccup laughed and so did Gobber. They shared their moment in amiable chuckles.

"So what are ye doin' up 'ere Hiccup?" Gobber asked, looking down on his student with a small smile.

Should I ask for his help? Hiccup wondered, he is very knowledgeable with stuff like this. And even though I'm pretty good, I really don't know as much as he doesâ€|

"Hey Gobber, can you help me with a project that I'm doing?"

Gobber blinked, and then feigned an expression of horror. "Oh no, wait for me to get my extra pair of undies! If I help ye with one of yer problematic machine, I might need them."

Hiccup shook his head and rolled his eyes.

Gobber rolled his eyes too. "Of course I'll help ye lad, jus' tell me what ye need."

Hiccup went to his desk and beckoned Gobber over. Taking out one of his many charcoal pencils, Hiccup began to draw a ship mast.

"So say that the gallant mast of a ship has only one gallant yard. What if I wanted to add another one to make it even so that the ship won't steer crooked. If I add connecting rods here, at the corners of the gallant mast and the crosstresses, and make sure to attach the gallant yard and sail with a plank similar the original gallant yard, would it stay open on its own?"

On the page, Hiccup had drawn a main mast, and then the gallant mast. To the right he made a whole gallant yard that was attached symmetrically and orthodoxy to the mast. To the left, he had drawn another gallant yard with a slightly similar different design. This one, because it lacked any sort of rigging, had iron rods stretching diagonally from small little planks to the curve between the main mast and the yard.

Gobber scratched his stubbly chin before reaching over and taking

Hiccup's charcoal. "Now Hiccup, that wouldn't work. The connecting rods ye put there wouldn't work because they would be too heavy, and not to mention the fac' that whoever was steerin' the ship wouldn't be able to have full control of the gallant mast because of those rods."

He scratched out the rods and began adding rigging starting at the end tip of the added yard, and stretched it down, connecting it every five Ã¾umal-Ã'lن all the way down to the base of the foreyard.

"If ye run riggin' down to the foreyard or even as far as the base, someone can manually work the added gallant yard because those rods that ye used won't work. But, it would actually be better to jus' change the entire gallant yard so ye jus' have one plank. That way, no one has to be worried about the sails being uneven, or uncontrollable."

Hiccup stared at the drawing. Rigging, of course! Why hadn't he thought of some way to make a rigging to control; perhaps in a saddleâ€?

Because that means that you would actually have to be riding Toothless to control the fin. He wouldn't be able to control it at all. His mind pointed out.

"Mm, come on Hiccup. Give yer mind a rest." Gobber said, picking Hiccup up from out of his desk chair. "I bet ye haven't got dinner planned for yerself at all."

Hiccup scratched the back of his hand and laughed anxiously. "Dinner must've just slipped my mind."

Gobber laughed. "Not to worry lad, we don't have to eat with the others. I know, why don't we head over to yer house. I'll make ye a nice fish stew. I know how ye don't enjoy meat too much."

Hiccup smiled and nodded. Gobber chuckled and pat him on the shoulder.

"Come on then, let's get goin'. It's already pretty late and ye need to get some shut-eye."

"Gobber!"

"Hiccup, yer jus' a lad; ye can't be stayin' up all hours of the night all the time."

Hiccup just sighed and blew out the candle. The room went dark.

"Hiccup?"

"Yeah, Gobber."

"How do ye think we're goin' to see where we're goin'?"

"Rightâ€!" Hiccup re-lit the candle and smirked sheepishly at the blacksmith.

"Alright Hiccup, let's get goin'. I don' know 'bout ye, but I'm starvin'." Gobber stated dramatically.

Hiccup giggled. "I guess I'm a little hungry too."

Gobber and Hiccup walked out of the shop with the candle in hand and they headed towards the chief's house. But still, Hiccup's mind buzzed as they walked in silence.

A saddle. I could actually ride a dragon!

* * *

><p>AN: Me: _Ã¾umal__-Ã¹ln_ means thumb-ell which is approx. 1 inch. This, as far as I know, is a legit Viking measurement...so that's kinda cool.

>Loki: She is so easily amused.
Me: *waggles eyebrow* Don't you know it.

>Loki: What were you trying to imply, dear CAMBRIA?
Me: well, I hang out with you all day, so I kinda have to be easily amused.

>Loki: *angrily* Why you mew-
Me: Takk fyrir to Kit-Usa, sauara, Sapphire Roz, Demonicssis, Rochana (terima kasih [did I say it right?]), Guest, Vi-Violence, slayterxyz, and of course IWannaBMrsFelton for all reviewing on chapter 10.

>Loki: I find their reviews amusing as well.
Me: Do you just find everything dang amusing?

>Loki: *waggles eyebrow* You "hang out" with me all day, you should know by now.
Me: *blushing* guys, that's all I have for you today, can't wait to see you next update!

>Loki: Until we meet again, fair readers.

Next chapter: _Test Drive_

12. Chapter 12: No Fault in the Stars

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**A/N: Me: PSYCHE! Ha, ha, ya'll thought this was gonna be the test drive chapter.

>Loki: CAMBRIA...
Me: Alright fine, this was supposed to be the test drive chapter, but my sister, PrincesszElDa29, had a birthday yesterday. So I wanted to write a special chapter in honor of that (any excuse really for not having to follow the cannon story line). So this is a special little chapter just for you guys.

>Loki: It is actually a well done chapter. Not something expected, I sure did not expect this.
Me: So sit back, thank my sister for having a birthday, and read!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 12: Pitch and Hiccup:

Hiccup laid the tail and prosthetic next to Toothless, a yawn escaping his jaw. "Well, that could've gone better, huh bud?"

Pitch looked up, his eyes blinking groggily. _"What, repeat that?"_

Hiccup glared playfully at the dragon. "You useless reptile, you're of no help at all."

_ "Oh really, now what could I have possibly done that was so bad?"
_ Pitch crooned, a smug smirk plastered on his face.

"Come on, I'm lucky Astrid was the only one around to hear you try to wake up the entire village!"

Pitch wacked Hiccup across the head with his tail, a leering burble escaping his maw. _ "Please Hiccup, you we're thrilled to see that girl. If I hadn't pulled you back, you would have been spilling all our secrets to win her hand." _

Hiccup snorted. "Useless dragonâ€|"

Pitch slapped Hiccup again.

Hiccup covered his arms over his head as if to protect it. "No, no, no! I'll stopâ€"note to self, Toothless doesn't like name calling."

_ "Oh no I enjoy name calling, but only when I do it." _

Hiccup's expression sobered a bit. _ I wish I could understand him; he seems to be able to respond to everything that I say._

Instead he stretched his arms out before sitting down on the ground, five feet from the Night Fury. Toothless had decided to set up a boundary when they weren't flying. As long as they were on the ground, Hiccup wasn't to come anywhere near the dragon. He didn't mind. It was amazing as it was to be allowed to fly on the dragon's back, so a no touching zone was cool for him.

Hiccup titled his head up, enjoying the darkness of the night and the steady pulsating of twinkling stars in the sky.

"Look at them bud, up there in the sky."

Pitch glanced up to the sky. His anger boiled. _ MiM._

_ Your executer. _ The Darkness hissed.

_ Or your life saver. _ The Gold interrupted.

"Don't you ever want to be up there bud? With those stars?" Hiccup questioned, looking up at the midnight dragon.

_ I might as well tell him, since he cannot understand me anyway. _ He thought angrily; he glowered up at the moonâ€"fury radiating from his eyes. _ "I have been up there, Hiccup. Long ago, almost a millennium, I was up there in the sky among the stars. I used to fly great star ships and speeders through the space, commanding armies to overcome a so called enemy. I used to love themâ€"as you doâ€"to look at the stars with suchâ€|_

_ "Wonder." _ He spat.

Hiccup looked curiously at him.

_ "But I soon realized my err. The enemy I was to fight was not true, it was the one who was commanding us; he was our true enemy: Tsar Lunar. It was he who led us blindly into war, but he knew that we could control it. That we could control FEAR. But when one of us got too strong, to love by the Fear he'd causedâ€"he wanted to destroy that." _

_ Old Oneâ€| _The Gold whispered mournfully.

_No, let it go Pitchâ€"just let go. _The Darkness begged, relishing the hate its host gave off.

Hiccup shivered. _He's angry, really, really, angry._

_ "I was the first!" _Pitch roared, no longer looking at the boy but at MiM who was somewhere hidden in the sky. _"I did everything you told me to do, everything I was to do! And still you sent your Guardians to replace me! I was your oldest friend, not any of them; not even Sanderson. And you still removed me. You still got rid of me. And when it was time for Fear to rule again, you squashed it, squelched its burning flame into the ground like an ant under a boot! Now, as if you to add insult to injury you force me to take the form of a pathetic, _crippled_ boâ€" _

He stopped.

A warm hand rested on his hind leg. He swung his head around to see Hiccup looking at him with Fear in his eyes. The child was shaking, but still the rage of the dragon did not deter him. He stood there, his breath sucked in as he watched the dragon.

Pitch did not like the taste or the intoxicating call of the boy's Fear. It made something inside him feel sick.

"Toothless," Hiccup started shakily. "I've been afraid of dragons my entire life."

Pitch startled back, entirely surprised by the boy. _"Hiccup what on earâ€" " _

"Listen bud," Hiccup stated. "I don't know why I'm telling you this but I feel like I should. My mother was killed by dragons when I was very little. I had already been pretty scared of them, I meanâ€"I'm a little hiccup and dragons are just so large! That just terrified me, especially with the raids every night.

"But then when they took my mother, that Fear just increased. I couldn't bear the thought of my dad getting taken by dragons. And, as much as I think I dislike him, I'm scared witless to even think if he was killed in this dragon war. I wanted to become a blacksmith, so that way I could make thinks to cause dragons to Fear just as much as I had. So that way I could make a machine to kill dragons; and I did, but I made it out of Fear."

Hiccup balled his fists, his eyes squeezed shut, tears gently streaming out.

"I wanted to kill every single dragon there was because I was scared that if any of them lived, they would kill the people I care about.

But then I met you."

"Hiccup, stop now." _Pitch growled warningly.

"No, you have to listen!" Hiccup shouted, anger searing his voice. "Because no one ever listens to me! No one ever listens to the hiccup!"

Pitch clenched his jaw.

_The little whelp is bossing you around now. _The Darkness snarled.

_Shut up! _Pitch's thoughts roared furiously.

"I met you." Hiccup stated, his voice quivering because now he was crying. "I met you and I didn't kill you. Because I saw the exact same thing I Fearâ€"loneliness. I figured maybe you would understand maybe you wouldâ€|be someone who believed in me."

Pitch's eyes widened.

"When I left, that night afterâ€|after our friendship, I looked up at those stars. I thought to myself: this is it, this a promise. These stars have never looked brighter because even if this doesn't workâ€"even if both our worlds end up tearing us apart for what we've done, stars as our witnesses; we would still try. We would maybe try to do something no dragon or human has done before: become friends."

Pitch's chest heaved, his breath stuck in his throat.

"I see those stars, and I see something that I've never seen before." The child choked out. "I see a hope."

He didn't know how to react, but he knew he wouldn't hug the boy. Not ever. It just wasn't the place of the Nightmare King. But he didn't know how to help the crying boy. Pitch did not like seeing Hiccup cryâ€"that wasn't what he had wanted. He had just wanted someone to understand.

"I know you must be angry, Toothless." Hiccup mumbled, turning his head from the dragon. "You must be so angry to try to kill everything on sight; or the shoot a nitrogen charged plasma blast and never miss. So angry to be named the 'unholy offspring of lightning and death itself', but please don't be angry at the stars."

"They're all I've got."

Pitch's insides stopped roiling. He instantly filled with guilt, with shameâ€|with emotions he generally didn't associate with himself.

Hiccup laughed, mirthlessly. _Toothless must think I'm a weak human to being crying. I'm supposed to be a man, for Thor's sake! _

He wiped his fists across his watering eyes. "Look at me bud, crying like a girl! Ha."

Pitch gave a growl and didn't face the boy. _What have I

done?_

Great now Toothless is mad at me.

I cannot believe I made him cry. That's not what I wanted.

Who cares if the whelp weeps? We don'tâ€"no we don't.

This is what comes of fury, Old One.

"Hey bud," Hiccup declared, his eyes bloodshot and cheeks tearstained but at least looking at the dragon again. "Do you mind if I crash here tonight? It's late and I don't want anyone questioning me. Besides, there's no training tomorrow so I don't need to worry about that."

Pitch gave a hum of approval before curling up on the ground again. He couldn't face the boy. He wouldn't.

"Thanks." The child mumbled.

Carefully, Hiccup dragged the saddle over to where he was sitting and laid down on the soft leather. It smelled like smoke, dragon scales, and sweat. But he often smelled things of that sortâ€"coming from a Viking village. I didn't really bother him. Why should anything bother him? He was supposed to be a Viking. Hearts of stone, nerves of steel. Concealâ€"don't feel; never feel. No one should ever know what you feel.

He closed his eyes not bothering to look up at the stars.

Pitch looked up at the boy, who had now fallen into an unsteady sleep. Carefully, he crawled over to Hiccup and laid down next to him and curled his long black tail around the body protectively.

This wasn't what I wanted.

Ð‰Ð‰Ð‰

Hiccup woke up the next morning to find that the sky and world around him was completely velvet black.

"What in the name ofâ€" "

The darkness was lifted and he was met with the face of an apologetic Toothless.

Hiccup sighed. So last night really did happen. He was such an idiot. He hid his frustration and nerves and masked it with one of his big smiles.

"Hey bud! Thanks for letting me stay here last night! Tell you what, I'll get you breakfast before I head off!"

Hiccup decided to ignore the fact that Toothless had been sleeping right next to him, keeping him safe from Berk's cold night. Instead, he jumped up to go over to the pond to catch some fish. But he was stopped by a long, black tail with a missing fin, pressed up against his chest.

"_Hiccup." _Pitch crooned. _"Do not _ever_ stop looking at those stars. You keep hoping. You keep dreaming. Because those stars are a promise. You and I, we're not perfectâ€"in fact I think the both of us are far from it. But don't you ever stop looking at those stars, because they are a promise that even though we're not perfectâ€|we're going to try. We are going to try to make this fragile friendship work."_

* * *

><p>AN: Me: *sniffs* I don't know about you guys, but I want to cry.

>Loki: She always cries, you do not need to pity her.
Me: Shut it! it was an emotional chapter! *goes to cry in a corner*.

>Loki: While CAMBRIA is recollecting herself I would like to thank Rochana, Sapphire Roz, Vi-Violence, thorn, iWannaBMrssFelton, sauara, Demonicssis, MySweetYaoi49, and Britt30 for all reviewing the last chapter. Review are extremely valued for critique is a writers best ally.
Me: *still tearing* did you thank them for me? *sniffs*

>Loki: I did, dear CAMBRIA.
Me: Thanks. Okay guys, so the next chapter will really be the test drive scene.

>Loki: It will be full of Pitch's snark I can assure you.
Me: And adorable Terrible Terrors. So, I look forward to you guys at the next review.

>Loki: *marveling* this is a very long author's note. Anyways, until the 'morrow fair readers.

Next chapter: Test Drive

13. Chapter 13: Test Drive

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A/N: GoÃ°an Nott! Aw man, longest chapter ever...just saying, over 3k words. man. it. was. a. killer. Well, enjoy guys. (Finally the Test Drive chapter :D)

* * *

><p>Chapter 13: Pitch

A whole week. Every day that week, the boyâ€"Hiccupâ€"came by. He always brought food and something to improve Pitch's prosthetic and saddle. They first had a small bit of trust issues, but after that nightâ€|the night with the stars, they had been closer than Pitch could have ever imagined. Of course, that didn't mean, he wouldn't let Hiccup have the easy way. Every time the boy would try to get the saddle on his back, Pitch would run away from the child until could catch him.

Surprisingly Hiccup was quick to catch him; the boy was smart. He might not be quick on the feet, but his mind more than made up for that. Which was something more than the other Vikings could account forâ€"they relied on nothing but brute force.

That boy is something else, Pitch mused. _He's so curious and always here. It's as if he has nothing better to doâ€|although I

can't say that I'm bitter about that._

He recollected their trial and error runs with the faulty fin. Every day there was always a step improved but also a step down. But Hiccup was always there to fix the problem for Pitch. Like a proper friend. It was Hiccup that made something ancient stir within the dragon nightmare. A longing. The longing of the growth of their friendship.

_Stop it. _The Darkness snarled.

_Stop what? You've been griping about ever since Hiccup and I began our friendship. What do you want? _Pitch instantly became deadpanned.

_You're fantasizing about actually having true friends. _It scoffed. _As if that's even a possibility! You know what would happen if anyoneâ€"especially that boyâ€"knew who you really are._

_ Don't listen to him. _The Gold spat, showing a bitterness Pitch never imagined it could have. _He's afraid of what would happen if you actually opened yourself up to something different._

_ Oh, I'm just going to ignore you said that, but you're probably used to that. _The Darkness sneered.

_What would happen? _Pitch questioned curiously, also remembering that nightâ€|that night had just given him a new light on how close he and Hiccup could learn to be.

_Make a friend and find out. _The Gold challenged with a hiss.

Pitch frowned. _What is that supposed toâ€" _

"Toothless!"

Pitch Black's eyes blinked open. Giving a yawn, he looked at the boy with a bored expression. Gods he had gotten so lazy, doing nothing but sleeping. His gold green eyes sparkled dully as a faint memory stirred through.

_ "Ah it's you, I thought it was someone important." _He quipped with a toothless smirk.

Hiccup gave the Night Fury a smile. "Sorry it took so long bud, I just had to get some more wire and then Gobber held me up and you know how it isâ€| But it's good to see you too bud; ready to go flying?"

Pitch looked skeptically at the saddle and tail which were tucked under the boy's arm. _ "Not that I'm not excited, but your contraptions seldom work and we've been having a few major problems with the tail." _

Hiccup seemed to catch his look. "Yeah, I know we've had a few flaws,"

_ "I'll say." _

"But I really think today we will be able to fly over the sea

stacks." Hiccup reassured.

"You and I could not even fly correctly when we were tied to a stump. I may be a tad overzealous when I comes to risky things, but I would prefer to live to see my immortal body."

Hiccup must have misinterpreted because his smile widened. "Thanks buddy, I knew you'd support us."

"Ugh, that's right. Not a single bloody fool can understand me." Pitch rumbled as Hiccup started to right the prosthesis and saddle to him.

"Just you wait Toothless, you'll be flying like a normal Night Fury in no time."

"There are no other Night Furies like me." The Boogeyman-dragon rolled his eyes. "And even if there were, there were, they don't have annoying Viking boys sprouting from their backs."

Hiccup grinned at the dragon and flicked one of his ears mischievously. "I know when I've been insulted."

"You're always insulted, Hiccup."

The boy flicked the dragon's ear again.

0%0%0%

His velvet black wings stretched across the sky as he made his way towards the sea stacks. He could feel Hiccup tightening various ropes and rigging that ran along the pedal, down the side of his body—the same ropes that controlled his prosthetic. A small doubt started to cross his mind.

"Are you sure you know what you are doing? Because shouldn't you have made sure everything was in check before we left the ground?"

"Alright buddy, we're going to take this nice and slow. Okay position two." Hiccup said checking his cheat sheet and then patting Pitch's head.

"How reassuring." Pitch gave a quick growl. His wings stroked through the air with twenty years of practice. Pitch circled around and started heading out towards the large rock structures. He felt the wind buffet his real tailfin and the tarp tail fin as it blustered around over his scaly tail. Coming towards one of the great rock arches, he decided to pull into a slow but steady dive. Might as well enjoy this flight.

"Alright, it's go time—it's go time." Hiccup muttered as they dived.

Pitch rolled his eyes at the anxiety of the boy, and tilted up a bit, his wings brushing the waters of the ocean as he quickly skimmed them. He had missed this. The wind gladly surged him forward as he flew under the magnificent stone arch. Hiccup let out a soft gasp of awe as he looked up. Some birds that were roosting up in a few holes of the stone flew off in fright of the dragon. Pitch rolled his eyes

as he felt Hiccup's wonder radiate off of him.

_This boy can be so easily amused, it's pathetic really. _He grumbled.

"Come on buddy, come on!" Hiccup encouraged, feeling as if the Night Fury needed a push.

Pitch grumbled something before surging forward again. He veered to the right trying to avoid an approaching rock pillar but to his annoyance the faulty tail fin was not in the correct position. His body collided with the structure but he shoved off as soon as he could. Hiccup helped pull him away from the rocks.

"Sorry!" he shouted over the wind.

_Just make sure it doesn't happenâ€" _

He didn't have time to finish his statement because Hiccup led him straight into another pillar.

Pitch pushed himself away angrily from the rock with a feral growl.

"My fault!" Hiccup apologized.

As punishment the night dragon slapped the boy's cheek with one of his black floppy ears.

Stupid boy.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm on it; position threeâ€|no four!" Hiccup corrected.

Oh, you are going to get us both killed! Pitch roared with maniacal amusement. He forced himself upwards and pushed himself against gravity, relishing the feeling of the crisp cold air. It was the one thing he enjoyed about the mortal body he was in; he had the ability to fly. He didn't have to ride on the back of some unfortunate Nightmare, he could fly on his own. And he was fast too.

"Oh this is amazing!" Hiccup cheered.

Or used to be able to fly on his own.

"The wind in myâ€"CHEAT SHEET! STOP!" The boy on his back screamed.

Alright, alrightâ€|but don't make me stall out. Pitch snorted. But his teasing mood disappeared as the child who rode him floated above his headâ€"no longer attached to the saddle. The once was Nightmare King felt gravity take its toll. And a pit of Fear dropped into his stomach.

"No!" _ "NO!" _

And they both plummeted back to earth.

_I knew you would get us killed Hiccup!" _Pitch screeched, futilely

groping for his powers over the shadows. If only he could teleport them to safety.

"Oh, gods this is ohâ€"help!" Hiccup screamed, falling faster than Pitch was.

_ "HICCUP!" _Pitch yelled, trying to get himself closer to the falling boy.

"You got to kind of angle yourself!" Hiccup shouted over the wind, flipping around, but also trying to free fall.

_ "Oh yeah, because I have total control of my body right now!" _Pitch shrieked back as he spun out of control in his attempts to angle himself.

"Goodâ€"no! Come back down forth! Come back downâ€"ack!"

Pitch felt skin collide with his tail followed by a stinging. He was too panicked to feel any sympathy. He failed to notice the human boy trying to clamber onto the saddle.

_ "Hiccup, you fool!" _He roared, _ "I should have never trustedâ€" _

Suddenly the weight on his back that had been missing was replaced. The stirrup that controlled the tailfin clicked into place and the fake fin reopened. They were placed into a rapid dive; with all of his strength the boy pulled up on the handles of the saddle. The Night Fury's wings unfurled and captured the air like parachutes. Hiccup gave a muffled scream as Pitch righted and the wind furiously burst past the black dragon wings.

Pitch could feel the boy's Fear radiating off his small, weak body. But he could also feel his own. The muffled shout plus the sound of flapping paper meant that Hiccup could only be holding the useless sheet in his mouth. Pitch could now clearly make out the menacing sea stacks covered with a misty fog.

_ "Hiccup, you bloody idiot! Get it together NOW!" _

Out of the corner of his reptilian eye, he saw the cheat sheet bluster away in the wind. But before he could comment, he felt Hiccup's grasp on the saddle bars tighten. The boy's Fear dissipated and was turned into a sudden mysterious bout of confidence.

The sea stacks were right in front of them and Pitch expected his rider to lose the unannounced air of confidence but he never did. Instead, Hiccup dutifully began to control the Night Fury. They entered the mists of perilous sea stacks. Pitch Black instinctively overcame his Fear and followed Hiccup's lead. It was almost as if they shared the same mind. His wings tucked close to his side as they dived past a rock spire. The tail fin clicked. His right wing opened a smidge, while his left stayed tucked close to his side. The faulty fin clicked again. Both his wings tucked close to his side as they spiraled away from another stone structure. The fin gave a more subtle sound. Ever so slightly, Pitch's wings slanted up as they unfurled.

Together, the duo exited the mists. The sun warmly danced on Pitch's

scales and the wind playfully tousled Hiccup's shaggy hair. They both released sighs of relief. A goofy grin parted over Hiccup's face and next thing Pitch new was that his rider raised his arms above his head.

"Yeah!" He shouted victoriously.

"Oh you're not getting out of this that easily young man." Pitch growled. With a sly smile, he let out one of his notorious plasma fire balls. The fire stayed stationary in the air as it sizzled away.

"Woops, did I do that?" He jeered.

Hiccup's arms abruptly fell back down to the saddle.

"Aw, come on."

After they went through the charring air, Pitch found a small delta where one of Berk's many rivers connected with the sea and landed there. Hiccup jumped off the saddle and landed on his back. His eyes kept staring at the sky. His breath was rapid and short. Pitch nudged his hand mockingly.

"Aw, what's wrong with the big boy? Did he play with fire?" Pitch baby talked. "Didn't your daddy ever tell you not to play with something that burns?"

Hiccup shot Pitch a glare. "Why in the name of Thor would you do that?"

"You nearly killed me." Pitch norted in reply. "And you nearly gave me a heart attack in the process."

The boy squinted. "You're the one who shot that fire ball. What in the name of Odin was that for?"

Pitch grunted. "I already told you."

Hiccup got up slowly and grumbled: "Worthless lizard."

With a good thwack over Hiccup's head, Pitch snorted: "Stupid boy."

After that, the used-to-be King of Nightmares was able to see the full extent of damage his fire had caused. With a sweep of his gaze, Pitch started laughing. Hiccup's clothes were covered with several burn marks and blacks ashes; even his rider's vest still contained a few flecks of smoldering ambers. The boy's face was even more so covered in soot. As for his hair!

"Your hair looks almost exactly like!" He suddenly became serious and a wave of anger washed over him. "exactly like mine when I was immortal."

He was almost thankful Hiccup couldn't understand.

Hiccup muttered some Norse curse under his breath and looked at his reflection in the river water.

"Oh Great Odin's Ghost!" He shouted.

Just that reaction alone lifted Pitch's black mood. The look of shock on that boy's face was priceless. His attempted death glare even more so. Pitch collapsed into a laughing fit.

"Have your fun now, Toothless!" Hiccup scolded. "But how am I going to get to the village without getting interrogated?"

"Oh please," _Pitch chuckled. _"With you luck, you could make an excuse that you were attacked by a dragon."_

"It's not funny Toothless! I could get into very big trouble because of your mistake."

The look that Pitch gave Hiccup could have killed. _"My mistake? Really?"_

"You're right, you're right." Hiccup fixed quickly, putting his hands up in self-defense. "You were just excited, I shouldn't get mad at your enthusiasm."

Pitch rolled his eyes. _Oh how I hate being silent._

"Why don't we go fishing?" the Viking boy voiced. "That way, I won't have to go to the Great Hall to eat, and you can have your dinner all in one shot."

The black dragon gave the boy an amused look.

Hiccup gained an indignant expression. "You don't think I can catch anything! Well who catches you your dinner and brings it for you to eat?"

_ "Obviously the fishermen in your village."_

"Well watch this; I'll catch you so many fish, bud, you won't know what to do with them!"

_ "I'll eat them obviously." _The Night Fury chuckled.

Ð‰Ð‰Ð‰

He wasn't sure how the boy had done it, but he had managed to catch a whole batch of fish. Hiccup had got him a huge pile of assorted types even! As useless as the boy seemed, he often had his moments. He was a resourceful little Viking, Pitch had to give him that.

Lazily, he laid down next to his pile and began to dig in. Hiccup struck up a fire and sat next to Pitch; his back propped up against a leathery black wing. All memories of the five feet rule forgotten. When Pitch turned his head, he noticed how Hiccup was staring blankly into the fire. And then he blinked back to reality. The Night Fury gave a small laugh.

_ "Remembering today's pleasant baking, are we?" _Suddenly, before he could comment further, he regurgitated a fish head.

_Ugh, that is incredibly disturbing. I should probably learn to control that. _He looked at Hiccup with a bemused expression. _ "Would

you care to eat that?" _

"Ah, not thanks I'm good." Hiccup grimaced.

"It's not that bad." _Pitch muttered, suddenly taking interest in his meal again. He was about to dig in when obnoxious yapping and screeching interrupted him. He looked up to see three Terrible Terrors coming in from the sky. Hiccup abruptly stiffened against Pitch's side. In return, Pitch clenched his claws protectively around his fish.

"My meal, get your own!" _He growled.

"Food, food, food!" _The Terrors chirped. One of them raced up to Pitch's pile of fish. That one he snapped at. But because of the one, he failed to notice the second going for the fish head he had regurgitated. Before he could make a move, the smaller dragon skipped away with its prize. The first raced up to its companion to try and get a bit but the second nipped at it.

"Mine, mine, mine!" _It hissed.

The first puffed out its chest and sent a stream off orange fire to its partner.

Pitch gave them a "not amused" stare. Then he thought, _Wait, I could've sworn there were thrâ€" _

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a fish begin to move. With a quick lunge, after seeing it was the third Terror, he tore it from the smaller dragon; which only left a small fin in the small dragon's mouth. Pitch ate the fish with a gulp to show off his superior strength to the other. The smaller dragon spat out the fin and clawed at the groundâ€"accepting the Night Fury's challenge.

"Me mean, mean, mean!" _It growled.

Pitch gave a smug grin. _"Of course you are you adorable little baby you." _He ignored Hiccup's stiff composure. _Oh ye of little faith, Hiccup._

The Terrible Terror lifted itself onto its hind haunches andâ€"

POP! Pitch shot out the smallest fireball he could make into the dragon's open mouth. The little dragon made a deflated sound and landed on its belly. It staggered drunkenly as it got up. Pitch gave a cocky grin and went back to eating. Yet he couldn't help but notice Hiccup's amused laugh.

"Not so fireproof on the inside, are you?"

Pitch rolled his eyes and continued to eat as he felt the sickening wave of pity wash over the boy.

"Aw, here you go." Hiccup said, tossing the Terror his fish.

The greedy little dragon gobbled it up in one bite, then looked at Hiccup happily.

"Good, good, good human!" _It chimed as it nudged the young dragon

rider's arm, before crawling next to him and laying down. Then it began to purr.

Hiccup gasped softly before he stroked the tiny dragon's back.

"Everything we know about you is wrong."

Not everything is wrong. Pitch thought looking at the water blankly. In his mind, the image of him shooting Sanderson, or the Sandman, with his black sand arrow replayed in his mind. There is one dragon who is a killer. A dragon who wants to scare to terrify.

He suddenly felt a warm hand touch his side. He turned his head to see Hiccup smiling brightly at him. It caused some of the anger and shadows to go away.

"Even you are different from what we had thought, bud." Hiccup declared proudly.

Pitch couldn't help but smile back at the boyâ€!

His boy.

He nudged his boy's head affectionately with his snout. And yet in the back of his mind, he could see Sanderson die over and over again. It was by his arrowâ€"his mark.

And the Darkness coiled inside him, like a poised cobra.

Are you? It spat venomously.

* * *

><p>AN: Loki: CAMBRIA, has gone into a writer's coma; so please excuse her absence. I would like to thank on behalf for the both of us: sauara, Britt30, Zehava, Kit-Usa, Rochana (terima kasih untuk melengkapi [was this sad correctly?]), Demonicssis, Vi-Violence, Sapphire Roz, MySweetYaoi49, Roses, iWannaBMrsFelton, thisisagirluknow, and GuardianDragon98. Your reviews are absolutely valued and loved. Oh look, CAMBRIA.

>Me: Sorry guys, i'm doing AP applications, algebra studying (not even going to pretend to know how to work conic sections), and updating. I'm not a very good multitasker.
Loki: At least you try.

>Me: You do care.
Loki: Do not get used to it.

>Me: Aww, you have a heart after all.
Loki: *crosses arms and rolls eyes*

>Me: Anyways, thanks for your support guys-it means a lot. Oh and by the way...do any of you all know what race of person Pitch is? Being that I've never read the book series I don't know what world he's from or what his people's race name is. Do any of you know? PM me or let me I the reviews please.
Loki: I believe that is all.

>Me: I think so too. Takk fyrir guys, and see you next update!
Loki: Until next time, fair readers.**

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A/N: Me: GoÃ°an Nott! okay, I know I just posted that last chapter but, I kinda wanted to put this one up too. And to answer some questions...

Rochana (and others): yes the other Guardians will be able to see Pitch in this form, for sure Jack and Sandy. And no, I did not mean complete, I meant "complement".

ivanganev1992: aw man, Bulgarian, I always have a hard time with this one. Unfortunately I only know a few words in this amazing language. However, yes the whole story is very ironic. And no, I'm not Icelandic. Born, raised, and fed in the United States of America. Although I teach myself Icelandic. Here are the translations, however of that Jonsi song you like (I love this song as well.):

"In through the sleeves, up the spine
>Over forests, flows down the hill
Everything upside down! I'll never forget!
>'Cause I'll never!
Runs about, scratches, loosens up tangles
>(Torn up by the roots) With a look in the eyes!
A miracle, a wonder, we break bones asunder!"

I really would answer you back in Bulgarian, but sadly, i'm not very good with this language. I only know two words: Tuka tuka. I used to know friend but...I forgot:_(

* * *

><p>Chapter 14: Hiccup

_So destined I am to walk among the dark,
>a child in keeping secrets from will they know what I've done in the after time?

Hiccup trudged, his fingers numb as he carried the woven basket. Now more than ever, had his rider's vest seemed heavy.

I don't want it, don't want it.

The coarse leather of the straps burned against his skin. Why was this his burden? He didn't think it would be so much trouble. But nowâ€|why was this expected of him?

_You'll listen to reason while you're face down in the dirt,
>you'll stomach the hurt and break for himâ€"here's just how much he's worth.

Why did the gods choose him? Why was he chosen to do this task?

_We'll fix him, restore him... with the love of no other.
>Think of all the things you did before! Write them in a letter that says rebornâ€|

But then again, he wouldn't trade this life for the world. No.

Helping Toothless fly again was worth every bit of pain that he was given. Not the gods of Valhalla would be able to pull him away from his friend. No dragon-killing exam would tear apart their delicate friendshipâ€"not one at all.

In the time we spent forever after, beyond this, when will this nightmare ever end?

Yet, everything was falling apart so quickly. His father expected him to become the greatest dragon killer of all time. Astrid wanted to kill his guts for "winning" in the arena. Toothless expected him to be the experienced rider he needed so that way he could fly again. His "friends" wanted him to succeed in the ring because he was actually "cool" in their eyes.

â€|When will this nightmare ever end?

This wasn't what he had wanted. He never wanted this. All he had wanted was a friendâ€"a believer. Well he had gotten one, along with all the consequences.

Awake through motion with curiosity to curtain my first move. Over arm's length I'll break protocolâ€|

"Toothlessâ€!" Hiccup mumbled, sitting down on a rock to give his quaking arms a break. "What have I done?"

Into something I can't stop but wish that I could killâ€|

"This Fear inside me," He spoke softly. "I can't stop it. I can't quell this darkness of terror inside me."

Into something I can't stop but wish that I could killâ€|

"If I had just killed Toothless in the first place, would all of this still be happening?" Hiccup questioned out loud to no one in particular. "Would I still be praised as some type of hero?"

I need you now more than I ever did.

"No," Hiccup snapped, shaking the ugly thought from his head. "Toothless right now, is my only true friend. I can't even begin to think of the 'what ifs'. I'm glad I didn't kill him in the forest, otherwise wouldn't have been as happy as I have been now."

You'll listen to reason while you're face down in the dirtâ€|

He fingered the sooty, gentle leather fabric of his rider's vest. The already tattered material gently rolled between his fingers. If only he hadn't used the tricks he had learned from Toothless. Maybe he wouldn't be running away right now.

Like there's no other way it could've been done. Will they size my fit; for a puzzle I wish not to play a part in?

"All I wanted," Hiccup sighed, facing up towards the sky, allowing the setting sun's rays to beam on his face. "Was a friend. I didn't want complications or dragons or any of _this_."

â€|When will this nightmare ever end?

"I wonder what mom would think right now," Hiccup continued with his self-observance of his life. "Would she be proud of the person I've become? Would she deem whether I'm still a boy or a man at heart? Would she say I should find real human friends, or is Toothless my true friend?"

Here's just how much he's worth.

"I believe," he sighed. "That it wasn't just an accident that I shot Toothless. It was all purposefulâ€œ|almost like destiny."

_I loved them with all. All as the son should to mother and father__; but you, you were my favoriteâ€œ|_

"And now I'm giving up everything I've ever strived for in my life: my dad, my tribeâ€œ|the honor of killing dragons. All of it for Toothless."

Here's just how much he's worth.

With a burdened sigh, Hiccup got up off of his rock and picked up the woven basket he had dropped to the ground. His palms were sweaty and the coarse leather once again burned his skinâ€œ|callousing it. Pulling it up over his shoulder, he straightened out his vest and trekked on.

But this time it wasn't so heavy. It wasn't as cumbersome.

_ Two hearts beat as one; disguise your mind and feel the humâ€œ|
—

In fact, if anything he was almost excited. The exhilaration he got from flyingâ€œ|both his and the Night Fury's movements in synchronization, their breathing in tandem. It seemed fitting to run away with his best friend. He was now absolutely positive that he would want to run away with no other being.

With renewed vigor, he ran the rest of the way to the cove. His feet trampled lightly over pine needles, and leaves. He jumped and tripped over upturned roots and fallen tree limbs. He wanted to go faster, just to see his friendâ€œ|the friend he had given everything up for.

Here's just how much he's worthâ€œ|

It wasn't thirty minutes later when he came to his entrance to the cove. He ducked into the small tunnel and began to clamber down the rocks. As he got closer to the dragon, his doubt and Fear began to speak up again.

When will this nightmare ever end?

What if Toothlessâ€œ|wouldn't want him anymore? What if he would abandon him somewhere in the middle of the wild? To fend for himself.

I admit that I will never feel aloneâ€œ|

And Hiccup took a big breath. He knew this wasn't a time for

doubting. This was the test of their friendshipâ€"his and Toothless'. Now it was time to prove what they were.

"Leaving. Yup, time to pack up bud. Looks like you and me are taking a little vacationâ€| forever."

He glanced around searching for the midnight dragon. He shrugged, not particularly worried of where he was.

_He'll come soon enough. _Hiccup thought with a sigh. Crouching down, he started to quickly go through the stuff in his basket.

S-c-r-e-e-c-hâ€| .

Hiccup gasped and looked up at the sudden sound. He froze at the sight of the female Viking girl.

â€|_What did I do to deserveâ€| ?_

* * *

><p>AN: Me: and that's a wrap.

>Loki: you definitely feel like writing.
Me: not really, I just really wanted to put this chapter out. It is inspired by these Coheed & Cambria songs:

>-In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth: 3
-Blood Red Summers

>-Three Evils (Embodied in Love and Shadow)
-The Crowing

>-2's My Favorite 1
-Cuts Made in the Marks of Men

>(and when I say "inspired" I mean, Hiccup's inner turmoil (the stuff in italics) are the lyrics to these songs...unless I say "he thought". If there is a "he thought" after italics, that means that Hiccup is thinking.**

>Loki: *crossing arms* Coheed & Cambria is CAMBRIA's favorite band.
Me: Long live Punk Rock!

>Loki: Yes... I would like to thank-
Me: NO! I would like to thank: Vi-Violence, MySweetYaoi49, Rochana, DragonGuardia98, Guest, Demonicssis, Sapphire Roz, and ivanganev1992 for all reviewing on that last, really, really, _really _long _chapter. It meant a lot.

>Loki: And now it is clearly CAMBRIA's bed time because she is inconceivably hyper right now.
Me: party pooper. haha, poop.

>Loki: Go. To. Bed.
Me: *sniffs* Okay, bye. Goðan nott, and takk fyrir my lovely readers.

>Loki: Until next time.

15. Chapter 15: Astrid Goes for a Spin

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**A/N: Me: Goðan nott guys! So I had time to update today because tomorrow is our high school's field day!

>Loki: She is thrilled beyond words.
Me: Hush you, it's not every day we get a day just for playing. It's like playground day!

>Loki: Whatever you say, my dear CAMBRIA.
Me: *waves dismissively* Whateves, Loki-kins.

>Loki: *furiously* Do NOT call me Loki-kins, mortal.
Me: Mortal and Proud! So you guys read and enjoy this next update!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 15: Pitch

He yawned, his vice-like jaws parting as he made the deep inhale and exhale. He could've sworn he had heard Hiccup's voice. The boy had said something about leavingâ€|wait? Leavingâ€|to where would they go?

But then he thought smugly, _Oh, _finally. _He has realized the village he lives in is petty and pathetic._

Curling up into a tighter ball, he smiled to himself. _Well, Hiccup will have to try harder to get me up today._

But then Pitch heard a sharp snap. His head shot up immediately. Something wasn't right; he smelled Hiccup's familiar scent, but there was another scentâ€"someone was intruding. His newly founded protective instincts kicked into gear as he heard a grunt of pain come from Hiccup.

"That's for everything else!" scolded a girl's voice.

Pitch growled, girl or not, he didn't like her. Nobody could hurt his boy except for him.

"Aw man." Hiccup wheezed. Just as he started getting up, Pitch's head swiveled over to see the two humans. A blond girlâ€"the one who spoke earlierâ€"eyes widened and panic struck her face. Pitch inwardly smiled.

_Yes, feel Fear. _The Darkness growled contently.

Pitch sprang up as the girl pushed Hiccup and herself away.

That girl will pay for touching Hiccup like that! Pitch roared.

"Run, run!" She yelled, scrambling for her axe. She got up quickly, getting ready to swing.

Pitch reared up on his hind legs to smash her to a pulp. He was not afraid of her steel weapon, he had faced far worse. Much, much worse when facing the Dream Pirates.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Hiccup jumped forward pulling at the girl and her axe. The axe went skidding off and the girl was flung to the side by the sheer momentum of the boy.

"No!" He shouted frustrated. But worst of all, he was afraid.

Pitch had only felt Hiccup's Fear two other times and he had enjoyed the first, the second time was iffy. But that was at the time. Now, he hated it. Feeling, smelling, and tasting the boy's Fear made his stomach double in on itself. It made him feel guilty.

"You scared him." Hiccup justified, standing in front of

Pitch.

_ "Very few things scare me, Hiccup." _Pitch snarled, _"That girl is not one of them." _He pushed his snout up against the curve of the boy's back. Hiccup pushed him back, or tried anyway.

"Be nice." He snapped back, under his breath.

"I scared him?" The girl shrieked, but suddenly cringed as reality hit her like a rock to the face. "Who is him?"

Hiccup hummed nervously before deciding to step forward with an awkward smile on his face.

"Ah, Astrid, Toothless. Toothless, Astrid."

_ "Also known as Pitch Black, Nightmare King." _Pitch hissed hostilely.

"Astrid" made a disgusted face, before turning right around and running away.

_ "Good riddance." _ Pitch rumbled, with a pleased nod of his head.

Hiccup's eyes widened as he watched her go. "Da, da, daâ€"we're dead."

_ "Correction, you are dead." _Pitch warbled, before he too stomped away.

"Whoa, whoa, whoaâ€"where do you think you're going?" Hiccup demanded, hands on his hips.

_Back to sleep. _Pitch thought, still moving away from the child.

"Nuh-uh bud. We have to go after her!" Hiccup cried out, running after the dragon. "If we don't they'll kill you and banish me!"

Pitch stopped and rolled his eyes. _"When will you do something, Hiccup, that won't get either one of us killed?"_

Hiccup looked at him incredulously.

If Pitch had a conscienceâ€"which happened to be the Goldâ€"it was bugging him now more than ever before. He knew they had to go get the girl, Astrid, before she reached the village. A soft, reluctant growl escaped his chest. He crouched down so his boy could climb on.

Hiccup gave a relieved expression before he clambered onto the dragon's back eagerly.

_ "Fine, we will retrieve this girl; but I'm only doing this to keep my skin. I preferably want to keep my life."_

With that lovely statement, he shot into the air. With a graceful and well synchronized thoughts, he and Hiccup looped back around to the

path that headed through the woods to the village. Looking down again, Pitch finally caught a sight of Astrid running as fast as she could.

Hiccup stated the obvious. "There she is bud!"

Oh, you don't say? Pitch thought sarcastically, with a roll of the eyes.

Hiccup clicked the stirrup that controlled Pitch's fin. With that as his cue, Pitch gladly threw himself into a dive. Less than a foot away from the girl now, he outreached his claws and grabbed her arm. With the great strength of the Night Fury, he easily picked her up off the ground.

"Oh Great Odin's ghost! This isâ€¦this isâ€¦" After that she started screaming.

Pitch cringed in pain. Make it stop!

Never in all his time as the Boogeyman and the Night Fury, had he heard a pair of lungs like Astrid's. She could scream. Like, really truly scream.

To end it, he abruptly u-turned and tossed her on the branch of a great pine. Flapping his wings hard, causing harsh gusts of wind, he pulled into a hover so he could land on the tip of the same tree. It protested as he alighted, threatening to crack but did not break under their weight.

"Hiccup, get me down from here!" Astrid screamed.

"You have to let me explain!" Pitch hear Hiccup plead.

The girl's face flustered. "I will not listen to anything you have to say!"

Stupid girl! Pitch thought furiously. The instant I get off this tree, you will go flying. I will have not a single regret for that action!

"Then I won't speak, just let me show you." Hiccup suggested, even though there was a slight begging tone in his voice.

The girl looked at him with distrust.

"Please Astrid."

Astrid looked down, knowing it was a long fall. So, very cautiously, she strenuously hauled herself up onto the branch. Crouching down on the limb, she looked at Pitch hesitantly, before reaching out.

"That's right, you have every reason to be afraid of me. Pitch and the Darkness agreed in tandem with a growl.

Will you never learn, Old One? The Gold sighed exasperatedly.

Astrid flinched back.

Hiccup leaned over and offered his hand. A small reassuring smile graced his face. Pitch felt very proud of his boy, he was a gentleman to even the rudest or the cruellest of people. But to Pitch's immediate shock and rage, the girl slapped away Hiccup's hand.

Blowing away her bangs from her face, she slowly and awkwardly climbed on Pitch's back behind Hiccup.

"Now get me down." She commanded.

You do not tell me what to do! Pitch's inner mind raged.

"Toothless, down gently." Hiccup said, with a friendly pat to the head.

"Oh," Pitch hummed, finally understanding Hiccup's motives. "You like her. Well then, let's give her a ride with you she will not forget!"

He stretched out his wings with a flare, as if making it look like he would glide down from the tree.

"See?" Hiccup started. "Nothing to be afraid of."

As soon as he said that, Pitch flung himself into the air like a missile. Hiccup shouted in surprise at the sudden speed. The Astrid girl was screaming her head off again. But a desired effect was grantedâ€"she wrapped her arms and legs around Hiccup's body.

Pitch smirked smugly, leveling out a bit. See Hiccup? I got her right into your armsâ€"but now, she has to apologize for being incredibly rude to you.

Hiccup laughed nervously. "Ah-ha, he's not normally like thisâ€!"

Pitch tucked his wings as close to his side as he could.

"Oh no."

Pitch pulled into a dive. He promptly plummeted into the cold sea. Pulling up quickly, Pitch started playing in and out of the sloshing waves before shooting back up into the sky.

"Toothless, what are you doing? We need her to like us!" Hiccup shouted over the wind.

Pitch didn't hear the boy over the rushing wind that tore at his ears. His blood spiked with adrenaline, and his heart boiled over with thrill. He loved flying; and he loved even more, pulling risky stunts that could possibly kill him. No matter, with instinct, he stopped shooting up and extended his wings; flaring them out. He smiled as he let gravity take over his body. They started to twirl relentlessly in the air like a spinning top or a dreidel.

"And now the spinning." Hiccup stated informatively, unamused. "Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile."

_You'll thank me later, ignorant child. _Pitch thought with amusement.

He felt the girl on his back tense and stiffen.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" She yelled. "Just get me off of this thing."

By the way her voice was muffled, Pitch could tell she had buried her face in Hiccup's shoulder. Looking back at the children on his back, he was deeply reassured that he was correct. Although he was not particularly pleased with her calling him a "thing", he let it slide for just this one time. With a satisfied snort, he snapped his wings open. The air forced it way up into the membrane flesh, turning them into parachutes.

Astrid shouted as they shot up.

But this time, Pitch guided them into a gentle glide.

He sensed both Hiccup and Astrid relax their positions from his back. Were they were currently flying, they had the best view of a charming sunset. He planned to make this one of the best nights of Hiccup's life.

See? All you had to do was apologize to Hiccup. Who, is in fact, a great gentleman.

* * *

><p>AN: Me: Isn't Pitch funny? One moment, he's all fatherly and the next moment he's all... Pitch.

>Loki: Incredibly helpful.
Me: Meh.

>Loki: *rolling eyes* I would like to thank Vi-Violence, Rochana (I guess I meant, Ejann Yang Disempurnakan?...I need help with my Indonesian), Sapphire Roz, Zehava, sauara (salamat xD), and Roses for all reviewing the last chapter.
Me: It means a lot to me! *looks at Loki* And it means the world to Loki-kins too!

>Loki: CAMBRIA!
Me: Well, I best be off before Loki decides to murder me! Takk Fyrir to all of you, my lovely readers! OH! AND TO THOSE OF YOU WHO READ THE REPEAT CHAPTER THAT I ACIDENTALLY POSTED, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T REALIZE I POSTED THE SAME CHAPTER TWICE UNTIL A COUPLE OF MY REVIEWERS TOLD ME SO. SO TAKE A BIT OF ADVICE FROM ME, DON'T POST WHILE SLEEPY! IT WON'T WORK OUT! :)**

16. Chapter 16: Goodnight Fair Lady

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A/N: Loki: Ta-Da! I have made CAMBRIA disappear. Her last words were for you to read her chapter that she had so honorably wrote before I magicked her away. Please, enjoy the fruits of her labor.

* * *

><p>Chapter 16: Astrid

She was jolted again, and she braced herself for the worst that the dragon could possibly throw at her. But nothing ever came, just smooth gentle breezes—no stomach dropping dives or spins. Just calm.

With a caution, and Fear, she didn't think she had; Astrid opened her eyes. Blinking in confusion she watched as her bangs soothingly wavered back and forth and her eyes were met with the gentle mists of peach cloud fluff. For a second, she couldn't believe her eyes. So for that moment, she unwound her body from Hiccup's too shocked to think about the embarrassing position she had been in. Raising her right hand carefully, she skimmed the clouds that she believed to be the heavenly spots of Valhalla.

I must have—must have died. She thought worriedly.

But instead she was surprised to be met with a tickling sensation that she had never experience before.

They feel like swan down—She thought, raising her other arm up, thrusting both into the soft clouds. The mists coated her arms, leaving small droplets on her skin—giving her goose-flesh. She giggled and smiled.

Nope, the clouds were definitely real.

The sunset's rays danced upon her face.

The rider in front of her glanced back for a second, his own face smirking as he saw her glee. But it was only momentary, because he turned back to face the clouds, aiding the dragon expertly with flying. He too uncurled from his fetal position on the creature, relaxing as the Night Fury showed them a whole new world.

Astrid lowered her arms as the black dragon—Toothless, if she remember correctly—began to slowly dip around, as if looping up and over. Her stomach gained a heaviness in it. But this time she wasn't scared, this creature, despite everything she had thought she knew about it, was opening up a whole new realm to her.

She glanced up, smiling widely with wonder as they gradually became upside down the dragon's graceful whim.

I used to think—that they were just empty, mindless beasts. She thought, her eyes widening with marvel as the dragon righted them up. I didn't think they could be capable of anything good. Especially a Night Fury—but could it be that I've had it wrong? That being at odds was something like this never meant to be? There's a fine line right between being enemies and friends—perhaps I've had it all wrong.—

Toothless soared upwards, floating through the soft moist wisps of the grey clouds. Astrid couldn't stop smiling, everything was so beautiful.

The night sky became alive, dancing with the wonders of Valhalla. The colors swayed in and out of each other, twirling, swirling, falling—calling. Awe filled her heart as she watched the rhythm of the night. The stars themselves seemed to be singing, relishing the

amiable bond between dragon and humans.

_A creature that enjoys such beauty cannot be that evil, can it? _She wondered.

Everything was just breath taking. Her smile calmed and it became something of content. The dragon soared past the now dark blue fluff that had darkened with the birth of night, and approached tall rock pillars. She blinked.

_I know those! _Her mind explained. Gripping onto Hiccup's shoulders excitedly, she looked forward. Her heart soared as high as the Night Fury did at the site of the village.

This is the land that I love. The place I've grown my whole life knowing that I would die to protect it. I've swam its waters, climbed its mountains, walked its hills, and survived its storms. This is my homeâ€"a place of strength. This is Berk.

With more happiness than she ever obtained in her life, she rested her chin on Hiccup's shoulders, wrapping her arms around him. She felt him tighten underneath her, and instantly her blood rushed and her heart screamed in delight.

_Finally! _It shrieked, as if it had been opened with a key that had been thrown away. _You've found the truth that I don't want found. And I knew that eventually you'd come to me! I knew you would! You've opened your heart to the one that you've always found dear. Why have you ever stood up for him? Or tried to never publicly humiliate him like the others? And when the kindness of his smarts replace your pleasure, he will no longer be a friend at the bottom. Maybe this was you then, but now this is meâ€"I knew eventually you'd come to me, to open up your love for him._

Astrid's cheeks blossomed with warmth, as did the rest of her. She barely noticed the midnight black dragon look back at them, a smile of its own plastered on its snout. The gold-green radioactive eyes shining with amusement. It was as if he knew.

Her baby blue eyes blinked as the dragon played in and out of the fire-pillars that lit up the sea for the village to watch. It was a wonder they hadn't been caught by now. But the of course, what could she expect from a Night Fury? They never show themselves.

Until now.

_Until now, it hasn't been seen. But somehow, it's been tamed. _She flinched at the thought. _Somehow it's given its heart to a boyâ€"a boy who broke it._

_ A boy who broke you as well. _Her mind pointed out, forcing her to remember earlier that day when she had lost the final competition of Dragon Training.

Her heart butted in, ignoring her reason of the mind.

_This boy has made you whole. _It sang. _If you had never lost, the key to your heart might have been lost forever, O Shield Maiden of Berk._

Astrid shivered, although the idea only made her smile spread. It took a special kind of person to win against her. Not even Snotlout could dare hope for such a feat. But here was Hiccup, the runtâ€"the mistakeâ€"winning not only the Dragon Training she was supposed to conquer, but also claiming victory over her own heart.

A slight blushed crept up across her face.

I admit it. He's amazing!

She pursed her lips, an embarrassed grin crossing her features. She was so thankful that the dragon rider was sitting in front of her so he couldn't notice. The dragon had decided to take an easy glide, only flapping it'sâ€|his large black wings when necessary for an extra force of lift. With a sharp inhale of courage, which she wasn't sure why she had to muster, she gestured her arms out.

"Alright I admit it," She exhaled, not stopping the awe from lilting in her voice. "This is amazing."

She was about to say 'you're amazing' but she stopped herself. The blush on her face only deepened. Instead, she settled for patting the dragon's muscular and smooth neck.

"He's amazing."

For a moment, she allowed herself to forget her love of the village. To forget her family. Her responsibilities as a Shield Maiden. The burden of being an only child. Her duty to win the honor of killing her first dragon.

She only bathed herself in the glory of the starlight. The song of the sky. The dance of the lights. And the joy of Hiccup and the dragon.

She was a Viking. In the sky. She was a Shield Maiden of Berk flying on the back of a dragonâ€"like a Valkyrie of Asgard.

Her heart flew with enthusiasm.

I knew eventually you'd come to me, to open up your love for him.

* * *

><p>AN: Loki: Well, dear readers, was that not pleasant? If you do not agree then I will come and personally enslave you until I know you feel the same way. On a happier note, I would like to express my deepest gratitude to GuardianDragon98 and Demonicssis for catching the error of the repeated chapter. I would also like to thank sauara, Rochana (thank you for understanding the poor Indonesian CAMBRIA spoke), Sapphire Roz, iWannaBMrsFelton, MySweetYaoi49, Malica 15 (salamant [was this correctly said?]), Vi-Violence, Roses, Merthur4Evah, and Moonpie for all reviewing the previous (and fixed) chapter. And to answer 'Guest', yes all the references were intentional. Well I believe that iâ€" >Me: *gasping and coming from over a hill* LOKI! YOU SON OF A FROST GIANT!
Loki: Oh look, CAMBRIA has returned from her exile. >Me: You bet I have! and guess what?! You're dead, mister!
Loki: Oh yes, before we part ways, my fair readers, this chapter was

inspired by the Coheed & Cambria song, Goodnight Fair Lady.
>Me: Oh, you did not just update this entirely for me! You are to suffer my wrath, you no goodâ€"â€"
>Loki: Until next time dear readers. **

17. Chapter 17: You Call and I will Hate

Disclaimer: All rights remain with DreamWorks, Cressida Cowell, and William Joyce.

**A/N: On behalf of my reviewer Vi-Violence, I would like everyone to consider the funding for the video game based off of the manga Bizenghast. Supposed there are only 5 days left till the kickstart, but unless the goal of funding is reached it will not start. Could you guys consider this? I don't know the exact details, but you guys can always PM Vi-Violence for more details. thanks!

>Loki: Do you even know what Bizenghast is?
Me: Nope.

>Loki: Oh CAMBRIA, we have so much to talk about.
Me: On a note that I am knowledgeable about, we are halfway through the cannon story of HTTYD, yay!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 17: Pitch

Pitch glided along, a satisfied expression all over his snout. _She called me amazing._

_ Oh for the love ofâ€"don't be a bloody idiot! _The Darkness roared.

_Leave him be, _the Gold snapped, sick of its eviler counterpart.

"Hiccup, what about your final exam tomorrow? You know you're gonna have toâ€!" Astrid started but paused.

This caught Pitch's attention.

"_What will he have to do?" _He growled softly.

He felt the girl lean in closer to the boy.

"Have toâ€|kill a dragon." She whispered, although Pitch's exceptional hearing picked up the said words.

_Meh, _he grunted. _As long as it is not me._

But then his ears picked something else up, too. He became completely unaware of the children on his back. Ears pricking up, he listened to the sound.

Dragons.

Lots and lots of dragons. And one other thingâ€!

**:Come my slaves, come to me.:** Hissed a voice that was all too familiar to Pitch. _**:Come to your queen!:**_

"_Avara!"_ Pitch shrieked, he pulled into a dive, hoping to be able to skirt the dragons and the Red Death's summons.

Hiccup and Astrid let out surprised yelps.

"Toothless, what is it?" Hiccup demanded, almost panicked.

Pitch ignored him, focusing on his flying. He tried his best to avoid smashing into other dragons, but in his short time of freedom, he had forgotten how tight the dragon crowds could get. Several dragons hissed at him for his recklessness.

"Toothless, you got to get us out of here bud." Hiccup commanded, a gentle hand on the side of his head.

"Sorry Hiccup," Pitch hissed back, shaking the boy's hand off.
"Avara's got total control over my body until we get to the nest." _

A yellow Zippelback glared at him, before looking at his precious cargo.

"Pitch Black, it has been long since we've seen you here." _He glared at the children. "Why is your kill still live?"_

"That is none of your concern," Pitch snapped, glowering back at the dragon. "But if you must know, I thought Avara would like fresh kill. It took me ages to get these children. I do not want my labors soiled." _

The Zippelback seemed satisfied, but only for a secondâ€"it went into a trance then.

"It looks like they're hauling in their kill." Hiccup swallowed.

"So what does that make us?" Astrid worried.

Pitch felt both children press closer to him.

_ Please do not do anything stupid. The last thing I want is us getting attacked by Avara's dragons. _He thought bitterly.

_Is it not curious, Old One, _the Gold pointed out. _That your mind is not under the Malicious Queen's influence as well? It is only your body._

_ Your mind has grown strong. _The Darkness complemented.

_Or someone keeps it strong. _Pitch answered absentmindedly. He made sure to try and control his flight to the best of his abilities. Namely steering clear of other dragons with big claws. Those would not be good for the little humans.

Riding along with the rest of the dragons, Pitch dove down. The effect seemed like a giant wave of reptiles pouring into an ominous sea of fog. They wove in and out of sea stacks as oneâ€"almost as if they were a giant snake avoiding the rocks of a garden.

With that bit of the journey completed, they pulled up suddenly into the mouth of a cave with a sudden jerking motion.

Both Hiccup and Astrid shrieked from his back. Hiccup tensed; he could feel the boy's every muscle. And he could taste his Fear. He could also sample Astrid's but, he didn't mind hersâ€"it was Hiccup's whose bothered him.

_Please, Hiccup. _Pitch's mind begged. _Do not be afraid; Avara will sense it a mile away._

As soon as he entered the great chamber, his body came back to him. He circled around with the other dragons, hoping that the queen would not notice his absence of food among the others'.

"What my dad would've given to seen this." Hiccup stated humbly.

And whoever your father is, he would die within the second. Pitch's mind snarked.

He pulled around and landed onto his designated ledge. The ledge where he was supposed to report to Avara the accomplishments of the raids they wentâ€|as well as the ledge he used when she would evaluate him for mating.

_**:Your time has come to choose a mate, my little Pitch Black.:**
She had said.

_ "I will not choose a mate." He had answered as defiantly as possible._

_ She would look at him crossly. _**:All of my subjects are obliged to me to produce valuable offspring so that they might seâ€":**

_ "I am not one of your subjects Avara!" He would scream. "I was once a man! I had a family, a wife and a child! I WILL NOT TAKE A MATE!"

_ She had punished him dearly for his insubordination._

His body shook with hate as he felt another of her calls roll by.

_**:Feed me,: **_she roared. _**:Feed your queen, so that she might live!:**

"It's satisfying to know that all of our food is being dumped down a hole." Hiccup snipped, as he watched the dragons offer their tribute.

"They're not eating any of it." Astrid agreed.

Pitch stiffened as he noticed a fat, Gronckle bumbled by. The dragon had no visible kill. He knew what the stupid creature was about to do.

_You have chosen this fate, brother. _He spat in thought, recognizing the dragon as the one who had originally introduced him into raids.

With that, the dragon flicked out his tongueâ€"his body contracting.

Out of his mouth fell a small fish head. It gave a pleased grunt.

_On no, the idiot has been drinking human mead. _Pitch thought, wishing he had hands so he could face-palm.

Avara roared to the buzzing away Gronckle. _**:What poor excuse for a meal is this!:**_

The dragon perked up, surprised, and then panicked.

"I can go get more mmmmmmmyyyyyyyy queen!
Jjjjjjjjjjuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu give me another
ccccccccchhhhaaaaaannnnncceeeeeee!" It hiccuped.

Avara's head shot out of the fiery pit, and ate the dragon whole.

** Those who cannot serve me well the first time, deserve to die! :
** She hummed, sinking back into her perch.

"What. Is. That?" Astrid demanded, stiffening on Pitch's back.

Avara's head came slowly back up. Her nostrils flaring.

**:My little Pitch Black, I know your scent. And I know that you have failed to give to me your spoils of the raids.:**

"Toothless, you have to get us out of here bud." Hiccup whispered urgently.

Agreed, you time it. Pitch nodded.

_**:Pitch Black, come to me.: **_She drawled, putting every ounce of power into her summons.

He lurched forward a bit, his body weak and willing to enter to her calls. Oh how he hated her. But a human voice, broke him from her control.

"Now!" Hiccup yelled.

Pitch wasted no time in lunging off the cliff, narrowly missing Ayara's snapping jaws.

:PITCH!: She shrieked furiously.

He flapped his long leathery wings, as the nest was thrown into chaos. Dragons were spiraling upwards trying to avoid the Red Death's fury. Pitch could feel her hot breaths breath onto his back as he flew away.

Faster, faster! Both the Gold and the Darkness pressed.

A snapping of jaws below him and the skim of her scales against the tip of his tail told him that she had caught some other unfortunate

dragon. He forced himself faster.

_**:Pitch Black!: **_She raged. _**:There is nowhere where you can hide from me! I will kill your precious little Prey, and I will make you suffer because of them! Do you hear! I will destroy them!**_

His heart raced with Fear for himself and Hiccup, but he kept flying back towards Berk. Both children were quietâ€"from the gales of Fear he got from them, it was more than likely that they were suffering from shock.

He flew quickly, making sure they got back to the cove as soon as possible.

It was the girl on his back that spoke first.

"Whoa, whoa, it totally makes sense. They're the workers and that's their queen!" She exclaimed.

Pitch landed gracefully. _You're smarter than you appear girl._

Astrid jumped off immediately. "Come on, let's go find your dad!"

_Again with his father. _Pitch wondered. _If Hiccup's genetics are anything to go by, how could his father possibly help?_

He tromped off to the lake, hoping the cool water would help cool his nerves.

"No! No! Astrid we can't do that, they'll kill Toothless."

Pitch leered. _Doubt it._

"We have to think this through carefully." Hiccup continued.

Astrid scoffed. "We just discovered the dragons' nest! The things Vikings have been after since they first sailed here! And you want to keep it a secret to protect your pet dragon, are you serious?"

Pitch glanced over to see Hiccup's fists tighten.

"Yes." The boy answered serious, turning his face from the girl.

Astrid seemed taken aback.

Pitch went back to the guzzling down water. He was thirstier than he originally presumed. Cursed mortal body.

"Okay." She conceded. "So what do we do?"

Hmm, looks like my Hiccup recruited you.

"I don't know." The rider admitted. "Justâ€| just give me until tomorrow. I'll have something figured out.

"Okay." Astrid whispered, before turning to Hiccup and punching him squarely in the arm.

He stumbled back for a second. "What?"

"That's for kidnapping me." She growled.

Pitch glanced at the boy who was looking at him confusedly.

"_Your problem." _Pitch snorted.

Hiccup was suddenly pulled by Astrid, who pecked him softly on the cheek.

"And that's for everything else." She mumbled quietly before running off, looking back briefly.

Hiccup watched her leave, a small smile spread across his face.

Pitch trotted up next to him, slyly grinning at him.

"Oh whatâ€"what are you looking at?" Hiccup demanded frustrated, his cheeks burning red.

"_You really are adorable Hiccup." _Pitch woofed back mockingly.

Hiccup huffed. "Iâ€|whatever, Toothless. Just pretend you didn't see anything."

"_Sure Hiccup, I am completely unaware to Astrid's hit." _He sneered.

Hiccup flicked one of his feelers.

In response, the Nightmare King hit the boy softly upside the head with his tail.

Hiccup smiled, before it fell to a frown. "Well bud, pray that the gods might favor me for once. I'm gonna need all the luck I can get."

"_You'll probably get killed in the process." _Pitch admitted shamelessly, _"but all the same, kill a dragon for me. I'm really starting to dislike them."_

Hiccup gave a weary smile, placing his hand on the dragon's snout amiably.

"Thank you, Toothless, for understanding."

"_Ugh, feelings." _Pitch chirped, before pushing the boy with the flat of his head towards the exit of the cove. _"Go on boy, you cannot slay anything while drowsy."_

"Alright, alright bud." Hiccup chuckled. "Goodnight Toothless."

The boy began to walk away, hand sliding off the dragon's snout.

His boy.

"_Hiccup." _Both the Gold and Pitch cried out simultaneously.

The boy turned around to look at the dragon.

_For my sake, _the Darkness continued.

_I can speak just fine on my own, _Pitch snapped before cooing to the boy. _"Be safe tomorrow. I need you."_

Hiccup looked at him and nodded; his emerald eyes twinkling as if he understood the Night Fury.

But as he was leaving, the Dark chimed in once last time.

You are useless to me if you're dead.

Ø‰Ø‰Ø‰

* * *

><p>AN: Me: Wasn't that lovely?

>Loki: Indeed it was.
Me: *glances smugly* and I was here for the entire update.

>Loki: *grumpily* Silence yourself.
Me: Whatever Loki-kins.

Anyways, shout out to Rochana, GuardianDragon98, Malical5, Sapphire Roz, sauara, Vi-Violence, Zehava, and Demonicssis for all review last chapter! Love you guys!

>Loki: *rolls eyes* must you explain your emotions every time someone reviews?
Me: Shut it you. Well...that's all I have for you guys tonight. Takk fyrir, and goðan nott my lovely readers!

>Loki: Until next update.

18. Chapter 18: Enter Sandman

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A/N: I won't be able to update again until after Easter.

* * *

><p>Chapter 18: Sandy, Pitch, and Hiccup

The night was cold and crisp, the boy underneath the bear furs and sack cloth shivered.

Above him, outside his house, gold tendrils blossomed all throughout the village. They stretched through the air, seeping into the tenants of all the villagers. To them, it would seem that Nott the god of night and sleep was visitingâ"but quite the opposite.

A small man hovered above one of the cliffs, he was short in stature, and on the pudgy side. But no one could excuse him for a man. On one side he was floating above the cliffs on a swirling golden cloud. On the more obvious fact, he looked like he himself was made entirely of sand.

The sandman.

His tiny pudgy hands flourished out, sending beautiful stings of shimmering sand to the children of Berk. He, surprisingly, was the only Guardian that the children believed in. They would call him Nott. He didn't know who Nott was, but as long as the children believed in him, he was okay with whatever they called him.

The people of Berk did not celebrate Christmas, but they had a similar holiday called Snoggletog. North though, was not part of that festival, so no one believed in him.

Tooth would take the teeth that the children would lose—"which was very often"—but none of them believed in her. In fact, many of them would just leave the teeth on the ground where they had fallen. That really irked Tooth.

Easter, no one here celebrated Easter. Bunnymund didn't even try to come.

But he, for some reason out of all the Guardians, was seen. He didn't know why. Perhaps MiM had some greater purpose; but until the quiet watcher said for himself, Sandy couldn't really be sure.

He shook from his thoughts as he felt one of his dream tendrils pull at him. Looking down at the swirling line of dream sand, he realized that it had turned bronze.

_Isn't that curious? _Sandy thought, floating down, he followed the line down to the village.

He came upon the largest house; the chief's house. He wondered why the chief's son's dream sand would be turning bronze. He opened the door and snuck in. His little feet, pattered across the floor, he fixed the collar to his onesie suit. He bounced up the stairs and followed the sand into the chief's son's room.

_Hiccup. _He reminded himself. _Hiccup is his name._

He went up to the boy's bed and looked over at him. The child was curled up, his eyes closed and his breath even. He was fast asleep.

_I wonder why his sand was bronze—perhaps it was just a mishap on my part. I must've not seen the sand correctly, although I can—" _

A loud, shaky breath shook him from his thoughts.

Sandy looked down to see that the boy had not been as peacefully sleeping as he thought he had. The boy's brow was covered in tiny beads of sweat, and his eyes had leaked a few tears. His lips were crooked, forming a frown. The Sandman knew these signs.

A nightmare.

He reached out, and gently pressed his finger tips to Hiccup's temple. Sandy didn't know what Pitch was doing all the way out in Berk, but he would ask the Boogieman nicely to leave the boy before he would more than likely kick him out.

He was surprised at the chaos that he was met with.

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Hiccup stumbled, around. The village was dark, and all the houses were locked. He wasn't even sure when he had left the house, and why should he? It was dark and he should be in bed. He already had a stressful and late night with Toothlessâ€"what with finding the Nestâ€"so he should definitely be resting up for the big Dragon Training test tomorrow.

_ He walked around, before the village melted away, turning into the beautiful hill side. He was surprised to see Stoick standing in the middle of a sheep herd._

_ "Dad!" Hiccup called out, racing towards the man._

_ He was surprised to see that the man was playing with a very small little boy. The boy had bright green eyes that matched his small clothes, and a brown mop of hair that swished around every time he moved._

_ The big chief chuckled down at the little boy. "Now Hiccup, ye know very well that trolls cannot be found near the sheep."_

_ The-boy-named-Hiccup ogled at the mountain of the man._

_ "That's right, 'iccup." He cooed, egging on. "Ye need to be fishin' or loosen one of yer teeth if ye want to find trolls."_

_ The child-named-Hiccup squeaked out._

_ Hiccup's brow furrowed and he called out to his father again._

_ "Dad, I'm over here!"_

_ Stoick seemed to ignore Hiccup and scooped the smaller boy up lovingly. He continued talking to the toddler with a soft and gentle voice, and he began to walk towards the still-dark village. Hiccup deflated. Why was his dad ignoring him?_

_ The man approached him, still coddling the smaller Hiccup-boy._

_ "Dad, where are you going?" Hiccup demanded, starting to get annoyed._

_ The chief phased through him._

_ Abruptly he turned around, no longer coddling the little child. Instead, he had thrown him on the ground. The small-Hiccup began to cry._

_ Stoick glared at both Hiccups. "Yer not a Viking, yer not my son."_

_ And then he faded away into darkness._

_ The smaller child started screaming._

_ Hiccup turned around to see a Monstrous Nightmare the size of a mountain stormed towards them._

_ He called the name of the first being that came to mind._

_ "TOOTHLESS!"_

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_ His green-gold eyes blinked, as his claws melted away, turning into long piano-player hands. His skin the same ashy grey as it had been before. He stood up on his hind haunches as they became human-like legs. His scales flowed away, forming into a long cloak made of the scales similar to the one on his belly. Finally his dragon face and snout faded until they became a face of a man._

_ A relieved sigh escaped from him._

_ He hadn't dreamt until he had met Hiccup. And every time he dreamed, he took the form he had been in as the Nightmare King._

_ "Relish it while you can." The Darkness growled, stepping out from the shadows. _

_ It was tall, about three feet taller than Pitch. It looked as if its entire body was made of tar, except for the eyes. Those seemed to be akin to burning suns._

_ "Ignore him, Old One." The Gold snarked, stepping out from behind Pitch._

_ It looked almost exactly like Pitch, except that it's skin color was a pale tan. He wore black armor with gold embellishments. A black and gold tipped cape swishing down across his back._

_ "I am thrilled that you both could join me." Pitch sighed, pressing his fingers of his right hand to the bridge of his nose._

_ The Darkness blinked, it's tar-like body slinking closer. "You cannot get rid of us Pitch, least of all me. I will be here until the end of your days."_

_ "At this rate, that could be any day." Pitch chuckled mirthlessly._

_ "Do not lose hope, Old One." The Gold soothed. "I too will be with you to the end of your time. Both you and the Darkness have tried to exterminate me, and you have failed. I will keep over you."_

_ "How reassuring."_

_ "No one was talking to you!" The Darkness shouted, turning to glare at the Gold._

_ "I do not recall addressing you." The Gold rumbled, his beautiful gold eyes clashing with the Darkness' tar-like ones._

_ "Could you both take this to a different part of my mind?" Pitch growled, crossing his arms at the two._

_ Neither one got a chance to answer._

_ "TOOTHLESS!" came a familiar voice's scream._

_ Pitch immediately became alert. His heart sank, and his mind became enraged._

_ "Hiccup." -

_ Ignoring the protests of the Darkness and the Gold, he sped up the rock formations that led to the secret entrance to the cove. He shot out of the aperture in the rock. As soon as he exited, the forest, it spun away, turning into the Viking village._

_ "Hiccup!" He yelled, "Hiccup, where are you?" -

_ A dragon's roar answered his question. Without another thought, he ran through the village. He stumbled over rocks and stones, cursing his cloak's length. Finally he reached a hill._

_ He heard a crying child._

_ His boy's scream._

_ A dragon's blood thirsty roar._

_ He ran up the hill to see Hiccup huddled around a toddler boy that looked almost exactly like him._

_ "I couldn't kill it," He whimpered, "Wasn't brave enough. Everything went wrong. They couldn't seeâ€|" -

_ Pitch instantly filled with rage. Curling his right hand into a fist, he felt sand come at his summon. With a savage scream he leapt up and charged at the mountainous Monstrous Nightmare. The dragon looked up with fright. The Nightmare King was furious._

_ "Stay. Away. From. My. Boy!" He howled._

_ He slashed savagely with his weaponâ€"a scythe made of bronze sand. The dragon shrieked in pain. He drew blood from the dragon until nothing left was a bleeding, oozy body._

_ Not a step missed from being a General._

_ He turned around to see the small toddler was missing. Hiccup stood in its place. The boy was shaking, tear stains streaking his cheeks.

-

_ "T-t-toothless?" -

_ Pitch dropped the scythe._

_ "Toothless!" Hiccup called out, rushing towards Pitch. "Toothless, Toothless, Toothless!" -

_ "Hiccup." He ran to his boy, his arms outstretched as if he were Pitch's own child._

_ He crouched down, just as he was about to wrap his arms around his boyâ€| -

He startled, birdâ€"a crow to be exactâ€"landed on his snout. The

stars twinkled above and the night looked as soft and dark as velvet. He looked down at his hands, which were now claws. Pitch's tail twitched in annoyance. He couldn't help but wished he had finished the dream.

He wanted to know if Hiccup was okay.

_Ø%Ø%Ø%

Hiccup shot up, sweat running down his forehead and his temples. He looked around with fright, too terrified to speak about the little gold man with his fingers against his head.

He only squeaked.

The little gold man pressed his pointer finger to his mouth, telling him to be quiet.

"W-w-w-who are you?" Hiccup demanded with a quiver.

The man formed three z's above his head, they were made out of sand.

Hiccup instantly understood. "You're Nott!"

The sandy man shrugged.

"Wow, you're Nott."

The sandy man shrugged again with a kind smile. He gently pushed Hiccup back down on to his bed. He formed in his left hand a small ball of gold sand.

The next thing Hiccup knew was that he was dreaming about him and Toothless flying.

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Sandy went back to his post on the mountain top. Why had Pitch been in the boy's dream? Why had the boy called him Toothless?

And why had Pitch defended the boy from his own nightmare?

* * *

><p>AN: Me: Ten points, and recognition from Loki and me to those who can name the band who wrote the song with the exact same name as this chapter.

>Loki: Good luck to those who take their guesses.
Me: and a big shout out to GuardianDragon98, Rochana, Vi-Violence, Zehava, Sapphire Roz, Demonicsis, Malica15, and MySweetYaoi49 to those who reviewed last chapter! Love y'all!

>Loki: Again with expressing your feelings.
Me: Whatever Loki-kins, I don't expect a "high and mighty" to understand.

>Loki: Watch your tongue mortal.
Me: Whatever. Goðan nott, and takk fyrir my lovely readers.

>Loki: Until next time, good readers.

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**A/N: Me: Oh look I lied! haha, ya'll get a chapter before Easter! hehe, look at me.

>Loki: Looks as though you have picked up things from me after all.
Me: I...dang it. Stupid norse god of lies and mishchief.

>Loki: *smirking* Enjoy the chapter readers.

* * *

><p>Chapter 19: Hiccup

Green eyes blinked open slowly. With a yawn, Hiccup pulled himself up from the bed. He looked aroundâ€"no sign of Nott anywhere.

"Must've been a crazy dreamâ€|" He mumbled, pulling the fur blanket back and swinging both legs over the side of the bed.

His bare feet touched the splintery wood floor. With a shiver he trudged over to his bed post to where his fur vest was. He tugged it on. He numbly slipped his feet into the fur boots against his bed frame. It was too early in the morning to think about what had happened in his dreams. Least of all Toothless being a man.

"And a really creepy man at that." Hiccup snorted, stretching out his arms and legs, shaking the pins and needles from them. His mind trailed off.

So what should I do today? He wondered, gently combing his hands through his hair.

He paused.

"Oh godsâ€|"

He ran downstairs, tripping over the last two, he fell to the floor. But instead of hitting more hard wood, a pair of strong arms caught him.

"Mornin' son." Stoick greeted, a beam on his face.

"Ah, hi dad." Hiccup said cautiously as the great man set him down.

"Can' have our warrior injured before the big fight today? Right?"

The boy gulped, leaving the two in awkward silence.

Stoick grunted, clearing his throat and trying to keep the light demeanor. "Uh, I, umâ€|I made ye breakfast. Iâ€|I know ye don' like meatâ€|or umâ€|aleâ€|so it's jus' eggs and fishâ€|and waterâ€| didn' know what else to cook for ye."

Hiccup blinked. This was the first time that his dad had ever acknowledged his distaste for meat. He didn't know how to reply to that. The big man stepped aside, revealing the table. On it was a

plate with a little bit of scrambled eggs and cooked sardines. A small wooden cup was placed next to it; Hiccup could only presume it was filled with water.

He couldn't suppress the smile that crossed his face. "Gee, thanks dad."

Stoick smiled, and ruffled his son's head. "No problem son. Now go on boy, ye can't kill anything with an empty stomach."

Hiccup's brain processed this statement.

"_Go on boy, you cannot slay anything while drowsy._"

Someone had said something similar to him before. But from where? As his mind processed the memory, he realized that the voice had been silky and smooth. Not ruff and harsh like the other Viking's voices. The only person with a voice similar to the one he remembered was trader Johann, but he hadn't seen him in a year. So who could have said that?

"â€œ|Hiccup? Hiccup are ye listen' lad?"

"What?" Hiccup blinked before looking back at his dad. "Yeah, yeah I am sorryâ€œ|just thinking I guessâ€œ!"

"That's understandable." Stoick agreed. "Well go on, I have to go prepare for this afternoon. See you soon."

With that the big man left. Hiccup walked slowly to the table and sat down. He look at the eggs and fish on his plate. His dad made him breakfast. Non-meat breakfast. Because he was going to kill a dragon today.

He picked up his spoon and started pushing the food around his plate as if it would magically eat itself.

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Hiccup stood behind the barrel quakingâ€œhe just finished dumping the contents of his dinner from the other night behind a barrel.

"'Icccupâ€œ|oh gods boy, do ye need something to eat?" Gobber asked before turning away quickly.

The boy wiped his mouth with his sleeve. "Nah, I'll be fine. Better here than in there. With a dragon."

Gobber chuckled. "I dunno, the dragon might eat yer chunkies instead of ye."

Hiccup crossed his arms, deadpanned.

The mustached man raised his arms in defense. "Bad joke, I know. But, don' worry lad. Ye'll do fine."

Hiccup looked up at the sky. "Wish I could be that sure."

"Oh come on," Gobber laughed. "If ye are yer father's sonâ€œwhich I

know ye areâ€"then that dragon will be beggin' for the help of Thor's undies."

Hiccup gave a small chuckle.

Gobber punched his apprentice lightly on the shoulder. "There's my boy."

Hiccup's eyes glazed over.

"_Stay. Away. From. My. Boy!" The night-dragon-turned-man screamed._

"Ye sure yer okay lad?" Gobber repeated.

Hiccup shook off the daze and looked at his mentor appreciatively. "Yeah. I'm fine. Just nerves, you know?"

"I know." Gobber laughed. "My first kill was quite the same. What ye do with those nerves is focus all that anxiety into the kill. Ye'd be surprised with the results."

Hiccup flinched.

Stoick could be heard over head, beginning a speech.

"Well, ye better get down to the gate. I'll come an' signal ye when to get in there."

Hiccup nodded, taking his helmet he had put on the barrel, and walked down into the pit before the arena. His breath struggled to come out.

_This is all really happening. _He thought anxiously. _Please, Odin, Thorâ€|even Loki, if you've ever felt any pity for meâ€"I'll need all the luck I can get now._

"No one could be more proud or more surprised than I am." Stoick blared, his pride drenching his voice.

Hiccup sucked his breath in. How could he be doing this. He had to choose. His dad or his best friend.

"Today my boy becomes a Viking! Today he becomes one of us!" He roared.

Everyone cheered.

What did I do to deserveâ€"?

"Be careful with that dragon." A voice stated from behind him.

Hiccup blinked, his thoughts interrupted and turned around to see Astrid.

"It's not the dragon that I'm worried about." He said gesturing to his father.

"What are you going to do?" She asked, alarm leaking through her

voice.

He swallowed. What I should've done from the start. "Put an end to this. I have to try."

She didn't reply.

So Hiccup continued. "Astrid, if something goes wrongâ€¦ just promise me they won't find Toothless."

Astrid swallowed. "I promiseâ€¦ just promise me nothing will go wrong."

Hiccup opened his mouth to reply, but didn't get the chance.

"It's time 'Iccup." Gobber said, coming up from behind. "Knock 'em dead."

Hiccup nodded, and gave one last fleeting glance at Astrid.

Good bye.

Gobber opened the gates, and Hiccup stepped through. He placed the heavy helmet on his head, looking at all the Vikings who were cheering his name. He felt sick again.

Why me? What did I do to deserve this?

Because he cheated. He cheated with the rules of dragon trainingâ€"and now he had to pay the price.

You'll listen to reason while your face down in the dirt; but I don't wanna, don't wanna.

He went to the weapons rack and choose the smallest weapon he could. A knife. Just like the one he had lost to the pond.

Oh godsâ€¦Toothless, forgive me for doing this. Hiccup thought.

He stepped up and looked at his father, before looking back at the doors.

"I'm ready." He declared quietly.

The gates went c_

_ c_

_ c_

_ r_

_ r_

_ r_

_ e_

_ e_

_ e_
_ a_
_ a_
_ a_
_ k_
_ k_
_ k._

Hiccup cringed back when the doors were blasted open by the Monstrous Nightmare. The dragon threw a tantrum around the arena before it noticed the child in the center. It crawled down the roof where it had been previously hanging on. Hiccup sucked in his breath and began backing away slowly from the dragon.

"Go on Hiccup!" Someone shouted.

"Give it to 'im." Another called out.

Hiccup only dropped his shield and knife. The dragon regarded him curiously and followed him. It began to growl as the crowd got rowdy.

"Hey, hey," Hiccup whispered, outstretching his hand. "It's okay." "It's okay."

The dragon flicked his yellow eyes in acknowledgment.

I might actually survive this. He thought. Now for the worst part._

He reached up for his helmet and threw it on the ground.

It pounded each bounce like the Ring of Mordor. It rang its echo across the arena for all Vikings to hear. Everyone gasped.

"I'm not one of them." Hiccup told the dragon. He imagined it was Toothless.

"Stop the fight." He heard his father command.

Hiccup outstretched his hand again.

"No!" He barked out. "I need you all to see this. They're not what we think they are. We don't have to kill them."

And for a moment everything was perfect. The crowd was silent. The dragon was reaching his snout towards his hand, sniffing it tentatively. And not a peep was heard from Stoick.

But then that moment ended.

"I. SAID. STOP. THE. FIGHT!" Stoick roared.

And as quick as that statement, everything broke loose. The dragon

snapped his powerful jaws, Hiccup narrowly missing them. The dragon chased him around the arena. Hiccup reached out for his fallen shield, but the Monster barreled towards him, snapping the wood into pieces.

"Hiccup!" Astrid shouted.

He heard the gates groan open a bit, but he couldn't head towards them. The dragon was right behind him.

Suddenly a smack was heard, and he turned to see the creature chasing after Astrid.

_NO! _He panicked, _this wasn't supposed to happen! It was only supposed to be me!_

Suddenly, the gate was flung open and Stoick was on the other side.

"This way!" He called.

Astrid ran to him and Stoick snatched her up. He then reached out for his son. His eyes full of Fear.

Hiccup.

Was.

So.

Close.

The dragon screeched, spewing it's lava-like fire everywhere.

Hiccup dodged it, falling back. He stumbled back away from the bleeding inferno, but the dragon jumped.

It trapped him beneath its sharp claws. The middle talon clipped him on the chin. His green eyes widened, as the creature brought its jaws closer to him. It hummed in pure bloodthirsty glee. Fear filled Hiccup's heart.

Toothless, I'm going to die.

He closed his eyes, waiting for the teeth to rip him apart.

But it never happened, because a high, powerful, urgent, and positively _furious_ screeched rang through the arenaâ€"and the whole isle of Berk for that matter.

"_STAY. AWAY. FROM. MY. BOY!"

* * *

><p>AN: Me: and break. Bam. Now you guys have to wait until the next chapter. HAHA.

>Loki: You truly are learning from me, I am surprised.
Me: I learned from the best.

>Loki: *raises eyebrow.*
Me: *blushes.* aw, dangit...anyways thanks to Demonicssis, dawn2halen, GuardianDragon98, Rochana, Sapphire Roz,

Guest, sauara, Vi-Violence, MySweetYaoi49, and slayterxyz for all reviewing. Oh and #awesome for slayterxyz for being number 135.

>Loki: And the answer to the question in the previous chapter was Metallica. Congratulations to those of you who did not guess.

>Me: Loki, be nice. Anyways, that's all for now folks. See you next chapter. Goðan kvold and takk fyrir.
Loki: Until next time good readers.**

20. Chapter 20: Key Entity

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>**A/N: Duh duh duh. the long awaited chapter.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 20: Pitch

_ "Pitch, you are the laziest dragon that MiM could've made." The Darkness griped, pacing back and forth in the confines of its host's mind._

_ "Let me enjoy my rest." Pitch snapped, returning to mentally using his dream hands to pick things up._

_ Since his dream the other night, he had been trying to summon dream sand all day. But every time he tried, he could never do it. He wondered why he had been able to summon it, though, the first time._

_ "I hate to side with that creature," the Gold pointed out, "but you've been resting for far too long. Ever since your child, you have become far too dependent." _

_ "Thank you." The Darkness snorted, accepting the defense from its better half._

_ "The both of you leave me alone before I try to permanently rid myself of you." Pitch snapped, growing frustrated. _

_ He curled his fists, fingers tightening as he tried to get at least a sand knife to form. Nothing. With a frustrated growl, he raked his hands through his raven hair. Despite his irritation, Pitch savored the feeling of the strands roughly forced past his fingers._

_ "What would you be without me?" The Darkness snorted._

_ "A better man." Pitch mumbled, trying again to summon forth any minuscule bit of his power. Not even the shadows would come to his command._

_ "I do not think it is your time yet, Old One." The Gold stated slowly and observantly._

_ "Then explain to me why it worked last night." _

_ The Gold pondered this thoughtfully, the dream sun glinting off of

his black and gold armor. "Last night was intriguingâ€|it was a phenomena I cannot understand. MiM said you would not gain your powers back until after your exile; but you were able to protect that boy of yours by creating a dream sand weaponâ€|I truly do not understand that."—

— "Perhaps, the Sandman was near." The Darkness suggested stepping up, the tar like body leaving a trail like ink behind it.—

— Both Pitch and the Gold stared at the Darkness inquisitively. —

— "Do you not remember," the Darkness rumbled agitatedly, "when you first began forming nightmares? You could not originally form the dream sand yourself, so you would use the Sandman's. Touching would cause the effect of Fear, thus creating the nightmare sand. As you became more prolific in your work, you were able to recreate the sand at will. But, last night if the Sandman had happen to be aroundâ€"because you were already in a dream state, that would automatically forfeit the dream to you."—

— "But because I am not the Boogeyman anymore, it would not change at my presence!" Pitch barked, lashing out at the air.—

— "Unless it were happening." The Gold responded, chin tucked in on the chest. His gold eyes closed, brow creased thoughtfully.—

— "If what was happening?" The Darkness and Pitch demanded simultaneously.—

— The Gold looked up, his eyes opening and shining brightly with hope. "If the banishment was coming to an end."—

— The Darkness howled with laughter and the Gold smiled wider.—

— Pitch's stomach dropped.—

That means,— he thought quietly. —That I would leave Hiccupâ€|

His head shot up, ears perking up instantly. His claws tightened against the dirt, disheveling it. His nose twitched. He had heard something, something that meant something to him.

Pitch strained his hearing, searching for the slightest sound. And he found it. Fear practically shot his gut.

—Hiccup.—

He jumped up racing over to the wall of the cove, desperation seeping through his limbs. He had never heard his boy screamâ€"even with all the dragon training the boy claimed to do. Jumping up, he dug his claws into the rock.

Pain shot through his limbs as his nerves absorbed the shock. It felt like he was ripping the claw from the paw. But it didn't matter; Hiccup was in danger. But there was a flaw, his claws were not meant to climb, they were short and sharpâ€"meant for slashing and stabbing.

—"Cursed MiM!" —Pitch roared, using his hind legs to push off of other rocks propelling him forward. —"He couldn't have been bothered

to give me hooked claws?" _

His claws skittered, but he only dug more, feeling his body dangling uselessly from the stone. Pitch shrieked, his body slammed against the wall, hot white agony branding his bones.

_Pitch! You fool! You will rip your claws out before you reach the top! _The Darkness screamed furiously, trying to take control of the dragon's body.

Pitch forced his darker side away, focusing all his energies on the task before him. Digging deep into himself, he pulled strength from who-knows-where and jumped up. Another wave of hurt slammed him, but instead of his claws slipping, the grabbed something sharp, pointed, andâ€|grassy?

With one final push from his hind haunches, he shoved himself up over the ledge. Pitch rolled over on his back, his legs stinging and twitching with aches.

_Pitch, the boy! _The Gold yelled urgently, trying to get his host up.

It didn't take much convincing though, because Pitch immediately shot off again. His paws pounded. His chest heaved in great breaths. His lips curled back into a feral snarl. His pupils slit and his eyes narrowed.

_If anyone has dared try to hurt Hiccup, then I will _kill_ them._ His mind raged, as he ran.

His jumped, surging his wings on a down beat. Pitch was lunged forward, he flying on his own for just a second. Anger pounded itself all around him as he kept going; it stoked the fire in his heart.

He roared, as he approached the boy's village. His dream the other night had been extremely accurate and he located the plaza almost instantly. He screeched, seeing if his child would respond. Nothing.

The area was entirely desolate.

He heard a boy's scream.

A girl's scream.

A dragon's bloodthirsty roar.

Pitch's blood freeze over, and he could help but feel premonition. It couldn't have been possible that the dream he had was a foretelling of the future? Could it?

_Only one way to find out." _He snarled, bunching his muscles upâ€"he sprang.

His paws pounded across the dirt streets. His hearing picked up on cheering and screams. Dragon fire. Roaring. Breaking. It only made his fury deepen.

An arena.

_The dragon arena. _The Darkness growled. _Pitch, if you come near it, the Vikings will rip you to shreds._

_ Oh go suck Fear, Darkness. _Pitch snapped, skidding across the ground and over a bridge that lead to the chained arena. He could clearly see his boy trying to escape a Monstrous Nightmare.

He heard it suddenly, as if the boy had spoken it to him.

Toothless, I'm going to die.

That was the last straw. As he got to the chain-link netting that hung over the arena, he jumped. He pumped his wings on a down beat again, driving himself forward. He ignored all the other people. One only mattered.

_STAY. AWAY. FROM. MY. BOY!" _He shrieked, blasting the netting open with a plasma blast.

Pitch dove, outstretching his claws. It took him a minute, but he was able to latch onto the long neck of the Monstrous Nightmare. With a savage roar, he tore the dragon off of Hiccupâ€"both reptiles rolling over. The Monstrous Nightmare bellowed in outrage.

_That was my kill, Pitch!" _It yowled, biting at the black dragon.

Pitch screamed. _That boy belongs to me!"_

He clawed at the dragon, the Nightmare snapping his sharp teeth on one of Pitch's forelegs. The night dragon did not falter, he shoved the dragon off him and backed up closer to Hiccup. His entire position said defense.

_If you so much as touch this boy, I will sever your throat from your body and feast upon your blood for my breakfast!" _He screeched menacingly.

The Monstrous Nightmare backed up against the wall of the arena. _I never would've taken you for a traitor, Pitch. Fine, keep your human scum. _I don't want to be near you when Avara finds out._

But Pitch could taste its Fear. He relished it as the red dragon slunk away. He turned back to Hiccup, a smug grin crossing his face.

_I saved you again." _He crooned.

Hiccup put his hands on the dragon's snout and pushed him away. "No, Toothless, you've got to get out of here!"

Pitch noticed all the Vikings pouring into the arena.

Wise words. He thought, prepping to leave the way he came.

NO! The Darkness yowled. With a great amount of might, the evil part forced Pitch to the Gold, taking control of the midnight dragon's body.

_What are you doing? _Pitch demanded, terrified.

You have done too much running! It is time to end this! It howled.

"Toothless! No! Stop!" Hiccup shouted.

But the Darkness did not like Hiccup as Pitch did. So he ignored the boy. He fought through the many Vikings. He felt his wings slash and stab. His tail swiping through the air like a deadly thick whip. A greed for blood filled him as he felt victory.

And then the world paused.

A large red headed man began to barrel past the others, a large axe clenched in his fist.

_I remember you. _The Darkness snarled. _The man without Fear. Well let me show it to you!_

Astrid was crying out, "Stoick, Stoick stop!"

Hiccup shrieked. "No! Toothless!"

The ginormous man raised his axe, a war cry blasting through his throat.

_Valiant effort. _The Darkness sneered.

_Stop this now! _Pitch commanded, him and the Gold fighting to regain control of the body.

No.

Just as the man swung down his weapon, the Darkness pounced him. They rolled for a second, before the evil creature tried to place his claws to the man's throat.

"Toothless stop!" The boy pleaded.

The man grappled with the dragon's claws, Fear piercing his heart. His green-blue eyes widening.

_ "Do you think you can hurt that whelp?" _The Darkness screeched, drawing in breath for a fire. _ "Well, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT BOY! ALL I CARE ABOUT IS HOW HE IS THE KEY TO MY IMMORTALITY!" _

_ NO!_ Pitch howled, fighting even harder.

The Darkness was about to blast whenâ€¦

"NO!" Hiccup yelled, betrayal written all over his face.

At that moment, Pitch was able to dethrone the Darkness; the Gold forced the creature to a dark part of the once-was-Nightmare King's mind. He looked at the boy, his eyes wide. The child looked at him, his entire expression hurt.

He knew.

He knew what the Darkness said.

That moment to look at his boy was all the distraction the Vikings needed. One of them thrust an axe, slamming the flat of the blade against Pitch's eye. He howled in pain, as the Vikings piled onto him, their weight overcoming his strength.

"No! Dad, just please! Don't hurt him!" Hiccup cried out.

Pitch looked up to see the man with red hair towering above him.

It was as if he swallowed a stone.

_No. _He couldn't believe it. _This, is Hiccup's sire? Then that meansâ€¢|_

_ He._

_ Was._

_ Protecting._

_ His._

_ Son._

_ "Oh noâ€¢|" _Pitch groaned. He was so sore. Everything hurt especially now that he was being crushed underneath all the incredibly muscular men. He looked at the man, waiting for the fatal command.

"Put it with the others." The man growled, his voice low and furious.

Pitch's eyes widened as the men began to drag him. They weren't going to kill him. He was in too much pain to fight back. So he let them.

He turned to see the mammoth man approach Hiccup and grab his left arm roughly. Hiccup yelped in surprise as the man began to drag him away.

_ "Hiccup!" _Pitch howled.

Hiccup looked at him, his green eyes sadâ€¢"very, very hurt. But he looked at him with the smallest of smiles.

"It'll be okay bud! It doesn't matter what happens to me! You know that! Just don't fight them okay?" He shouted. "It'll be okay bud!"

_ No it wouldn't be._

The men threw him into a small stone room. It was devoid of any light. It was empty. And it was dark. And he was alone with the torments of his mind.

The Darkness' words played over and over in his mind.

_ I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE BOY!_
_ I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE BOY!_
_ I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE BOY!_
_ THE._
_ KEY._
_ IMMORTALITY._

_ "Hiccupâ€|" _Pitch groaned, not knowing what was happening to the child right now. _"I care. I care about you! What have I done?"_

_ If you had the courage to stop me from the turning into what would be the worst in everybody's eyes, hey, I'm not angel, or devil of your conscience to tell you who to be. Good, bad and uglyâ€|if you had good common sense, your choices would be gleaming flawlessâ€|I implore you, brother, don't walk away from meâ€|"cause this is our war._

* * *

><p>AN: Me: That last paragraph is the lyrics to Coheed & Cambria's song Key Entity Extraction I: Domino the Destitute. I felt like it fit that last paragraph.

>Loki: An extreme expression of gratitude to AuraVocaloid, dawn2halen, Britt30, Sapphire Roz, GuardianDragon98, Zehava, Kynnie2, Rochana, Vi-Violence, Demonicssis, slayterxyz, and MySweetYaoi49 for all reviewing.
Me: Well guys, i'm exhausted so short author's note. Goðan nott and takk fyrir.

>Loki: Until next time readers.

21. Chapter 21: To the Nest we Dare

Disclaimer: I own nothing except for the Gold and the Darkness.

A/n: Loki had to go face Asgardian justice. just me today. This chapter was hard to write. Stoick is weird. Oh well, enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter 21: Stoick

The doors swung behind him with a large bang. The noise jarred through the air, thick and concussive. And for a moment, Stoick's heavy footsteps faltered, and he almost lost his balance.

â€|you're not my son.

He had said it. Actually said those words and meant them. With a determined face, Stoick carried on. His angry words were just, right? His son had betrayed him for a dragon! He had taught Hiccup in the ways of old. The way a Viking was supposed to hate dragons. And now, look at what happenedâ€"all peace was falling apart now because of him.

His cape flowed behind him like a shadow, and Stoick straightened out his crooked helmet. A memory of his wife. She would be so disappointed in Hiccup. Or maybe be disappointed in him.

_ "That's our son!" He could practically hear her say with her melodic voice. "Whatever he does, you should love him no matter what." _

Stoick shrugged off the feeling. He was sure Valka would side with him.

"Stoick!"

The chief turned around. It was Spitelout. Good. That made things easier.

"What now? What do we do now?" His commander asked him.

"We find the nest. Gather the beastâ€"it knows the way." Stoick growled.

Spitelout looked surprised for a second, and then his face became grim. "As ye wish, Stoick."

Then with a frown and a curt nod, Spitelout ran off. Stoick watched him briefly before continuing to his destination. He felt as though he were walking in mud. Each step seemed to be laden with nothing but pain. Whatever it was, he had to carry on. He was the chiefâ€"he had to ignore the screaming father inside of him.

He approached the desired hill, the large horn resting unused on top. With a blood-thirsty gleam in his eye, he approached the instrument. His hands grabbed onto the handle and before he knew it, he blew through the mouth piece.

The anthem rang true.

Its blast carried one word and one word only.

War.

With that, Stoick began to head to the docks. His men would meet him there. They had all heard the summons, now was the time to act. That thought gave him hope and he began to run. If they were able to destroy the dragon's nest, then maybe his son would come to his right mind. Perhaps Hiccup was under the monster's control, and was being swayed by its mind. Yes, that had to be it. Hiccup would never betray his father.

Blood runs thicker than water.

_Yer one to talk. _That little voice in the back of his head pointed out.

Stoick pushed it aside and continued running. There was still a chance that he could get Hiccup back. That his son would return to him. But then again, he felt doubtful. He wasn't surprised if the boy truly was doing this of his own mind. It seemed like a Hiccup-y thing to do. Hiccup had been strange, since the day he was born; but who knew it would go this far?

"Stoick!" Gobber called up, limping up quickly next to his best friend and chief.

"Gobber, yer comin' on the raid, correct?" Stoick grunted, hammer in hand.

"Yes. Ye know I wouldn't miss it fer the world." The blacksmith answered.

"Good." Stoick cut curtly.

"Ifâ€|do ye want to talk about it Stoick?" Gobber asked hesitantly, their feet know pounding on the wooden board walk.

"Ye'll be riding in my boat, as will Spitelout. The others will split up accordingly."

"That's not what I meanâ€"

"I know exactly what ye meant Gobber," Stoick interrupted. "And if ye have any contact with the boy, you will become an Outcast too."

Gobber stopped. "Stoick, ye didn'."

"I did Gobber," the chief snapped, slowing his pace so that way he could board a waiting ocean war vessel easily.

"But, Stoick."

Stoick spun around. "Gobber, we've no time for arguments. Are ye with me or not?"

The blacksmith looked pained. And hurt. But he nodded slowly, and a little bit reluctantly.

"'Till the death Stoick."

The chief nodded and looked past his friend. The other men and women of the village were lowering something down onto his shipâ€"it must've been heavy if it had to be lowered down with a rig. His breath hitched. That dragon.

The black devil thrashed against the other's grasps, trying to get unhooked from the carrier cage they'd placed it in. Its inky scales glistened sinisterly under the sunlight and the few elders and children shivered at the sight of the monster. Its radioactive green eyes glaring daggers at everyone.

Stoick just wanted to kill it.

But he didn't. He couldn't. Despite his instinct, he needed the blasted creature to find the nest. It would only be safe up until then. After that, he would deal with it in how he saw fit.

And it will be painful. _He promised mentally. _You stole my son from me._

Now aboard the boat, he could feel eyes staring at himâ€"and it

wasn't the dragon. Looking around he saw no one particularly paying attention to him. Everyone was either finishing loading weapons or prepping the ships. He spared a glance up ward, and found the source of his suspicions.

A lone boy stood at the highest dock peak. The wind was tosseling his auburn hair as well as his furs and green tunic. Stoick glared at him.

Hiccup.

Turning on heel he faced the dragon, raising his hand to strike it. But he stopped. His ears rung with his once-son's begging words.

_ "Be mad at me, take this out on me! But please! Don't hurt Toothless!" _

He couldn't forget his son's emerald eyes. They were so wide and so full of Fear. The father inside him, the one that he had buried in the deepest recesses of his mind, had howled at him. It had tried to force him to listen to his son, to be the father he needed.

But there was more than one person on Berk. Berk didn't need a father. Only Hiccup did.

Berk need a chief.

And that mattered more to him than his son.

With a glower, Stoick spat at the dragon. "Take us home, devil."

The ships then all departed from the port. They went in the direction of Helheim's Gates. Every Viking all knew from the last time that that was the general direction of where the nest was. But now they had the Night Fury, and it would lead them to its home.

Ð‰Ð‰Ð‰

They had sailed all day. Now Stoick would see if their labors would prove fruitful. They were just fifteen minitur away from the Gates. He spared the black dragon a look. To his surprise, it looked at him calmly. Its eyes were not rage fullâ€"true the pupils were still slits, but the beast regarded him with an emotion.

With understanding.

_ "I've lost a child before." _ Is what the eyes said.

He flinched back. Even though the monster's eyes spoke, Stoick could've sworn the words had been spoke in his mind as well. He approached the dragon, his hands balled into fists.

"Ye stole my son." He snarled, voice so menacing that it caused the creature to curl its lips back hostilely. "And it is only he ye have to thank for not bein' beaten this whole way. But know this, as soon as we beachâ€"yer hide is mine."

The green eyes dared him to carry out his threat.

Stoick twirled around, giving the muzzled dragon a face full of cape. He returned to the hull of the ship and looked out at the misty waters with hate. No longer were his thoughts about Hiccup returning to him. His mind had been consumed by his hate of dragons.

"Stoick," Gobber whispered, coming up from behind. "Some o' the men were wonderin' not me of course, if ye had a plan. Eh, not me! I always know yer the man with a plan, and they were wonderin' what that might be?"

Stoick bunched up like his muscles were ready to pounce.

"Find the nest and take it."

Gobber was silent for a second, before continuing to ramble on. "Oh right! The old Viking fallback, nice and supportive!"

Stoick stopped his friend then and there, he had heard a hum. He turned around to see the Night Fury's eyes had grown hazy and far-offish. The creature twitched, as if trying to go somewhere, all the while humming.

The men began to whisper.

Stoick knew what this was. He forced his way past the crowded men and made his way to the rudder. He pushed the man who was steering and took control of it himself. He pulled the rudder in the way the dragon was leaning towards. Immediately the creature's head shot up, turning in that direction. Its feelers and ears vibrating like antennae.

Got ye. Stoick thought triumphantly. For the longest time, they wove in and out of the dangerous sea stacks. The dragon led them well. Only one small thing worried Stoick. The creature seemed to be following something, and the chief couldn't help but wonder. If a Night Fury was the most powerful dragon the Vikings on Berk knew what was more powerful than a Night Fury?

The men were mumbling to themselves. They were nervous, and of course they had every right to be. The Vikings had one task ahead of them, to exterminate or rid themselves of the dragons for good. A thought like that tended to be nerve wrecking.

Stoick didn't have to wait long. With a nerve wrecking jostle, the ship beached on a black pebbled beach. Everything about the island said 'fire burned'. He stepped forward from the rudder back to the front of the ship. He ignored the thrashing Night Fury, now out of whatever trance it had been in, trying to escape its shackles now.

"We're here." Stoick mumbled to himself.

He scanned the huge mountain in front of him. He saw a red tail flicker from the side, disappearing as soon as he saw it. The island buzzed with what sounded to be large bees. Very, very large bees. Like a hive.

With a grunt, Stoick jumped out of the boat and landed on the shore. Every noise stopped except for the struggling Night Fury. There was no more humming; no more sound. He stood up and looked around

cautiously. Stoick sucked in his breath and commanded his men to start unloading the weapons.

_This is it. _He thought.

He had just struck the hornet's nest with a hammer.

* * *

><p>AN: #awesome to iWannaBMrsFelton for being reviewer number 160 and a #awesome to slayterxyz who got number 161! I would like to thank Demonicssis, Vi-Violence, Sapphire Roz, GuardianDragon98, Rochana, Britt30, Malica15, iWannaBMrsFelton, babydragonXXX, Roses, sauara, Moonpie, and slayterxyz for all reviewing. And for all of my readers, here's a challenge/contest. Whoever is the 200th reviewer gets to enter a character in this story. they can be a dragon or a Viking. NO GUARDIANS/SPIRITS. There are so many of you that I could reach 200 reviews in this next update. So I leave it up to the people. Good luck and takk fyrir my lovely readers!**

22. Chapter 22: 2013

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**A/N: Me: Hi guys! thanks so much for the feedback from the other chapter. I loved it.

>Loki: And so that I may ease your frazzled nerves, I have returned from Asgard relatively unharmed.
Me: Shut it Loki, no one cares.

>Loki: *cocks eyebrow* you do.
Me: Eep!

>Loki: Hm, predictable mortal.
Me: Oh yeah, well predict this! Guys, I have started writing a Hobbit fanfic, for those of you who are Hobbit fans; its called This Was Ours. And its a Baggins/elf fic for those of you who like that pairing. I would love support for that one if you don't mind!

>Loki: Did you justâ€?"
Me: Advertise my new fanfic? Yes I did. Anywho, enjoy this chappie guys. Its very unexpected.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 22: Jack

The winter sprite's head shot up with fright as he awoke from a nightmare. He seldom slept, and when he did, they were normally dreamless. But tonight, his thoughts had been fuddled and perverted into a plea from a creature he did not know. His icy blue eyes were wide open, shaking with Fear.

A dragon.

He knew that much. The dragon was completely black, its scales as pitch as the night sky. And its eyes were as green as a radioactive toxin. He shivered, despite how terrified those eyes were, they were full of rage. They looked into him and almost seemed like they wanted to rip him apart.

_**"Frost, I need your help."**__ The dragon had said._

_ "Who are you? More importantly, what are you?" Jack had demanded._

**"This is no time for arguing Jack!"** The dragon roared with an uncontrollable impatience. _

The creature seemed in pain though, because its body would shudder and recoil away from him. Jack had cocked his head to the side. He had been so confused.

"_Whoa, whoa, whoa." He had spluttered. "What are you going on about? What's wrong?"_

"_**I cannot explain now Frost."**_ The dragon pressed urgently.
**"I need a favor of you."**

"_And what is it?" Jack snapped, rather angry at the dragon for being rude._

"_**Man in the Moon."**_ He hissed. _**"You must plead to himâ€"beseech him on my behalf. There is a life that I hold very dear and I Fear that he might be in grave danger. You must ask him to at least return to me my power of shadow travel. It is not for me, it is for the sake of **_**my**_** boy."**_

Shadow travelâ€| ?

"_Pitch!" Jack explained, his voice had turned hostile._

"_**Frost, please."**_ The dragon begged._

"_Since when have you cared about any kid?" The winter sprite had demanded angrily._

"_**Jack, please."**_ The dragon whispered, its voice had faded._

"_Do the others know?" Jack spat. "Do the Guardians know you've had a sudden 'change of heart' moment?"_

"_**You may not tell the Guardians, Frost."**_ The King of Nightmares murmured, he had gotten far away._

"_Pitch, whatâ€?"_

"_**Pleaseâ€|"**_

"_MiM doesn't even talk to me!" He had protested._

"_**But he listens, Frost. He always listens to
you****."**_

And that was when he had woken up. It wasn't necessarily a nightmare, but if Pitch was in itâ€"that had to account for something. Jumping up out of the tree he was in, he landed on the snow felted ground with the elegance of a cat. He twirled his shepherd's crook around onto his shoulder and began to walk to his pond.

Sometimes, he took a moment to slow down in life. This was one of

those times. Jack didn't know why he dreamed of Pitch and he didn't know why the Nightmare King had been a dragonâ€"but that's what happened. And it bothered him. He shouldn't be dreaming things of evil people. He shouldn't even be dreaming things about evil people asking him for help, but he had.

And it just felt so wrong.

When he got to his pond, he looked up at the twilight sky. The moon hadn't even come out yet and he wondered if the mysterious Man in the Moon would be even able to hear him. Well, he would give it a shot anyways.

"Um, hey Manny." He started out shakily. "I wasâ€| justâ€|troubled. It isn't like the last time I talked to you. I'm not alone anymore; I've got the Guardians, ya know?"

Oh man, not a good start.

"Butâ€|I just, recently had a dream." Jack continued anyways. "And, you know I don't normally dream but I did this time. You'd never guess who was in my dream. It was Pitch! It's kinda crazy 'cause I actually haven't seen him since we defeated him last year butâ€|something was a little off about him.

"He was a dragonâ€|I'm not sure what type though. It seemed to be a suitable dragon for the self-proclaimed 'King of Fear' because his dragon form was completely black. Like pen ink. Anyways, he told me to talk to youâ€"on his behalf.

"I don't even know why I'm helping him. He's the bad guy. But something about his voice in the dream, it was pained. Like he was hurt or something. And another thing worried me; he's got some sort of kid-friend or something. He said he thought the boy was in trouble or something.

"Anyways, he asked me to talk to you for him. He asked if you could give him back his shadow travel. He said he didn't want to use it for selfish means. It was for his kid. He said something about the kid being in danger. I'm not entirely sure if I would trust Pitch on something like that, butâ€|he sounded so scared and worried. Pitch likes Fear. It's kinda hard to see or hear him begin afraid.

"I told him that you don't normally talk to me and that the Guardian would be better off knowing about his dragon form. But he told me I needed to do his 'favor'. He told me you were always listening."

So Jack waited for a few seconds, wondering if he would get an answer back. When he didn't, he wasn't all that shocked.

_Figures, _he snorted to himself. _Manny never talks to me. I don't know what Pitch was talking about._

With a cocky chuckle, he turned around and began to walk away.

_**:Ever impatient, Jack Frost.: **_A loud voice thundered.

No. It couldn't be. Could it?

Jack turned around quickly. There over the horizon was the rising moon. Coming from the moon was a pale beam of light and inside the light was a pudgy baby-man dressed in a spiffy white dress suit with saddle oxford shoes.

_**:_Hello Jack.: **_MiM greeted warmly.

The winter spirit felt anger bubble up inside him. Oh that was so not cool. Not at all.

"So when I need help, you completely ignore me." Jack snarked. "But when the creepy British dude calls out for help, you come running."

_**:_Pitch is not British, his is from the North of his home planet.: **_MiM explained nonchalantly.

"Isn't Britain, North? Of America I mean?"

_**:_Many planets have a North.:**_

"So is it that he's from the North that makes him special enough to come to his help?" Jack demanded, leaning on his staff.

The little man shook his head. _**:_He is my oldest friend. As much as I try to find myself angry at him, I can never remain so.:**_

Jack snorted.

_**:_Please do understand, Jack Frost,: **_MiM tried to amend.

_**:_Pitch Black has been through muchâ€"sadly, more than you could have ever experienced. I am the closest thing to family he has.:**_

"What about that boy he told me about?" Jack questioned, glaring at the pale man who bore a significant resemblance to Sandy.

The corners of MiM's lips played up into a small grin. _**:_That boy is Pitch's penance for his crimes. Although, for the Nightmare King, that child has become more of a son than a burden.:**_

The Guardian of Fun blinked, a bit dumbfounded. "So he really didâ€"

_**:_Yes Jack,: **_The Man in the Moon nodded. _**:_Pitch really did tell the truth. I wonder though, how he was able to communicate with you through dreams. I had stripped him of all his powersâ€"except for his ability to taste Fear. That gift seemed harmless enough.:**_

"You're worried about how he talked to me?" Jack shouted, nearly losing patience with the Guardian of the night sky. "There's a child who might be in danger of getting hurt or something and that's all you can worry about?"

_**:_Yes, my apologies. But I cannot see that far into the past. I was able to send him, but I cannot see his actions. I am unsure if the boy is in trouble or not.:**_

"Does it matter? Can you risk it?" The sprite insisted. "What if the

boy dies because of you?"

**:I cannot gamble the chance of Pitch returning to this time because he was able to trick me by playing with my emotions.:**

"How do you sleep at night?" Jack wondered aloud, his voice lacing with disgust.

MiM smiled and began to walk up the moonbeam he had been standing in.
**:I don't.:**

"Manny!" Jack called out, summoning the wind to surge him forward so he could catch the other spirit. The wind disobeyed him. The sprite gasped in shock. "Wind? What are you doing? We have to catch him!"

The wind still did not listen to its friend.

By the time Jack turned around to shout at the fat man, he was gone, as was the moonbeam. But the moon was well over the horizon, almost hovering innocently.

Jack seethed with anger.

"How can you turn your back away from those who need your help, Manny?" He yelled angrily.

And this time, really didn't get a response.

With a growl, he turned around and ran his hand through his snowy silver hair. He had never imagined he would side with Pitch, but the cause seemed right. Jack would never have thought it, but he wondered what sort of things the Nightmare King had gone through in _his past. Did it have to relate with the boy who was currently in danger? Did it remind Pitch of his old life? One could only wonder.

Jack snorted.

For that kid's sake Pitch, let's hope you were right about Manny.

* * *

><p>AN: Me: Well? What'ya think?

>Loki: Please let us know in the reviews.
Me: I would also like to thank MySweetYaoi49, Sapphire Roz, Mizookie, Demonicssis, Malical15, slayterxyz, Britt30, Vi-Violence, Marsetta, and Rochana for all reviewing that last chapter!

>Loki: It pleased her dearly.
Me: And guys, only 29 reviews until we get to the winner of the contest!

>Loki: It is a wonder on who will receive the prize.
Me: And do you guys wanna know something else? I've become entirely obsessed with song King and Lionheart by Of Monsters and Men. It isn't a Coheed & Cambria song, but it's just as good; better even!

>Loki: What did we talk about having conversations online?
Me: Oh yeah, right. Well, takk fyrir and goðan nott my lovely readers!

>Loki: Until the next time.

23. Chapter 23: We Should Burn Together

Disclaimer: All rights remain with DreamWorks, Cressida Cowell, and William Joyce._

A/N: Short author's note today guys, i'm exhausted. Thanks to Malica15, Britt30, Demonicssis, DragonGuardian98, Rochana, Marsetta, dawn2halen, Sapphire Roz, iWannaBMrsFelton, JesusisAlive2033, MySweetYaoi49, slayterxyz, Moonpie, Pearlness4700, and sauara for all reviewing. I wonder who will win the character contest. dun dun dun. Anyways, goÃ°an nott and takk fyrir y'all.

This chappie was inspired by the song I See Fire by Ed Sheeran.

* * *

><p>Chapter 23: Pitch

They all had their ways of communicating with the other spirits when in their greatest times of need. For North he could summon the aurora borealis. Toothianna could send out her tiny fairy duplicates. Bunnymund could send his stone guards of the Warren. Even Jack could send out snowflakes with messages hidden inside. Pitch and Sandy shared similar means of communication with the othersâ€"they used dreams.

Of course Pitch used his way less than the Sandman. Why would he, the Nightmare King, send out pathetic pleas for help? That was not his want, nor his doing.

So he found himself questioning his sanity as he sunk to the bottom of the ocean. He, Pitch Black, was considering on trying to summon helpâ€"from one of the Guardians.

MiM didn't take away his power over dreams obviously, due to his run-ins with Hiccup's dreams. So maybe, just maybe, he could call for help. Or that's at least what he told himself as he felt the pressure of the cold water smash up against his scales.

We're going to die and it's all your fault! The Darkness screamed in pain.

Pitch could even feel the Gold and its Fear.

It was not supposed to end like this. It whispered solemnly.

But Pitch could care less right now. His boy had been on the ship that Avara had so angrily crushed with her claws. He hadn't seen where Hiccup had landed. Was he safe?

The jolt of his cage landing on the rock bottom knocked the breath out him. Pitch let out a terrified exhale as the air from his lungs escaped him. The air chambers reserved for fire in his lungs began to work over time, trying to preserve any breath they could hold. He looked up in his futile attempts to escape and saw him.

Hiccup swam to him, his small cheeks puffed up with air. Pitch cried

out to him, making his lungs protest.

_ "Hiccup! No! You won't survive this!" _He roared, but the salty water only rushed into his mouth.

When Hiccup reached Pitch, he laid a calming hand on the Nightmare King's snout, before floating over to the chains that attached him to the metal bars and wood board.

Pitch fought against the chains, his oxygen levels beginning to ebb away. Hiccup battled alongside him, his thin arms pulling futilely at the metal. And then suddenlyâ€!

He stopped.

Pitch looked in horror as the Viking boyâ€"his Viking boyâ€"began to drift away. His emerald eyes rolled back and his mouth expelled a breath. Hiccup stopped breathing entirely.

_HICCUP! _His mind raged.

Before he could do anything, a large beefy arm that seemingly came out of nowhere, plunged through the water and grabbed the child's riding vest. With a strong heave, Hiccup was pulled out of the water. Which left the nightmare dragon alone.

_ "NO!" _ Pitch screamed, not caring if his lungs did not have enough oxygen to sustain him for lifeâ€"all that mattered wasâ€!

_Stop it now! _The Darkness roared. _That boy should mean nothing to you! For once, pay attention to you! Can you not understand you blood fool? We will die hear! Burning underneath the flame!_

Pitch closed his eyes. It was time to call for help. His pride welled up inside him, but he forced the bubble down. It didn't matter what they thought of him, Hiccup could very well dieâ€"and he couldn't.

Possibly.

Bear.

That.

_ Then we should all burn together._ He thought angrily towards the Darkness and the Gold as he called to any Guardian who happened to be asleep.

When the action was finished, he opened his eyes slowly, blinking groggily. The after effects of a summons was unpleasant at the most. Half of the time it made his thoughts sluggishâ€"but when one was submerged in freezing cold water, it was hard to think about being drowsy.

But he shook his head, sending the buzzing away. There hovering in front of him, in nothing but wet glory was Hiccup's sire. Oh how he seethed with hate.

Come to finish the job? He snarled. _The finish it._

And he waited, but the fatal blow never came. The red haired giant leaned forward and snapped the iron bars apart with all of his Viking-ly strength. Pitch lurched forward a bit at the sudden lack of restraint. The chief looked at him, his blue eyes drooping, his cheeks deflating with lack of air.

He too, was drowning.

_Leave him here, save us the trouble. _The Darkness growled angrily.

Pitch. The Gold crooned.

And as he gathered up the last of his clothes in his army sack, he began to leave. A little girlâ€"no more than elevenâ€"rushed out of a dark hallway, long flowing locks of raven hair tailing behind her.

_ "Papa! Don't go! You can't leave me!" She cried, jumping into his arms._

_ "I will come back."_

_ The girl cried in his arms. "What if you don't?"_

_ "I always come back, do I not Seraphina?"_

_ "But what if you don't come back?" She wailed, "I won't have a Papa anymore."_

Pitch curled his lips up into a snarl. Ignoring the Darkness, he lunged at the man and grabbed his cape in his claws. With a forceful flap of his wings, he shot out of the water. The fresh air hit him like a cold hard wall. A very welcomed wall.

As he alighted, shaking himself off, he turned around. Hiccup was standing there with a slightly incredulous grin. In front of them, Avara was wreaking havoc on the Vikings. As well asâ€|the other Viking teens riding dragons? Well that wasn't expected.

_You are just full of surprise, are you not? _Pitch wondered. He cocked his head to the side and looked at his boy with eager eyes.
_ "So, we started this Hiccup. Ready to fix it?"_

The boy smiled even wider. "You got it bud."

Pitch's brows rose in surprise. _Could he actually hear me?_

Hiccup didn't give the dragon a chance to think further, he simply jumped onto his back and started strapping in. Stoick reached over and clasped the boy's arm.

"You don' have to go out there ye know." He said, almost pleadingly.

Hiccup raised himself a little taller on Pitch's back. "We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard."

Pitch began to get anxious. _Giant raging dragon in front of us. Can't we save this no doubted charming reunion for later?_

Stoick clutched the boy's hand. "Hiccup, I'm proud to call ye my son."

Pitch almost roared in anger: _LIAR._

The boy sighed in relief. "Thanks dad."

Stoick drew away, staring at the pair with awestruck.

_Finally." _Pitch snorted, feeling Hiccup bunch up on him. With that as his cue, the Nightmare King forced himself into the air with powerful strokes of his black velvet wings. Hiccup drew in a sharp inhale.

"Astrid needs our help, bud!" He shouted over the wind.

_Not a problem!" _Pitch roared, flipping over and pulling into a dive.

Everything felt instinctual. Mechanical. Automatic. Natural. He felt as though he had been doing these sorts of things all his life. All his life next to Hiccup.

With a howling screech, Pitch launched a fireball at Avara's maw. She fell backwards as the shockwave and explosion contacted with her. Astrid fell through the air screaming. Pitch twirled around and dove back for her, catching her within his claws.

"Did you get her?" Hiccup called out, mildly worried.

The Nightmare King looked underneath his own body to the girl who was dangling upside down from his hind claw.

_Are you dead yet?" _He crooned mockingly.

She only smiled and laughed.

_Brave little shield maiden. _Pitch thought laughingly.

He pulled up close to the ground and dropped Astrid off gently on the ground. Then he soared back up quickly, hearing Avara's furious screams.

_**:PITCH!: **_She roared in outrage. _**:Come and show yourself like the yellow bellied coward you are.:**_

"That thing's got wings!" Hiccup shouted to him over the wind. "Well let's see if it can use them."

But the boy's meaning was clear: _Let's blow them to smithereens!_

_ "With pleasure!" _the Nightmare King shrieked, turning around once again, and launching the quickest and most effective fireball he could muster.

They pulled back up after hearing Avara howl in pain. Hiccup seemed to relax. But Pitch knew better. Avara would not give up on an obtrusive attack so easily.

"You think that did it?" Hiccup questioned sardonically, surprising Pitch at the boy's calmness.

_ "Indubitably." _ He snorted, wondering on what was going on in the boy's head.

They were interrupted by the concussive jars of wing beats. Pitch faltered for a second, the Darkness' Fear consuming him for a second. He looked back for a brief moment to see Avara lumbering after them.

_ **:Pitch Black you traitor!: **_She bellowed. _ **:You've betrayed your kind for human filth!:**_

_ "He makes better company!" _He shouted as he dodged in and out of sea stacks trying to avoid her wrath; he was pretty much fed up with the queen.

"Well, it can fly." Hiccup said, his voice tight and calculating.

_ "Didn't think they were just for decoration, were you Hiccup?" _He hissed.

The boy's hands tightened on the handle bars.

"Okay bud, time to disappear." Hiccup shouted, clicking the stirrup that controlled Pitch's fake tailfin.

With an extra burst of speed, the Nightmare King raced upwards, flinging himself into the darkness of the cold clouds. Avara followed, but unlike him, her sea blue scales did not blend in well with the dark cloud fluff.

He sneered at her.

_ "Thought you could best the king?" _He taunted, as he and Hiccup flew circles around her.

_ **:Pitch, show yourself!: **_She demanded, twisting around trying to glimpse sight of him.

_ "Did you think you could ever beat me?" _ The King of Fear continued.
_ "I told you once, I am no man to be commanded around. Thought that you might be able to escape Fear if you imprisoned me?" _

_ **:I will rip your body to shreds!: **_The female dragon yowled, still searching for him.

Pitch chuckled. _ "I'm sure." _

The queen roared out again as she slowly caught up with them; most dragons found straight up vertical ascents hard. But he figured he could have fun with the over grown female who was struggling. The Night Fury chuckled, his voice just as seductive and leering as hers had been so long ago. Revenge was so sweet.

_ "You have become fat in your time of indulgence," _He cackled, delighting in the sound of his laugh. _ "Slug." _

Avara screamed, twisting and clawing at the clouds with absolute ire.

And then it began.

With Hiccup's help, they began performing as many aerial maneuvers as they could. Spinning back and forth, twisting in and out, twirling like a paper kite, he blasted Avara in every possible way he could with his burning Night Fury fire. He was angry. She had almost killed Hiccupâ€"he would not let her get away with that.

The queen must've read his thoughts.

**:May you and your human scum burn in the fires of Helheim!: **
She roared, pulling her jaws open. Pitch didn't have the time needed to react before she released jet streams of expanding fire. He tried to swerve out of the way. Emphasis on try. The smell of burning paper wrenched at his nose and he barely caught sight of his prosthetic alit with fire.

That cannot be good.

Hiccup chuckled nervously. "Alright time's up. Let's see if this works!"

With that, he clicked his foot pedal, sending him and the Nightmare King into their final dive.

"Come on, is that the best you got?" Hiccup jeered loudly and sarcastically.

Avara snapped her jaws, narrowly missing them.

Try to burn me if you can, Avara. Pitch leered, shooting downwards towards the ground.

**:Oh, you will be nothing but ashes tonight, my little Pitch Black.: **
She growled after him. _**:And there will be a cry such as no other, a cry of the people because they will all be burningâ€"because they will all see fire.:**_

Pitch faltered. That didn't sound particularly reassuring. He cringed thoughâ€"what happened to the once-was Nightmare King's confidence? He was never like this. He always 'knew' he would win a battle, even if he knew it was impossible.

"Just a little while longer, stay with me bud." Hiccup soothed, but tensed. His mind was just as panicked as the dragon's.

_You better get us out of this alive, Pitch. _The Darkness growled.

Avara sucked in her breath. _**:Burn like the trash you are, my little Pitch Black.:**_

"Hold Toothless." Hiccup whispered, stroking the flat of his head.

Time slowed as the Nightmare King drew in his breath, preparing for the blast. He waited. This he could not mess up, or it would cost him

both his precious life and that of his boy's.

Avara began to exhale her own fire.

"NOW!" Hiccup shouted, leaning forward in his seat.

Pitch spun around and exhaled as hard as he could. With a high pitched whistle, the blast of magnesium nitrate fire flew from his mouth into the mouth of the queen's. Her six eyes widened in Fear as her breath began to burn inside her body. Pitch also knew they were nearing the ground, which might have been a key factor to the Red Death's Fear. Avara tried to flare her wings open to glide, but they had begun to burn internally too.

She shrieked in panic.

Pitch smiled smugly. "Goodbye Avara."

He flared out his own wings and he and Hiccup twirled around and out of danger like a winded leaf. They barely witnessed Avara blow to pieces when their victory was short lived. As he began to dodge the back spines of the Red Death, Hiccup began to lose control of the prosthetic.

"No, no, no!" Hiccup yelled.

Both Pitch and Hiccup looked up right in time to see the clubbed tail. It collided with them mercilessly. Hiccup was knocked from his seat on the Night Fury's back and he tumbled through the fire laden sky. Pitch swiped out to grab him, but missed.

"My key! The Darkness howled.

"Hiccup! The Gold mourned.

With a strength he didn't think he had, Pitch righted himself for a second and pulled himself into a shaky dive. He reached out his forelegs to grab the boy but they were too short. How could he save Hiccup? He was just barely out of reach.

He had an idea.

An awful, awful, awful idea.

With a shriek, he pulled back his claws and lunged forward, his teeth unsheathed, and snatched onto one of the boy's limbs. A leg. He felt the appendage crack between his jaws and blood gushed into his mouth. As soon as he had the boy, he pulled him out of his maw, and brought him close to his chest, arms and now wings wrapped tightly around. He couldn't fly, so he might as well protect him from the fire. He opened his maw and the severed limb flew out, incinerated by the hungry flames. Pitch recoiled with disgust but couldn't focus on that right now. He had bigger problems.

As he looked down, he realized something.

They were too high up to survive the fall.

They both were going to die from impact.

Pitch closed his radioactive green eyes, a small tear leaked out. He wasn't ready to die. And he wasn't ready to let Hiccup die either.

When he opened his eyes, he was surprised to see black scales floating around him. As he twisted around in their fall, he saw that scales were floating upwards, all of them shedding off of him. He noticed that the fire was beginning to hurt too. Looking down, he did not see black Night Fury scales.

He saw the ashen skin and long black robes of the boogeyman.

The fire now clawed at him. It bit at his now forming skin. And it lashed out at the precious life he held within his arms.

They were burning together.

He would have none of that.

With a savage war cry, Pitch veered into a cloud of smoke. They were instantly covered by the sooty puff. Pitch Black, the Nightmare King, welcomed the shadows that met him as they entered.

24. Chapter 24: King and Dragonheart

Disclaimer: All rights remain with Cressida Cowell and William Joyce.

**A/N: Me: Hey guys! Big fat hug to dawn2halen who won the character contest! I have 200 reviews and quite frankly i'm more than shocked! But I am thrilled! Thank you guys so much for your support!

>Loki: It truly does mean the world to her.
Thorin: Considering that she never stops talking about you reviewers.

>Me:...
Loki: W-w-what?

>Me: You're Thorin Oakenshield.
Thorin: Yes? What of it?

>Me: HOWLY FREEGGING EVERYTHIN' ITS THORIN OAKENSHIELD!
Loki:

growls why are you here?

>Thorin: Our Young Writer here seems to have taken a fascination with writing my character, so I have been allowed to join if I so choose.
Loki: then don't choose.

>Me: How could you say that Loki?! Readers, please go enjoy the story while I beat Loki with a frying pan.

* * *

><p>Chapter 24: Pitch

It was cold.

It was dark.

And the shadows were so hostile that it felt as though they were pressing up against him like barbed wire. When Pitch was finally able to open his eyes, he saw nothing. The black pitch of darkness covered him like a wool blanket. When he tried to move, the movements were slow and sluggish, as if the icky black was restraining his arms and legs.

Arms and legs!

As he shifted his body around, he found that he was not in a dragon's form. It was the form of a man. He squirmed around trying to move his limbs before he noticed that something was carefully tucked in his arms.

Hiccup.

He knew the feel of the leather rider's vest that rubbed up against his arms, or the soft fluff of hair that brushed against his chin. The boy was unconscious, judging by his breathing. And his skin was ice to the touch. That made Pitch worried, humans were never to shadow travel with him. The darkness was too dark, too cold. It can corrupt the humans in their weaknessâ€"force them to succumb to Fear.

"Hiccup," He grunted trying to shake the boy awake but his limbs disobeyed him.

The darkness grew darker, if that was even possible. They were stuck in the shadow realm. That meant that they were not alone.

A cackle broke through the hot silence.

_"Is this not what you wanted, Pitch?" _the voice, the voice of the Darkness crooned out. _"A world so black with Fear?"
>And Pitch's body shook. He knew that voice. That voice that for so long had stoked the fire within him. Constantly making him remember the Fear he had wanted to control, to rule.

_"Is this not the darkness that you so longed for, Pitch?" _The voice hissed, creeping closer in the nothingness.

Pitch clutched Hiccup closer, the Darkness could not reach the boy.

_"Who knew that the darkness of your mind could be so twisted?" _The voice continued, slithering through the inky dark.

"How did I come here?" Pitch demanded, his gold-green eyes casting a small glow, but not enough.

_"You were not welcomed to the shadows as you thought you were." _The Darkness jeered. _"So it brought you here to me."_

"And the boy as well?" Pitch demanded with rage.

_"All the more reason to prove if you were a worthy host." _

"I do not understand."

The Darkness scoffed. _"Yes you do, Pitch. You just choose to ignore it. In the time of your exile, you've grown soft. Too soft. It's time to re-pledge your alliance to us, the Fearlings."_

In that sentence, a part of the black grew so dark that it was almost like a void. The only light was two piercing eyes of liquid gold. They glared at Pitch.

_"Kill the boy and become one with us. You would not hesitate to

perform such a task in the past."—

Pitch growled. And summoning all his strength—"every ounce of power"—to stand up. He lowered Hiccup carefully to the ground. His long fingers lingering on the boy's face. It was contorted with an expression of shock or Fear. Pitch didn't like it, it didn't suit his boy.

He turned back to the Darkness.

"You have misjudged me, old friend, if you think for one instant that I would dare harm my boy." He snarled.

It was then that the black around them lifted, even just a bit. Pitch was able to see that much like in his dreams, he was clothed in a dragon's scale robe. It was as dark as the midnight, much like his Night Fury scales, but it blended in with the shadows like his old robe would have. He bore black sand greaves and bracers as well—"and odd difference from before but seemingly appropriate for the time period he was in.

—"So you deny us of our right?" —the Darkness growled lowly, voice seething.

"You never had any right." Pitch answered coolly. His fists curled and he was pleased to feel his scythe forming in his hand. Out of all the weapons he could make with his nightmare sand, he preferred the scythe. Using a sickle or a sword reminded him too much of the soldier he had once had been with the Golden Ages.

The gold eyes clashed with the gold-green.

—"So be it."—

The Darkness lunged at him with a speed that was almost as quick as light, but perhaps a shy faster. The Nightmare King hardly had time to lunge at the monster of his mind. He had lure the creature away from Hiccup. Any fighting that happened in the shadows would be fatal for the boy. Especially in his unconscious state.

With the precision a military general was expected to have, Pitch met the Darkness with paragon fighting. He was able to match or parry the evil part of him with a simple slash or blow of the scythe. Of course that is to say that it wasn't hard—he was almost over a thousand years out of practice. In fact, he couldn't think of the last time he had exercised his talents in any sort of fighting (other than dragon fights).

—"Why do you do this Pitch?" —The Darkness taunted. —"You will only lose again. How many times do you fight us and never win?"—

"I've never had the conviction to." Pitch answered, spinning around his weapon slashing at the black tar-like creature.

—"That boy has made you weak, because he is weak. If one loiters about with dogs, then he is to catch their fleas."— The Darkness growled.

Pitch felt a sudden anger rise in his chest.

"Hiccup is anything but weak." He growled lowly and warningly.

The Darkness lashed out at him. Pitch jumped out of the way, but not before the creature drew blood. He paused. Spirits were not to bleed. His stomach dropped, and a small bubble of Fear burst. He was still mortal. That means, his body too would be tiring from the battle with Avara.

_ "So you claim the child's resilience?" _the Darkness howled. _ "Then let's put him to the test!" _

The black beast lunged at the boy. Pitch shrieked in terror forcing himself to barrel into the dark side of him. They grappled while the Viking boy was still pale and unconscious. His leg bleeding.

Bleeding.

Pitch had forgotten.

He forgot he had severed the limb.

What if the boy was dead of blood loss? What if he was alive but barely holding on? He needed to save him.

He looked up, the Darkness' eyes were nothing but slits. The beast tightened its grip on Pitch, constricting around his body. And soon enough the Nightmare King found himself choking.

_ "Perhaps we will spare your _child_." _The Darkness sniggered.
_ "Maybe after we kill you, we will use the Viking boy for a new host. Of course, we're planning on changing his nameâ€"Hiccup is tooâ€'well you understand." _

Pitch's eyes watered as the life was being squeezed out of him. He couldn't stop the Darkness from its deed. He was too weak, too battle tired. He couldn't save Hiccup. Pitch had failed him twice. What did that make him? Some guardian he was.

â€'guardian? He bemused bitterly. _It is strange, but I do consider myself a guardian for Hiccup. I have thought, ever since he replaced my fin that I would be there to protect him. It seems as though I was but a fool._

It was his time to die.

And his legacy would pass on to Hiccup.

That set his stomach on fire. He didn't want Hiccup to become the Prince of Fear or the Nightmare Prince. He didn't want to see him become twisted with the Darknessâ€"not the boy who looked at life with such wonder, joy, hope, and dreams. No. He would have none of that.

With a scream, he struggled harder. Any light that he had been able to draw with his eyes' glow and the Darkness' was gone. He fought blindly, only to have the bonds of his own evil grip him tighter. He found his thoughts swimming in confusion, his eyes blurring, and his lungs screaming for air.

He wasn't strong enough.

And suddenly there was light. Pitch glanced to the side to see the Gold in all of his proud military glory. With a bellow and a shriek, he plunged his sickle, while trusting his swordâ€"which were both glowing with cherry white heatâ€"into different parts of the Darkness. The monster screamed in pain, dropping Pitch. The Gold lunged for him and grabbed him, hauling the Nightmare King up to his feet.

"Do not lose this fight Old One." He snapped sternly, his gold armor glimmering like a dying star.

He was fading.

The Darkness was having a hard time recovering from the Gold's glowing weapons.

"What's happening to you?" Pitch demanded, shifting up his scythe to a defensive position.

"I had once told youâ€"many, many years ago that it would be impossible to be rid of me. That was because you were not righteous. Once you start to show signs of a good heart, Old Oneâ€"I am no longer needed."

"Butâ€"

"You are Kozmotis, Old One. I am simply the essence of him." The Gold whispered softly. "This is close to my time, so now I urge you do not lose; for the sake of the boy."

Pitch swallowed. "I do not intend to."

The Darkness was slowly heaving its disgusting 'body' up.

"Good, because I won't be here to bring you back to the Light if you fail." The Gold snorted, placing a hand on Pitch's shoulder. "Take the last of my strength Pitch, Fear is strongâ€"but love is stronger. You love that boy, so protect him from the Fear that seeks to destroy him."

And with that, the brilliance of the Gold began to fade away. His gold eyes were sorrowed, but not afraid. His body began to flicker and change until he was nothing but flickering specks of gold. And they seeped into the spot where his hand had been. It was then when warmth blossomed throughout Pitch's flesh like a flower. It grew stronger, stronger than his Fear of the Darkness harming Hiccup. It was a feeling he hadn't been accustomed to in a long time.

The love a child. The love of his child. The love a father has for a son.

He smiled and turned to face the Darkness. It was gone. He only cackled.

"Come now," He crooned tauntingly, "don't be shy. Step into the light."

"You are anything but the light, Pitch!" a voice cried from

somewhere and yet nowhere.

"True," the Nightmare King admitted, but looked at his armor which was now glowing gold while his robe of scales shimmered like polished ebony in the light. "But, that doesn't mean that I can't be a part of it."

Silence.

The Nightmare King looked around for any sign of the dark side of him. And then suddenlyâ€"

Shink.

Pitch gasped, all at once he felt blood rush to his throat. Turning his neck, which had gone stiff, he saw the Darkness. The contour of a face leaning in close to his chin. A sinister smile splattered across his face. The Nightmare King looked down to see a pitch black blade protruding from his stomach.

He sucked his breath in a fell to the ground, a trail blood following him. The gore splotched blade morphed back into the Darkness' arm as it towered above Pitch.

_ "Since you've decided to become the Gold, I thought it would be kind of me to allow you to share his fate." _It sneered, before looking back at the boy who lay unconscious, shrouded in shadows. _"And once I am done with you, I will move on to the boy." _

Pitch could only groan, no words came out of his mouth. His middle spluttered more blood. He was dying and he was dying quickly. The Darkness' arms morphed into a single mattock.

It grinned maniacally. _"Such a shame really, that the great military general Kozomits Pitchiner and the Nightmare King Pitch Black would be defeated in one night. I expected more; especially after you've fought so hard." _

And he brought the weapon down upon Pitch.

The once-was Nightmare King could only stare at the blade with remorse as it swung down with its fatal blow.

There was a sudden flash of blinding light and a furious war cry. A sharp clang rang through the shadowy air too. Both Pitch looked in surprise at the mattock. There, stopping its decent was a fiery blade. Both pairs of gold eyes followed it. There standing, holding the fiery blade was a young manâ€"no older than twenty years.

Pitch stared in horror. He knew that face, true it was scarred and definitely more chiseled and matureâ€"but it was definitely a face he knew well. The auburn mane that adorned the man's head and the green eyes that glittered like dark emeralds only proved the point. There, clad in black, brown, and green armor and leathers, was Hiccup.

Pitch's eyes flicked back to the spot where the boy had been, to see that it was empty. He looked back up at the angry young man. What was happening?

"You." The older Hiccup snarled. "You touch him, dare even think of imprisoning him and I will make sure that your kind never torments anything again."

Okay, Nightmare King officially going insane.

"Who are you to tell me what to do, weakling?" The Darkness growled demandingly, although still a bit taken off guard.

With a fierce bellow that would've made his father jealous, Hiccup swiped his sword in an arc driving the Darkness back. The tar creature gave a shriek at the intense brightness of the fire on the sword. Hiccup looked down at Pitch. With outstretched fingers, Hiccup placed his hand on the Nightmare King's wound.

"Don't be such a baby." Hiccup snorted, and removed his hand. The wound was gone.

"What did you do?" Pitch asked incredulously, eyes bulging.

Hiccup shook his head, a bit of mischief twinkling in his eyes. He extended his arm, hand open welcomingly.

"Take up your arms and fight."

And then after hauling Pitch up, he lunged at the Darkness, eyes more determined than ever.

"Who am I?" Hiccup shouted as he slashed. "He is my king, and I will protect him. That is all you ever need to know!"

Furious, the Darkness waited last moment and waited for the young man to slash again. When Hiccup opened himself up, the Darkness back handed him. The young warrior was flung through the shadows. A pair of strong arms caught him and he looked up to see Pitch.

"Don't be reckless." He rebuked, summoning a mattock of his own.

Hiccup laughed a genuine laugh. "I hang out with you all the time. What would you expect?"

Pitch gave a troubled look before they both went back to assaulting the Darkness. Together they fought as one, their offensive was overpowering the Darkness' futile attempts to harm instantly. With a spin and great slam to the chest by Pitch's mattock, the Darkness fell to the ground. The Nightmare King was about to finish the job, when Hiccup stopped him. The young man walked up to the Darkness and flicked his burning blade to the creature's throat which grotesque its form was illuminated by the flames. Sliding off like water, the fire twisted in shape until it formed a scorching cage around the Darkness.

Pitch instantly felt relieved of a heavy burden as the monster screamed. Hiccup stepped up close to the cage. His emerald were ablaze with an emotion Pitch couldn't quite place.

"As long as I exist in this world," Hiccup growled, it was so menacing that it could've been a dragon's. "I will protect him. I owe him that much. Until I no longer can be in this world, you will stay

there for the rest of your days. No longer able to torment him."

The Darkness yowled.

Hiccup turned around and looked at Pitch. He walked over to the bewildered Nightmare King. Thump, clank. Thump, clank. Thump, clank went his feet. Pitch looked down to see that the young man's left foot was a silver prosthesis. He felt sick.

Hiccup followed the man's gaze and grinned. "I've gotten used to it, so no worries."

"H-h-h-how?" Pitch stuttered none too eloquently.

Hiccup's face grimaced. "It's a bit complicated. I'm Hiccup, but I'm a bit different than the me you know."

"Agreed." Pitch said, looking at the boy with equal amounts of curiosity and suspicion.

Hiccup gestured back to the flaming cage with his thumb. "He won't be bothering you for a while."

"Why are you here?" Pitch demanded, completely confused.

Hiccup smiled. "You can thank Jack."

Pitch's eyes widened. "Jack?"

Had his message really gone through?

Hiccup nodded before sharply sucking in his breath. He doubled over and a groan of pain shot out of his lips. Pitch was at the young man's side in an instant.

Hiccup gave him a weak smile. "This is the part where it gets more complicated."

With a shriek he fell back falling to the shadows. He screamed as his body contorted and twisted. He writhed in pain and slowly his body began to shrink. Pitch watched in utter confusion and awestruck as the young man became a dirty, bleeding, legless little boy again. The boy looked at Pitch faintly and gave a halfhearted smile.

His voice was still the young man's. "We will met again, Koz."

And then little Hiccup closed his eyes and his breathing slowed.

What was going on?

**:Pitch.: **

The sudden metal voice sent him reeling to protectively stand over his boy. He looked up to see a single moon beam coming from nowhere. Out of the moon beam stepped no other than Tsar Lunar, or better known as Man in the Moon.

"What. The. Hel!" Pitch snapped completely frazzled now.

:This is all a bit shocking I know.: **The pudgy man agreed before looking at his old friend. **:But everything is better now. I can't express Pitch, how proud I am of you.:

"I just get attack by a monster of my mind, saved by my boy from about seven years future and all you can say is you're proud of me?" Pitch demanded with an angry yell.

**:If it would bring back your immortality.: **MiM said pointedly.

Pitch blinked. "Myâ€|my immortality."

:You have proven yourself, my old friend.: **MiM admitted with a kind smile. **:And, you are now able to return to your rightful place, in your rightful time.:

He extended his small, fat hand.

Pitch looked at it. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

**:You've found your true friend and believer Pitch.: **MiM answered.
:You may return home.:

"What about the big Hiccup?" Pitch asked, cocking his brow. He wasn't sure if everything was a ruse or not.

**:Hiccup the Dragonheart? I fear I've been playing with time travel again.: **MiM chuckled with a wink.

"He said we'd meet again. What time period is he from?"

:I cannot answer that.:

Pitch frowned and then shook his head. "No."

:I really am not going to answer the question, Pitch. It is not myâ€":

"No, I mean I will not go back with you."

To say that MiM was surprised was an understatement.

**:Pardon?: **

"I will not leave him here. There is still so much he has to offer and I want to see him give his gifts to the world." Pitch said, looking tenderly at the sleeping boy. "I cannot leave him, because as much as he needs meâ€|I need him."

MiM blinked. Well this was not what he was expecting.

"I know, I cannot expect you to understand it coming from me, but it is the truth." The Nightmare King whispered. "But he is my boy, and I cannot leave him."

**:Are you sure this is what you want, Pitch?: **MiM asked suspiciously.

The Nightmare King nodded.

MiM sighed. **:If you cannot be swayed, then I am at least happy you've made a bond this strong. But alas, you are my friend. And it takes much energy to visit you in this time. From here on, you will be alone if this is the path you choose.:**

Pitch smiled, "I'm not alone."

MiM nodded and pressed a hand on his friend's shoulder just as the Gold had done. **:Then take with you this gift. Once and only once, I give you the ability to change your form from dragon to man. The effect will only last for an hour.:**

"So I must continue to live my days as a dragon?" Pitch asked quietly, his face calculating.

:Yes.:

"Then I accept." The Nightmare King nodded. "I can do more good for my boy as Toothless the Night Fury than Pitch Black the Nightmare King can."

**:You have changed.: **MiM marveled.

"You can blame the little brat." Pitch chuckled, glancing at the sleeping Hiccup; but then worry cut across his face. "Will he be okay? We've been in the shadow realm for a long time."

:You will just have to wait and see, Pitch.:

"What arâ€" "

**:Wake up Pitch.: **MiM whispered, his form fading.

"MiM, wait!" He called after him, his own consciousness becoming slurred.

Pitch was vaguely aware of collapsing. Burning pain shot up an appendage that only existed in his other form. He felt gashes and burns all over his body. His mind blacked out with pain.

**:Wake up, Pitch.: **the voice of Man in the Moon whispered again.

What about Hiccup? Where was his boy?

:Wake up.:

The draconic gold-green eyes of a Night Fury blinked open wearilyâ€|

* * *

><p>AN: Me: Obviously this chapter was based off of the song King and Lionheart. I told you guys I was obsessed.

>Thorin: Which is why she has written 2 stories with me in them, for they are also of the song.
Loki: *grumbles* Do shut up already.

>Me: *brandishes frying pan* Don't talk ta him that way, Loki! You have no right!
Loki: *glaring* I have the only right.

>Thorin: I do not wish to cause you trouble, Miss CAMBRIA, so I will leave. Thank you for allowing me to join you. And I give my gratitude to: sauara, slayterxyz, GuardianDragon98, Sapphire Roz, Demonicsis, Rochana, Karin dawn, Marsetta, Zehava, Malica 15, kevin, MySweetYaoi49, and of course the winner of iamCAMBRIA's contest: dawn2halen. I congratulate you and profusely thank everyone else. I take my leave. *leaves*
Me: Wait, Thorin! Let's talk this one out! Come on! I gotta go chase down this Dwarf King, so takk fyrir and goðan kvold!

>Loki: *frowning as he is left alone.* I suppose until next time, dear readers...

25. Chapter 25: Waking Up and Dreaming

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**A/N: Me: Okay, guys, I wasn't planning on updating until after finals week, but I suddenly found the previews for the HTTYD 2 soundtrack and I listened to them. You can blame John Powell for this update.

>Loki: You do not sound remorseful about it, dear CAMBRIA.
Me: Shut it Loki, i'm still angry at you about chasing Thorin away.

>Loki: Will you ever forgive me.
Me: No.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 25: Stoick and Pitch

Stoick hadn't even realized he'd laid his hand on the beast's snout as he held his son close to his chest. But it mattered not. Despite his hate for dragons, this one had save his son. The last of his family. His only kin.

"Thank ye, for savin' my son." He rumbled, so that the beast could hear he meant no threat.

The black dragon gave a wink and laid its head down with a sigh.

"Well, ye know, most o' 'im." Gobber said, limping up.

Both the dragon and Stoick looked at Hiccup with alarm.

The boy's leg had been severed below the knee. It was bleeding increasingly fast.

They didn't have much time.

Stoick glared at the creature.

"Ye bite him?" He demanded furiously.

The dragon snarled at him. _"I only did what I had to._

Stoick recoiled from the Night Fury. The creature had spoke! But when the dragon snarled again, it was meaningless. The chief shiveredâ€"perhaps he was going insane.

"Chief, sir."

Stoick turned to see a pale blond lass—"Astrid if he remembered correctly—"come up to him.

"Sir, Hiccup won't make it back to Berk if you go by ships. Allow me to take him back. It's only an hour flight. It's two days for you to go by ship."

"We're goin' to treat 'im 'ere." Stoick growled.

"We don't have the supplies, sir." Astrid responded stubbornly.

"I will not!"

The Night Fury growled, looking straight at Stoick with stern green eyes. His posture was tense. He pulled back his lips to reveal that his mouth was toothless. The dragon nodded his head towards Astrid.

"_Trust her._"

Astrid looked at Stoick pointedly. "They'll be able to do more for him back at the village."

Stoick growled but nodded.

"Gobber!" He barked.

"Aye?" the blacksmith asked quietly.

"Go with Astrid, get Hiccup to Gothi. She'll be able to treat him." Stoick whispered as he fingered his son's hair.

The blacksmith nodded. "I'll protect 'im like 'e was my own son."

"Ye better." Stoick mumbled.

Gobber picked Hiccup, cradling him like a wee babe. Astrid ran to a blue Nadder—who eyed Gobber cautiously. The dragon knelt down immediately for them to mount as soon as it saw Hiccup. Gobber, even though still wary of dragons, had no time to worry about his paranoia of the creatures. Hiccup's life was on the line.

Both Stoick and the Night Fury watched them leave. Now that the other dragon riders followed Astrid, they were left with the land bound Vikings.

Stoick and the dragon groaned.

They would be stuck on the same boat together.

Ø% Ø% Ø%

Pitch rolled his eyes as the imbecile came closer. He looked up and growled.

"Just because I like your son, does not mean I like you." He

snapped.

Stoick backed off.

And that was that.

He was left by himself.

Quite frankly it was uncomfortable. Even the Darkness was silent, and the Gold had died. For the first time in over ten years, Pitch was left by himself. And it unnerved him—the way being alone truly felt. He could only hope that his boy was okay.

His boy!

His stupid, idiotic, bone-headed, brave little boy! Pitch had no clue how he was able to meet the future child, but it was a relief to him. He knew that Hiccup would survive this ordeal.

Hiccup turned around and looked at Pitch. He walked over to the bewildered Nightmare King. Thump, clank. Thump, clank. Thump, clank went his feet. Pitch looked down to see that the young man's left foot was a silver prosthesis. He felt sick.

Hiccup followed the man's gaze and grinned. "I've gotten used to it, so no worries."

It still made him sick to his stomach though. He had been the cause of a pain that would last the boy's life time. And Hiccup would never know.

Or he will find out later. Pitch reminded himself.

Older Hiccup.

That was another mystery. The Hiccup he had meet from the future—Hiccup the Dragonheart, was every bit of hero that Pitch had seen the boy could become. But he was worried that that Hiccup was only a figment of his imagination. He was under physical pain and stress, could it be that it was his sick mind trying to give him hope?

But Man in the Moon confirmed that it was your Hiccup. He told himself. And that made him wondered, why Hiccup the Dragonheart would be involved with MiM. Or any of the Guardians for that matter. Hiccup called Jack Frost by only his first name, and he said so with a friendly air—as if they had been acquaintances for a long period of time.

Could it be possible—that Hiccup becomes a spirit?

No, he thought solemnly, squelching any hope that rose up in his scaly chest. I am the longest lived spirit save MiM. I would have known Hiccup.

And that pained him. He didn't know how long his conditions were with MiM. Perhaps because he'd pledged himself to the boy, Pitch would remain until the end of Hiccup's life. But that upset him. His boy would die one day, and he would be forced back to his immortal life—never able to see the child's smiling face, or hear any of his

quirky ideas.

And he would miss that.

"Dragon."

Pitch looked up to find Stoick towering above him. With a roll of the eyes, he stood up. It maddened him a bit, knowing that the chief was still taller than him. Would Stoick still be taller if Pitch were in his form of a man? He doubted it.

"What do you want?" He growled.

Stoick stiffened, and glared daggers at the dragon. "We approach Berk."

Pitch's brows raised and he looked up to the sky. The dawn was already beginning to leak through the inky darkness of the sky. He frowned. They had sailed through the night and he'd failed to notice.

With an impatient sigh, he inclined his head and grumbled, "Thank you."

Stoick sighed. "Of all the dragons, why a Night Fury?"

"Because I'm not a real Night Fury dragon."

"Blasted creature seems to understand every word."

"Because I do."

"It's almost as if it knows its bein' talked to or about."

"It's because I do."

Stoick sighed and leaned up against the mast. "If ye don' mind, dragonâ€"instead of sassin' meâ€"why don' ye tell me your name?"

Pitch immediately became alert. "Can you understand me?"

Stoick shook his head. "No, I can't. But I'm well learned in body language. Now that my blood's cooled a bit, I can see it isn't that much different from a man's. Ye 'ave tones in yer voice too. I can tell when yer sassin'."

Pitch cocked his brow. "I did not take you for an observant man."

"I'm chief." Stoick snapped. "It's my job to notice every detail."

"That is a good quality in a leader."

"I suppose that was a complement."

"Well, it wasn't an insult."

"Are ye goin' to answer my first question?" Stoick asked

impatiently.

_ "Pardon?" _ Pitch responded, a bit dazed.

"Are ye goin' to tell me yer name. I'm sure my son gave ye one."

Pitch thought about it, then nodded. He opened his mouth and displayed his toothless gums. Stoick peered at the mouth unamused.

"I don' understand."

_ "I'm Toothless." _

"All I see is that ye've somehow hidden yer teeth."

_ "You're a genius." _

"Stop sassin' me dragon."

_ "Then use your brain." _

"I'm don't oh. Ye've got to be joking me. Toothless?"

_ "Your son lacks imagination." _

"Of all the names." Stoick inhaled exasperated. "And of all the dragons, he had to name the only known Night Fury _Toothless_?"

_ "I was not overly fond of it at first, either." _ Pitch agreed, allowing a small smirk to creep up on his snout.

Stoick shook his head, smiling a bit too. "My son is as insane as a troll."

Pitch, despite himself, chuckled a bit. _ "That is the first truth you've spoken since I've met you." _

Stoick cocked his head and turned around. His eyes widened and a bit of relief struck him. "Berk."

Pitch perked up. He would be able to see Hiccup!

It took forever for the Vikings to dock the ship; and when they did, Pitch couldn't run off fast enough. He turned around to see Stoick helping others out. He turned to the dragon.

"Go on Toothless, I assume ye know where our house is. Find 'iccup. I'll meet ye there."

Pitch snorted at Stoick's lack of concern for his son, but ran off nonetheless. He had to make sure his boy was okay. If he remember correctly, Hiccup had said his house had a wooden Monstrous Nightmare on it and that it sat upon a hill.

It didn't take him long to find it, especially with the sleeping Nadder outside. He crept by, not wanting to wake Stormfly. He pushed the propped wooden door open. Inside a fire on the hearth was going, and Hiccup rested in a bed that sat in the middle of the room.

Pitch's stomach dropped. The boy looked pale and sickly—his forehead was beaded with sweat and his hair was damp.

Gobber came down the stairs, carrying a bowl and limping.

"'E's lucky that the wound wasn't infected." He murmured.

Pitch looked up, his ears flattened against his head. No, this wasn't right.

"The lad's not doin' too well." Gobber continued. "'E's spent this time being sick—not wakin' up either."

"I'm supposed to meet him later." Pitch whispered worriedly. "When he's older."

"But fear not, Hiccup's dragon." Gobber said with a chuckle. "Hiccup is a Haddock—and they're as stubborn as bulls. He'll pull through."

Pitch laid down, close the bed of the sleeping boy. Gobber flinched. The nightmare dragon didn't care.

"I hope so."

Pitch jolted awake to the sound of screaming. He shot up, quickly, his reptilian eyes adjusting to the darkness of the house. To his surprise, he saw Hiccup thrashing about in the bed. Pitch instantly wanted to comfort him, but he didn't know how.

To shock him even further, Stoick appeared from a dark corner and approached the bed. The chief's face was travel worn and tired, but nothing save concern shown through his baby blue eyes as he stroked his son's cheek.

"Ye know I wasn't very good at this sort o' thing, Hiccup." He whispered, to the boy who was beginning to calm. "It was always yer mother's thing to sing to ye when ye were sick."

Pitch cocked his brow, no longer tense.

"I only know the one song—but maybe, ye'll calm a bit more."

Pitch could not have prepared himself for what happened next. Stoick the Vast began to sing.

"I'll swim and sail on savage seas
with never a fear of drowning
and gladly ride the waves of life
if you would marry me

No scorching sun nor freezing cold
will stop me on my journey
if you will promise me your heart."

The Night Fury dragon knew a love song when he heard one. But the boy seemed to be calming, so he decided he would sing too, but he only knew one song as well.

"_I'm going to ride this plane out of your life again._

I wish that I could stay but you argue.

More than this I wish you could've seen my face,

In backseat staring out the window.

And then, Stoick's and Pitch's songs began to merge together. It formed a lullaby created by the two most unlikely people.

"But I would bring you rings of gold,"

"_I do anything for you, kill anyone for you._"

"I'd even sing you poetry

And I would keep you from all harm."

"_So leave yourself intact, _

Cause I will be coming back."

"If you would stay beside me."

"_In the phrase to cut these lips,_

I love you."

The song stopped as soon as the boy's breath evened. He flattened himself on the bed and took to sleeping quietly. Both Stoick and Pitch pulled away from the sleeping child in the wooden bed.

"I will forget this happened, if ye never try to blackmail me."

That confused Pitch. _"Why would I try to blackmail you? You were being a father._"

"I'm not known fer bein' 'fatherly', Toothless."

_ "Ah._"

Stoick yawned and looked at the Night Fury.

"Get some sleep, dragon. Hiccup might wake in the mornin'."

_ "You don't know for sure._"

"One can only hope."

Pitch rolled his eyes, before curling up in the spot next to the bed.

_ "Yes, now we can only hope._"

Stoick grumbled something about not being able to understand everything Pitch said, before disappearing back into the shadows to wherever he had been before.

* * *

><p>AN: Me: So i'm not really sure what happened in this chapter. It's kinda what my sleep deprived mind came up with. for the past few weeks I've been getting an average of 4 hours of sleep a night soooooo, i'm slowly going insane. The two songs used were John Powell's For the Dancing and the Dreaming and Coheed & Cambria's Wake Up.

>Loki: It is quite maddening.
Me:...

>Loki: Are you really giving me the silent treatment?
Me: I would like to thank: GuardianDragon98, Britt30, Pearlness4700, Sapphire Roz, Rochana, MySweetYaoi49, dawn2halen, Malica15, slayterxyz, Vi-Violence, Demonicssis, hehehe, Guest, Guest, and Beloved Daughter for all reviewing! It meant a lot to me.

>Loki: CAMBRIA-
Me: AND if you guys find an amazingly attractive Dwarf king wandering about, please let me know!

>Loki: this is getting to be childish.
Me: Goðan nott and takk fyrir my lovely readers!**

26. Chapter 26: Deaths are Worth It

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a/n: IMPORTANT: there is a poll posted on my profile that concerns the SEQUEL to this story. we are still about 15 chapters away from that point, but I want to establish a foundation for it. So please, check it out._

**Me: alright, someone needs to pull me away from the song King and Lionheart. it's taking over my life.

>Loki:...
Me: Hey Loki, you alright there? Normally you'd make some snide comment or something.

>Loki: Oh, now you are talking to me?
Me: Don't believe that I am not still angry at you, but it would be childish never to talk to you again...Loki-kins.

>Loki: And she is back.
Me: Enjoy this chapter guys.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 26: Sandy

The night twisted on, as the little gold man slipped in through the window. Why on earth had Man in the Moon told him to come back to this particular house was beyond his understanding. But of course, the Tsar had always been a bitâ€|queer.

So now, humming a piece of music to himself in his head, Sandy snuck into the house of the chief of Berk. Not that the adult would be able to see him, but he had no intention of waking the child. As he entered the first room, he froze.

The child, Hiccup, was asleep in his bed next to the fire place. Next to him, curling in front, was a huge black dragon. Sandy sniffled, wellâ€|was that the reason Manny had sent him? To lure the creature away from the boy? He knew full well that the dragons and Vikings were at war with each other.

With a puff of his chubby cheeks, Sandy rolled up his sleeves and tiptoed towards the sleeping beast. Although, he didn't get particularly far. As soon as he took a step towards the beast, its head shot up.

It looked at him pensively, its gold-green eyes glowing knowingly. Sandy held his breath, waiting for the beast to attack. But it didn't. It just watched him with mild interest and amusement.

"What is it Toothless?"

Sandy looked past the dragon to see chief himself emerge from the shadows. Bags, darker than most of the time, circled his blue eyes. His skin was pale and taut. He looked awful.

The dragon gave Sandy a winkâ€"yes, a wink! Before turning to the man.

"It was nothing." It, he, said before laying his head down immediately.

Sandy recoiled at the sound of the dragon's voice. He knew that voice, although he had only met the spirit a few times. He knew Pitch Black's silky, dark accent anywhere.

He was about to protest when the large man grunted.

The chief walked over to the bed was and leaned up against the bed post. He looked so worried and tired. The dragon looked up, glancing at the man, before joining him at the bedside.

"It's been another day an' Hiccup has yet to awaken."

The dragon looked at him, before reaching down to sniff the boy's head. He ruffled Hiccup's hair with a hot breath. The dragon's voice came out in a disappointed sigh.

"His fever has yet to break as well. I believe he will not awaken until the fever has gone."

"Wha' if he jus' stays sick?" the man asked crestfallen.

"Now that is an utterly ridiculous statement." The dragon snorted. "Hiccup is incredibly stubborn. He will be damned before he allows a small sickness to get the better of him."

"Ev'n the best o' warrior fall."

"Good thing Hiccup is not a warrior, then."

"Ye know what I mean dragon."

Sandy couldn't believe his ears. The chief of the dragon-slaying isle of Berk was conversing with a dragon, much less in his home. And that dragon was possibly none other than the Nightmare King himself, Pitch Black. This simply couldn't be happening. He had to be dreamingâ€or perhaps having a nightmare.

The dragon looked down fondly at the boy.

"He will get better Stoick the Vast. I know this. I know this for sure." With that said, he stalked back to his previous spot and curled up. The dragon looked and Sandy with a small grin. "Do you mind, Sanderson, giving him a bit of your dreamsand? The man has not truly slept. I do not really care, but Hiccup needs a strong and awake father when he himself awakens."

Sandy blinked in surprise before pointing to himself.

The dragon rolled his eyes. "No, I was talking to the bear rug on the floor."

Yes, definitely Pitch Black.

"What are ye gripin' about this time, dragon?" Stoick asked as quietly as he could.

Sandy floated over to the mountain of a man. He hovered hesitantly before sprinkling a dash of dreamsand on the adult Viking's head. It didn't take long for the man to yawn and begin to stumble to the chair he had risen from a few minutes from.

"I'll be 'ere if ye need meâ€|Toothless." The man grumbled sleepily, sinking into the wooden chair.

"Rest you fool." Pitch retorted with a small grin, watching the older man struggling against the Sandman's efforts.

It wasn't long before the man was snoring loudly and contentedly. Pitch looked up at Sandy. Sandy stared back. He was simply too shocked for words.

"Sanderson." The dragon finally said.

Sandy nodded.

The dragon gave a huff. "I am sure you have questions."

The Sandman eagerly nodded his head. Pitch was darn tooting he had questions, although he wasn't sure if he was going to get truthful answers. But he was surprised when the dragon gave a beckoning sweep of his head.

"Well, I suppose you should come make yourself comfortable."

Sandy floated over and sat himself on the ground cross legged. He formed a question mark over his head. The dragon gave him a smug grin.

"Hm, I suppose in this time you would know me as a rather cruel person, yes?" He asked.

That was an understatement, but what did Pitch mean by 'this time'?

Sandy blinked at him in response.

Pitch took this as confusion. "Ah, yes, wellâ€|I am not exactly of this time. This may sound odd, but I am from the future."

The Sandman gave the King of Fear a quirky glance before pulling back his lips. If the little man hadn't been a mute, he would've been dying of laughter. The dragon's ears flattened against his skull.

_ "You would not be mocking me if you knew why I was here." _

Though that statement did little to put a damper on Sandy's mood, he gave Pitch an encouraging wave of his hand to continue.

The dragon's pupils slit. _ "Very well Sanderson, where should I begin?" _

The Sandman pondered it for a moment before forming a sand book above his head. He opened it slowly, starting at the cover.

_ "You want me to start at the beginning?" _ The dragon scoffed.

Sandy nodded approvingly.

_ "That could take all night, do you not have your rounds to be making?" _

Sandy waved him off dismissively.

Pitch sighed and curled himself tighter. _ "As you wish. This story begins with me, and the killing a great manâ€|" _

And so Pitch began to tell the tale of his exile to the Guardian of Dreams. As Sandy listened, he felt himself emoting many things. When Pitch would express his rage, Sandy would frown; when he would explain his confusion, the gold man would smirk; and when the King of Fear spoke of his admiration, respectâ€"and dare the Guardian say love for the boy Hiccupâ€"he would smile. But Pitch's story grew darker as he progressed. It began to take a fitful turn until the shadow 'man' came to the present.

When he finished, Pitch cocked his eyebrow and looked at the little gold man.

_ "Well?" _

Sandy frowned. Through his tale, Pitch never said who the great man wasâ€|the man he murdered. Apparently it was someone who held Pitch's respect, who could be such a man? So the Sandman formed a picture of a sword stabbing a stick figure, and then a question mark. He then looked at the King of Fear earnestly.

To say that Pitch looked aghast was something that was a bit of an understatement.

_ "Y-y-you wish to k-k-know who I killed?" _ the black dragon stuttered none too eloquently.

Sandy nodded, more slowly this time. Why was Pitch nervous? It was rare that the Nightmare King would allow his demeanor to be anything but its normal sarcastic tone.

_ "Sanderson, before I tell you," _ he started, _ "I want you to know that I am a different person than who I was. I am not who I

wasâ€| just remember that."—

And then Sandy knew.

—"It was you, old friend." —Pitch said in a shamed whispered. —"It was you who I tried to snuff out."—

Sandman stared at Pitch. He knew it was coming as soon as the King of Fear had uttered the apology. But hearing him say itâ€"it made him shiver. So Pitch had been plotting to over throw the Guardiansâ€|or will if he really was from the future.

—"Sanderson," —Pitch whispered quietly, swinging his head and gesturing towards Hiccup. —"He is my penance and my treasure of treasures. I do long for my immortality, and I do long to be a king again, but I would give them up a thousand times over if it meant that I could live a life with him. This boy owes me his life and I owe him mine. I am a different Pitch Black than the one you know, and the one you will come to know."—

The Sandman looked at Pitch and then at the boy before making another question mark.

—Why is he so important?—

Pitch smiled. —"Because when I look at him, I see something there that even in this body I could never accomplish. I see a heart of compassion, bravery, recklessness, ingenuity, and love."—

Sanderson ManSnoozie stood with a smile and a nodded. With a wave, he began to walk away. That was until the nightmare dragon called out.

—"Sanderson, perhaps I see a dragon's heart in him."—

Sandy turned around, giving Pitch a wide smile. He finally understood. Oh finally knew why Pitch was so in love with this tiny child.

The King of Fear had found someone to _truly _believe in him.

And that made all the deaths in the world more endurable.

* * *

><p>AN: Me: Really the feedback I get from you guys is amazing! thanks for all the reviews.

>Loki: Believe it or not, she reads all of them more than once.
Me: so a big hug to: Beloved Daughter, Rochana, general zargon, Vi-Violence, Sapphire Roz, GuardianDragon98, dawn2halen, JsP, Demonicssis, Pearlness4700, Malical15, MySweetYaoi49, .ryder, Guest, Piero217 (muchas gracias para las palabras) (no that was not google, I do know spanish), slayterxyz, and faithfulfollower! You guys are so great to review! Truly!

>Loki: I believe that concludes this chapter.
Me: Yes it does, so sorry for the long wait and takk fyrir my lovely readers!

>Loki: Until we meet again.

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**A/N: Thorin: I am pleased to have been permitted to return, although, how I got here was a bit...undermining.
>Loki: *rolling eyes* Nevertheless we are all obviously thrilled.
Me: _ *_glares at Loki* We are, especially me. Thorin has been nothing short of freaking amazing, so you better have some respect.
>Loki: And why should I have any respect of a dwarf?
>Me: Do you know of who you speak?! This is Thorin! Son of Thrain, son of Thror; King under the Mountain!
Loki: I am a god! A rightful king!
>Thorin: You are no god, a god is kind. Mahal knows you are anything but, you are selfish. Not worthy to rule.
Loki: *sneers* How would you know what I am dwarf?
>Thorin: Because I speak from experience.
_All quiet.
>Me: ...ah, right...well this got intense. Enjoy the chapter readers-I think the three of us need a psychologist.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 27: Pitch

He snuffled the boy's hair with a hot blast of air.

_ "Why do you not wake up?" _Pitch questioned quietly; it was the dawn of the third day since the defeat of the Red Death and Hiccup had yet to awaken.

And then, as if his question was magically answered, the boy groaned.

Pitch's ears shot erect. He huffed a hot breath onto Hiccup's face. The boy's nose twitched like that of a rabbits. The nightmare dragon grinned, shoving his face snout to nose.

_ "Come on boy, I'm not waiting around just for you to sleep the rest of our lives away." _Pitch rumbled.

Slowly, and groggily, Hiccup's eyes blinked open. A bitty smile curled on the child's lips. He sighed shakily.

"H-h-hey Toothless."

Pitch could hardly contain himself without the Darkness to restrain his emotions.

_ "Dear MiM Hiccup!" _ He growled happily. _ "Have you any idea of how long you were asleep? You nearly gave me a heart attack!" _

Hiccup giggled, trying to grab hold of the dragon's head. "Hey bud, I missed you to!"

And then he yelped as Pitch accidentally stepped on his stomach.

_ "Right, off the bed._" The Night Fury chuckled, jumping off the bed and landing elegantly off the wood flooring.

The boy's head suddenly shot up, his eyes wide with terror.

"Uh, we're in my house." He gulped. "_You're in my house."

_ "Yes I am!" _Pitch exclaimed, feeling himself get rowdy. _ "I have always lived in a much grander place than this but your little hut is, if anything, quaint." _

Hiccup recoiled as the dragon got close to him.

"Um, does my dad know you're here?"

Somehow Pitch ended up one of the ceiling supports.

_ "Oh yes, your gorilla of a father is very aware of my presence." _

"Oh, Toothless! Come downâ€"ah, okay, okay." Hiccup stiffed.

The dragon cocked his head as he saw the boy's sudden rigidness. And he realized that his boy was looking under the bed covers. Oh. Hiccup was figuring out what happened.

Pitch jumped down as Hiccup swung his legs over the side of the bed. One real foot, and one prosthetic.

The boy breathed shakily.

Pitch gave him a warm puff of air. _ "It was the only way." _

Hiccup nodded, and grabbed his bed post as he stood up on jelly legs. The black dragon backed off, seeing if the child could stand on his own. The Viking straightened his posture and pulled his shoulders back. He looked incredibly brave.

Pitch's brave little boy.

Hiccup took a cautious step forward. Then with a tad bit more courage, he took another step. Only to have his leg buckled underneath him. Pitch surged forward, catching the boy with his rather large and flatish head.

_ "I've got you." _

Hiccup gave a queasy grin. "Thanks bud."

Together they began to walk towards the door. The wounded Nightmare King, and the wounded Dragonheart. It was a pair that no one would have ever thought likely, but one that no one would dare separate.

Hiccup pulled the door open only to see a roaring Monstrous Nightmare. He shoved the door shut and braced himself up against it. The child gave the nightmare dragon an uneasy glance.

_ "Hiccup, it isâ€" " _

"Toothless, wait here bud." The boy commanded, pulling the door open and slipping through.

Pitch rolled his eyes and sat down on his hind haunches, humoring the boy.

_ "I give him a minute." _

And then he began to count.

_ One. _

_ Two. _

_ Three. _

_ Four. _

_ Fiveâ€¢| _

_ Fifty five. _

_ Fifty sixâ€¢| _

_ Eighty. _

_ Eighty one. _

_ Why are there so many blasted seconds in a minute? _

_ Ninety. _

_ Ninety and oneâ€¢| _

_ For the love of MiM, a hundred!

> With that, Pitch shot up from his seated position and burst out the door. Spitelout was the first to notice him. Automatically the Viking cupped his hands around his mouth.

"Night Fury! Get down!" He shouted.

_ "Oh shut up." _ Pitch snarked, jumping onto the black-haired Vikings shoulder.

The man gasped in surprise as he flailed his arms about to catch his balance. Using this amusing technique, Pitch jumped from man to man to get to his boy. It was easier and much more entertaining for him. When the nightmare dragon got to the child he felt warmth spread all throughout his body.

Hiccup stood, smiling, with Astrid and Stoick. The blond and the amber haired boy and girl grinned goofily at each other while Stoick beamed. Pitch's eyes softened and he felt as happy as a King of Fear could get. This was where he belonged, with these people; with his boy. He would fight side by side the people who loved warâ€¢he would fight as their Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself. And he would love them as well.

He would for his boy.

Because Hiccup was radiating joy. Pitch could feel it coming from the child like fire from a dragon. The child's heart was ablaze for the

love of his father, the love of his kinsmen, and the love of the dragons.

And his dragon.

The one dragon that Hiccup would always be able to turn to. The one to trust. The one to believe in. Pitch would always be there for his boy, his little Hiccup.

Hiccup faced the Night Fury, his grin spread across his face.

"What do you say bud, do'ya wanna go flying?"

Pitch rolled his eyes. "I thought you'd never ask."

Stoick grinned.

Oh yes, he and Pitch would be keeping their understanding of one another a secret. Best they keep some leverage against Hiccup. That boy was too cunning for his own good, and if he found out that his hopefully ex-dragon killing father could understand the Night Furyâ€"Hiccup wouldn't let either one live it down. It gave them shivers, they boy would tease them never endingly. Yes, what Hiccup didn't know wouldn't kill himâ€|hopefully.

Hiccup practically skipped over to Pitch. His small hands nimbly attached all of the dragons tack. He ran to the back and slid to his knees. There he began to strap the dragon's tail in. Pitch looked back, his eyes tender. That was his brilliant little boy; fixing and bridging the past. There would be no contempt ever again against him.

With a satisfied nod, Hiccup pulled his rider's vest over his head. Practically shaking with excitement, he jumped onto Pitch's back, strapping himself onto the saddle. He looked about before patting the dragon's neck.

"You ready?" He asked.

Pitch snorted with a huge smirk. "Obviously."

Hiccup clicked the fin. Suddenly there was nothing stopping Pitch. The dragon stretching his wings, taking to the skies like a sleek black bullet. He twirled and spun, dancing around the obstacles of the village. Hiccup whooped in pure delight. The Nightmare King crooned in glee, barely noticing the other dragon's joining him.

"This is Berk. It is a simple, and horrendously plain place. The people of this place even more so. But they are fierce and as violent as any army could hope to be. But there are upsides, to this little forsaken island of the North. While most places have riches, or exotic foods, Berk hasâ€|

Hiccup hollered with thrill, pulling up on the saddle. The other dragon riders did to, following them into the ascent of the never ending sky. The dragons keening with exhilaration. Pitch grinned.

"Berk has dragons. And I am one of them."

Together they soared, the exile king and his champion.

* * *

><p>AN: Me: this is not the end! I promise! I will update as soon as I update my other four stories (wow it sounds like a lot) and it will be a huge time jump. We will be going to the events of Snoggletog. Unless I put an angsty chapter...what do you guys want? Angst or Snoggletog? Let me know in your reviews.

>Thorin: I would like to express the gratitude ofâ€“
Loki: No I would like to thankâ€“

>Thorin: I believe I spoke first, Master Odinson.
Loki: Yes but I am your better, as you have admitted, dwarf.

>Thorin: That is not what I meant, it is only a title; you are no master of mine.
Me: *slightly ticked off* I will thank my own readers, boys.

>Thorin: I am older than you, Master Writer.
Loki: I am older than the both of you.

>Me: Thank you to sauara, dawn2halen, Sapphire Roz, Pearlness4700, GuardianDragon98, Rochana, slayterxyz, Vi-Violence, Malica 15, Guest, and xXJacksterXx (THANK YOU FOR FINDING MY THORIN...er...finding Mister Thorin Oakenshield). You have all stuck to this story and reviewed almost every chapter. For Vi-Violence, she has been here since I first started. TAKK FYRIR, all of you my REVIEWRS, MY READERS, MY FAVORITERS, AND MY FOLLOWERS. You have given me a great honor knowing that people actually read my work. I will see y'all next update.
Loki: Until next time, good readers.

>Thorin: Farewell until time bids it well for us to meet again.

28. Chapter 28: the Hunter

Disclaimer: Cressida Cowell, and William Joyce

**A/N: Me: Hey guys, i'm back from the dead! So Snoggletog won over angst-sorry those of you who voted angst.

>Loki: Once again, you would not be sorry if you did it without remorse.
Thorin: Hush, Odinson, she is trying to give a 'heartfelt' apology.

>Me: *smiles widely* see, Loki? Thorin understands me.
Loki: *seethes*

>Thorin: *grinning smugly* As they say in this realm "Thorin: 1, Loki: 0".
Me: Aw, look; they're having friendly competition. Anyways, this chapter is for our contest winner from the 200 reviews. Enjoy!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 28: Halen

With tired eyes, she waited within the brush of the shrubbery. Berk had plenty of bushes for hiding, but prey was always so hard to find. The doe in front of her sniffed the ground inquisitively. The hunter held her breath until the creature was close enough for her to touch. Quickly as she could, the girl jumped from the bush she had been hiding in and slit the creature's throat with one of her twin blades. The deer fell with little noise, other than the thud its body made.

Satisfied, the girl wiped the sword tip on the hem of her leather vest.

"Did anyone see that?" She crowed proudly.

Her small hunting dragon, Turk, chirped uninterestedly from her shoulder.

"Anyone but you." She snorted. Bending down she took her hunting knife from her boot and began to clean the deer.

She severed all the necessary limbs from the creature before beginning to sing it. With a chipper attitude, she hummed a fancy little song as she stripped the meat of unwanted fur. The little dragon on her shoulder hopped down and helped himself to the little pieces of meat from the legs and head. It ate happily. The girl snorted.

"With you around Turk, honestly, I don't have to worry about cleaning anything up."

The little Terrible Terror chortled happily and went back to gorging itself. The girl didn't let that bother her. She had seen Turk eat with worse manners than that, so considering he was picking at the legs in almost a dainty manner, she was grateful.

By the time the girl had finished slicing the meat and packing it into her bag, the sun was setting and night was setting upon them. With a sigh, she tapped Turk on the wings. The emerald green Terror nodded before lighting a bit of the ground on fire. The hunter girl went about the forest collecting dried bits of twigs and grass, to keep the fire fed for the night. She fed her tiny fire until it grew into something that could keep her warm for the night. She whistled and Turk approached her lazily.

"Alright you sleepy little dragon, time for bed."

Turk purred before crawling onto her lap.

The girl pet the creature back before leaning against the sturdy trunk of a pine tree. She smiled softly and hummed. Soon enough, she too faded into sleep.

0%0%0%

She woke early in the morning, when she found that her dragon was gone.

"Turk?" She called sleepily, rubbing her eyes.

The tiny emerald dragon was nowhere to be seen.

"That's odd." She murmured, looking around the forest. The hunter girl opened the flap of her catch-bag to see if the dragon had crawled into the sack. No, her meat was there and untouched.

"Turk!" She called out, her voice hitching with worry.

No sign of the little dragon anywhere.

With a sigh, she ran her hand through her short cropped, black hair. Where had that darn little dragon gotten off to? If anything, he probably returned to Berk. Grabbing her meat sack, the hunter girl picked it up and began her journey down the mountain.

When she arrived in the little village, she was met with more havoc than she had seen in any dragon raid. She rushed down to the butcher.

"Uvorg!" She shouted.

The man bumped his head on the meat rack above him. He turned around. His eyes were round and his cheeks tear stained.

"Halen Innersdottir."

"Uvorg, what happened? It's like a dragon's nest out there!" Halen asked, patting the older man's arm reassuringly as she gave him her cuts of meat as well.

He sniffed. "The dragons have gone and left us."

"What?" She gawked.

"Yes, the left this morning. All except Hiccup's dragon Toothless." He blubbered.

"There, there now." Halen soothed, with her fingers crossedâ€"she was going to kill Hiccup if he was responsible for Turk's disappearance. "I'm going to go see if I can find Hiccup, you'll hold my money right?"

Uvorg nodded solemnly.

"Good man, I'll be back." She chirped all too happily.

Turning swiftly on her toes, Halen marched outside back into the cold. It was days like these that she was really happy she wore wool pants instead of a skirt with wool leggings. Pants could do things that leggings could not. She tightened to bear fur cloak around her shoulders and trudged through the snow.

The night had once again settled and the little village of Berk seemed like a ghost town. All except for the group of Viking teens that were walking down the snow ways. Halen immediately recognized the auburn haired boy with the gimpy leg.

"Oh Hiccup!" She crooned, skipping up to the teens.

They scattered quickly. Astridâ€"a good sparring partner and friend of hersâ€"punched Hiccup on the shoulder with a whisper of 'you're dead' before leaving him.

The boy turned to her with a nervous grin. "Halen, hey Halenâ€"hi Halen. How've you been? Those swords I sharpened for you last week still sharp enough?"

The Hunter smiled predatorily and drew her swords, pointing them at Hiccup.

"Care to see?"

Hiccup pretended to inspect them. "Oh yup, umhm, they look great. Just let me know when you're ready for me to sharpen them again!"

He tried to scurry away, but his throat was met with the one of the blades. Halen tossed him a charming smile, her brown eyes twinkling.

"Hiccup, you better get those dragons back." Halen cooed through gritted teeth. "Otherwise you'll have to deal with me."

Hiccup nodded stiffly.

Halen pulled away her swords and twirled them back into their sheaths. "No pressure."

She spun around only to be met with the gold-green eyes of a Night Fury. The hunter chuckled nervously as she noticed Toothless' angry glare. Nobody threatened the Night Fury's boy—"everyone on Berk knew that. So instead she played it cool. Halen patted Toothless' head and walked around him.

She turned back for a quick moment. "Let your dad know that I had a fresh catch—"Uvorg has the meat already! Have a good one, see you tomorrow Hiccup!"

With that Halen skipped away, a smug smile on her face. Sometimes Hiccup's plans needed a little persuasion, and Berk's newer hunter was happy to help him along. After all, what were friends for?

* * *

><p>AN: Me: So obviously, the OC does not belong to me! It belongs to dawn2halen! Hope I wrote your character well, dearie.

>Thorin: of course, you will get one more chapter to see if you like your character or not.
Me: *blushing* Thorin! You weren't supposed to tell.

>Thorin: Oh...uh...
Loki: *grinning* "Loki: 1, Thorin: 0".
Me: thank you to Angela, S.S. Pie, sauara, babydragonXXX, He-who-runs-into-walls, Sapphire Roz, Malica15, pokemonlovinggirl, GuardianDragon98, Wingsong5555, DarkHorseBlueSky (dearie couldn't have made 300 without you), Guest, Vi-Violence, Rochana, Britt30, dawn2halen, Demonicssis, tannerleah97, xXJacksterXx, Alysiana, kyofthefallenkit, and Karla Colt for all reviewing! Seeing all of these reviews totally made me happy! Thank you so much!
Thorin: Truly, you made our Master Writer one of the happiest.

>**Loki: Although her happy is wrather annoying.

>Me: Nah, you love me.
Loki: *rolls eyes*

>Thorin: Love is a strong word, Master Writer, but we deeply enjoy your companionship.
Loki: *gags*

>Me: Kay! That's good enough for me! Takk fyrir my lovely readers!
Loki: *wipes mouth* Until we meet again fair readers.

**

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A/N: Me: Greetings everyone! It's just me today! Loki and Thorin decided to settle their differences once and for all! I was told they were going to go play a friendly game of chess. Isn't that nice? Maybe I won't have to deal with all their griping. So this chapter is a huge canon divergence from GotNF, so yeah; you've been warned!

* * *

><p>Chapter 29: Pitch

Hiccup grinned at him as he held the faulty tail for Pitch to smell.

"Yeah? You like the smell of that?" the boy chirped.

Pitch snorted. _"It smells like old leather. No I don't like the smell of it."_

"That's it bud!" Hiccup chirped.

The boy moved closer to his tail, but Pitch shied away.

Hiccup, as flattering as this is, now is not the time to test a new tail prosthetic. Your father will kill me if he discovers that you lost your helmet while in flight. Snuggleturogâ€|or whatever you dim witted Vikings call your holiday, is coming around the corner and he will be expecting you to wear the damn blasted helmet."

"Could you just hold still?" Hiccup demanded, pouncing on the dragon's tail.

Every muscle twitched as it felt the rough clothes and soft fur of the boy land on it. The dragon was full of mild annoyance. Here he was trying to do something for the boy, and Hiccup was as oblivious as ever. Typical.

_"Be quick about it then, boy." _Pitch huffed, holding still for the child to do his work.

Hiccup began muttering to himself. Pitch could feel the child's fingers rubbing up against his scales in a pleasant manner. A scale scratch sounded quite delightfulâ€|no. Now was not the time for thoughts on pleasantries when he and Hiccup had a mission to complete. The Nightmare King simmered in his impatience as the boy continued to rig his tail and saddle. The cool winter air bit through the dragon's scales, and quite frankly he was thankful for his charming little boy's warmth on his tail. He couldn't ever properly warm it with his own body heat, because sitting on one's tail is just rather painful. The little boy was just light enough that it didn't hurt or wasn't uncomfortable, and he provided that delightful heat that humans produced.

"Alright bud, that seems about rightâ€|" the child said, wiping his hands on his vest.

Pitch wiggled around with eagerness. He began to dance around the

boy. "Then let us leave, Hiccup!"

"Wait! Toothless, wait!" Hiccup squeaked, trying to quell the boisterous dragon.

"I do not want to wait, I want to leave! If we do not, I may very well not have head attachâ€œ!"

His tail fin flared. And so did the prosthetic.

Pitch stopped moving and lifted his tail to his fore vision. The dragon carefully began flapping his fin, moving it in slow solid movements. The papery material fluidly followed the movements of the real membrane. The Nightmare King began to move it faster and faster, seeing if the new prosthetic could keep up.

"Hiccup, didâ€œ|did you make this for me? To fly by myself?" Pitch's voice caught in his throat as he sent out the warble.

Hiccup grinned and pat the dragon's snout. "Happy Snoggletog bud. I know that the other dragons are leaving and you're here all by yourself. Wherever the other dragons are, I want you to be there too."

Pitch groaned before nuzzling the boy in the stomach. "You stupid child, I do not care where the other dragons go. I am perfectly content here, with you."

Hiccup laughed. "Toothless stop! That tickles!"

"I knew it! You are ticklish." Pitch murmured, not stopping in his antics.

Hiccup scrambled back, the smile still stretched across his face.

"Get back from me you foul beast!" He boomed playfully. "Or I willâ€œ|"

"What are you going to do about it?" Pitch sneered, approaching the child as if he were stalking prey.

"Or I willâ€œ|"

"Yes?"

"I'm just gonna run now." Hiccup squeaked, breaking into a sprint.

Pitch guffawed, his throat vibrating with its dragon voice. He ran after his boy, essentially playing cat and mouse. With his strong dragon legs, and his well-muscled chest, it didn't take the Night Fury long to catch up with Hiccup. But he would hold back for the boy to get a bit of a lead before running off after him again. And then the process began again. The cold snow felt brilliant underneath Pitch's claws, as well as the frozen cobblestone. Wait, frozen cobblestoneâ€œ|

"Hiccup, you're going toâ€œ!"

He was interrupted by a deep yelp as the auburn haired Viking lost his balance and skid across the village plaza. Pitch skipped after him and grabbed the boys ice slicked fur vest before he could actually crash into anything. Hiccup gave another yelp as he was stopped in his decent towards anywhere.

"Thanks bud." He chuckled shakily.

_ "Absolute idiot." _Pitch sniffed, a little bit miffed.

Hiccup scratched the dragon behind the ears in his favorite spot. Pitch grinned and leaned into Hiccup's touch; that encourage the boy. The next thing Pitch new, he was getting that scale scratch that he had wanted.

"What are ye two doing?" came the thunderous voice Pitch had been trying to avoid all day.

"Ah, hi dad." Hiccup greeted, looking up at his father with a smile.

Pitch blinked innocently. _ "Hello Stoick." _

The behemoth rubbed his temples. "It's freezin' outside Hiccup, an' yer covered with snow."

"I'm fine dad." Hiccup exhaled. "Besides, I have Toothless with me."

"Och, really?" Stoick all but glared at Pitch.

_ "Honestly Stoick, you think so little of me." _The dragon burbled with a smirk.

Stoick's glower said that they were going to talk later.

"He said hi, dad." Hiccup chirped.

Stoick ruffled his son's hair, shaking the snow out. "I'm sure he did." His voice was still gruff.

_ "Sour puss." _Pitch crowed.

Stoick looked ready to punch the dang dragon.

"Dad, did you see the tail I made Toothless for Snoggletog? Go on Toothless show him."

_ "Go on Toothless, show him." _ Pitch copied mockingly.

The father rolled his eyes.

Pitch sighed, before bring his tail around to show case it.

"Ye made it blend in with the rest o' his scales." Stoick nodded, not sure why Hiccup would be so excitedâ€"but then again, who ever understood Hiccup's mind?

_ "Surprise." _Pitch snorted, before flapping both of the fins open and closed.

Finally the older Viking got it. "Ye made itâ€œ so he could fly on his own."

_ "Give the fat man a prize." _

Stoick was most definitely going to kill him later.

"That was a great gift ye gave to him, Hiccup."

"Thanks dad."

"So, son, I left somethin' in Gobber's shopâ€œ an axe o' mine. Could ye get it fer me?" Stoick asked with a gentle smile.

Oh no.

"Sure dad." Hiccup frowned, before walking off to the blacksmith shop.

_ "Wait, Hiccup do not leave me here with him!" _ Pitch called after him, a sense of dread filling up his stomach.

"I'll be right back bud." Hiccup replied right back, before disappearing out of sight.

Pitch's wings sunk to the snow with a crunch. Traitorâ€œ that little traitor. With a sigh, he reluctantly turned his head to face Stoick. The great man was frowning, but his bright blue eyes held all the mischief in the world. Pitch shuddered. This man could've been the Nightmare King if he so wanted.

"So, Toothless," Stoick began kindly.

_ He is going to kill me. Stoick is never this calm._ Pitch thought, cocking his head to show the man he was listening.

"Where's Hiccup's helmet?" The man demanded, gritting his teeth.

_ "His what?" _ The dragon asked innocently.

"Ye know exactly what I'm talkin' about."

_ "Do I?" _

Stoick sighed. "Toothless."

_ "I have no idea what on earth you are talking about." _

"Toothless," Stoick grunted. "That helmet is the last thin' o' Hiccup's mother that he has."

Pitch's eyes widened. _ "His mother? Hiccup's motherâ€œ Hiccup's mother made that for him?" _

"It was half o' her breast plate."

The dragon recoiled, disgust coming out in the form of a hiss. _ "Oh, that is truly vile! I had that thing, IN. MY. MOUTH!" _

"It's the last thin' he has o' her." Stoick continued.

_ "You mean that as literally as possible." _Pitch griped.

"An' if ye don' get that helmet back, dragon," Stoick rumbled.

Oh here it comes.

"I will gladly rip yer good fin off yer tail." The Viking growled. "I know ye lost it on one o' those flights."

Pitch felt his insides tense at the threat. The first time he lost his tail fin was extremely painful, but he had been knocked unconscious for the initial severing, so he only felt the aftershock. He didn't doubt that Stoick would carry out his threat, and he would make sure that Pitch would be awake for the whole thing.

_ "I would like to see you try, Stoick." _Pitch snorted. _ "But you are right, I will try to return Hiccup's helmet as soon as possible." _

"Ye should leave right now an' get it." The man demanded.

Pitch rolled his eyes. _ "You know very well that I do not take orders from you." _

Stoick shrugged. "That's true, but ye could make it a gift."

_ "Come again?" _ Pitch eyed him curiously.

"Hiccup gave ye the greatest gift he could offer. He gave ye yer freedom. The least ye could do is find his helmet an' bring it back."

Pitch thought about this. It did make sense, actually. Humans gave gifts to each other during this holiday and he had absolutely nothing to give to Hiccup. He had thought about taking him out for a night flight, the boy loved those. But that hadn't seemed enough for his boy. Find his mother's helmet would definitely be an appropriate gift from the Nightmare King.

_ "Do I have to go now?" _

Stoick sighed. "If ye go now, it could be a surpriseâ€"what with all the dragons havin' gone an' left us."

_ "What about Hiccup? He'll panic." _

"I'll cover for ye."

Pitch tilted his head. Before spreading his wings. The dark black sinew and scales sparkled in the snow covered world. The sun danced of them, making it look like he was covered in liquid ebony.

_ "Expect me in three days' time." _He sighed.

"A bit long, isn't it." Stoick asked.

Pitch snorted. "It is a big ocean." Let us see if Hiccup's contraption actually works._

He gave a solid push of his wings, thrusting himself vertically into the air. He flared his tail fin into the correct position, hearing the click of the faulty one set shivers up his tail and into his body. Pitch continued to flap, sending him higher and faster into the air. It was working! Hiccup's invention was actually working.

I will have to thank that boy when I get back. He thought pleasantly, enjoying the feeling of the clouds over his body, or the wind whipping through his ears.

And then he looked down at the ocean. The near black water sloshed in great waves upon itself. White foam frothed as the waves crashed and swam over each other. The dragon sighed.

Right, so this should not be hard at all.

Ø%Ø%Ø%

Groaning, Pitch crawled onto the small isle in the middle of the vast ocean. His black body was slick with freezing water and he was dripping wet. The Nightmare King lifted his ebony wings into the air to dry them. The wind burned cold as it blasted into his wings. He shivered, ignoring the snow that was beginning to fall.

_ "Two days, I have searched!" _ He screeched, slamming his tail on the ground. _ "And I have found nothing! One great, big, stinking nothing!" _

Angrily, Pitch clawed at the ground, pushing the compacted snow back. He did this until he reached the frozen rock underneath. With all the irritation that was welled up inside him, he sent a torrent of purple fire onto the rock to warm it up. After that, he flopped onto the ground with a pathetic whine.

_ "Oh this is positively hopeless." _

He failed to notice that the snow had stopped all around him, staying suspended in its felled place in the air.

_ "How am I ever going to find that boy's blasted helmet?" _

A laugh met his ears, and they shot erect. Pitch's head shot up too. His pupils narrowed as his eyes widened and his nostrils flared. He unsheathed his teeth and bared them.

_ "Alright, who's there?" _

The laugh came from behind him again. And Pitch shuddered, and rolled his eyes. He knew that laugh far too well.

"Well look who it is! I didn't think I'd believe it, but after that dream you sent me I had to find out. Took me forever though. But look! It really is you! The Nightmare King."

_ Dear God, anybody but him._ Pitch sighed. Turning around, he met the eager blue eyes that looked at him with aggravation.

"Hello Frost."

* * *

><p>AN: So who do you guys want to win the chess game? Thorin or Loki? I kinda want Thorin to win... Anyways a huge thank you to: Sapphire Roz, DarkHorseBlueSky, dawn2halen, GuardianDragon98, sauara, Vi-Violence, Rochana, PhantomBowtie, Liliana Dragonshard, ivanganev1992, He-who-runs-into-walls, ausherlock, and LazeBlaze7 for all reviewing! It really is an honor! Takk fyrir so much! Well...I think that's it. See y'all next update!**

30. Chapter 30: Cold brings out the Heart

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

**A/N: Alright guys, i'm tired, and it's just been a hectic month. A lot of poop has been going down recently and well...I don't know, i'm just really tired. I went to work last week so I wasn't able to update, so I hope this chapter satisfies y'all's needs. **

* * *

><p>Chapter 30: Pitch

The winter sprite practically glowed with glee.

"Ta-da! It's me!" He crooned, jumping off his staff with an excited whoop. "Didn't think you would be seeing me, did ya Pitch?"

Dear MiM, somebody kill me now. Pitch groaned collapsing on the ground. _Even after my resolve, my old friend loves to torture me._

"Aw, come on Pitchâ€"don't be like that." Jack twittered, grabbing his staff with a fanciful twirl. "Besides, Manny doesn't even know I'm here."

The dragon gave the ice-boy a weighing look. _So, clearly you are the Jack Frost of the time that I am from?_

"If you mean 2013," Jack snorted. "Then, yeah."

Wait, hold the phoneâ€"you can understand me?

"As clear as ever. Still the same annoying, cranky old man."

The dragon glared.

"Er, rightâ€|cranky old dragon."

_What exactly, do you want, Frost?" _Pitch snapped his patience wearing thin. How dare this impudent little brat call him a 'cranky old man'!

"I just came to visit my friend." Jack was grinning ear to ear, clearing enjoy the Nightmare King's reaction.

_You are enjoying this far too much." _The dragon growled.

"I'm the Spirit of Fun for a reason." The winter spirit chuckled, his blue eyes glowing.

"I am going to ask again; as articulately as possible." _Pitch sighed irritably. "What. Are. You. Doing. Here?"

Jack tilted his head. "I came to check up on you. Haven't heard from you in three years, so you knowâ€"

"Three years, Jack?" _Pitch demanded.

"Well, since you sent the dream, yeah."

"And before that?"

"Before that?"

"Yes, before I sent you the dream. How long had it been since anyone had it been since I sent the dream?"

"Um, about a weekâ€"actually."

"And of course MiM jacks up time."

Jack lifted his hands, his face scandalized. "Whoa, Pitch, no need for language."

The Nightmare King rolled his emerald gold eyes. "It is a lot better than the word I was planning to use."

"And we stop the conversation there." Jack coughed, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"So I was enslaved for twenty years, but only a week passes. I enjoy the best two months of my life and a whole bloody three years passes!" _Pitch slammed his tail on the ground.

"You were enslaved?" The winter sprite stuttered, looking at the dragon incredulously.

Pitch nodded, his head bowed. "It wasâ€|a painful experience for me."

Jack blinked. "You really have changed, Pitch."

The Night Fury turned his head away.

"So, where's this boy you wanted to protect?" Jack asked, resting his hands on long part of the staff.

"I left him." _Pitch grumbled.

Jack slammed his staff on the ground. "You left him? After all he's done for you and you left him?"

"Calm down Frost, it's only for a little bit. I have to find something of his." _Pitch rolled his eyes.

Little pieces of ice started to crawl up the isle. "What are you

trying to find?"

_ "He lost his helmet on one of our flights." _

"Waitâ€|he rides you?"

Pitch resisted the urge to force his eyes to roll in the back of his head. _ "That sounded extremelyâ€|unnecessarily dirty." _

"Only dirty minds hear dirty connotations." Jack grinned, mischief flaming through his eyes.

_ "Oh shoot me now, just get it over with." _ Pitch rubbed his head on the ground, trying to bury himself deeper.

Jack giggled. "Anyways, so you and this boyâ€" "

_ "Hiccup." _ Pitch corrected.

Jack just guffawed. "Hiccup? That's his name?"

_ "They are named for how they are born. Hiccup was given his name because he is a runt." _ Pitch all but snarled.

"So he's got bigger brothers and sisters then?" Jack asked, leaning comfortably on his staff.

_ "No, Hiccup is an only child." _

"Oh."

They were quiet for a little bit. The winter wind was blowing harshly over the sea water. Flakes of snow danced around in the air like tiny, fluffy fairies. Pitch groaned before blowing a small stream of fire on the rocks underneath him. He pressed down on the stone, trying to form coals. Once that was done, he pressed his body against the warm ambers. Jack gave him a questioning look.

_ "Instead of me going through all the trouble, Frost, you could just stop this winter weather. Berk gets plenty of it outside of their winter season." _ He griped.

"Aw, come on Pitch!" Jack sighed dramatically. "Berk is like, one of the few places that have winter all year round!"

_ "And do you know how honestly sick and tired we are of it?" _

"Can't I get a little appreciation?"

_ "Not from a people who would like to know a warm season for once." _

"Berk has a summer season." Jack pouted.

_ "The temperature high, on a good day is negative six degrees Celsius, Frost." _ Pitch snapped.

Jack counted on his fingers. "So that's like what? Twenty degrees Fahrenheit?"

Pitch banged his head against the ground. _"Yes, Jackson. That is twenty degrees Fahrenheit."_

The winter sprite gave an understanding grunt.

Pitch closed his eyes for a bit, before blinking up at Jack with a weariness. _"So how did you get here exactly?"_

Jack winced. "Don't tell North."

The not-so-young boy reached into his pocket and drew out a golden snow globe.

"It's one of his newer inventions. Said it really could take someone anywhere they wanted to go. I wanted to see what you were up to, and it actually workedâ€œ so, no one knows that I'm here right now."

_ "Oh that's absolutely brilliant, Frost." _Pitch snarked. _"I can see it now. The other Guardians go completely psychotic because their beautiful, favorite, spoiled, bratty protÃ©gÃ©e. Fantastic."_

Jack looked angry for a little bit before a cocky grin spread over his face. "You think I'm beautiful?"

Pitch groaned with aggravation. _"For. The. Love. Of. Anything. Jack."_

The winter sprite raised his hands in defeat. "It was a fair question."

_ "I have half a mind to blast your head."_

"Ooo, I'm so scared."

Pitch let out a small warning blast. It ignited right next to Jack's feet. The winter spirit jumped back in alarm, a yelp of fright and indignation tearing from his throat. Pitch hummed with amusement before laying his head back down on his paws.

"Pitch! What the hell?" Jack spluttered, his voice outraged.

_ "Such colorful language coming from the Guardian of Fun." _The dragon chuckled. _"But of course, a few things could be entailed with the word _fun_. And concerning the fire, I did give you fair warning."_

"F off Pitch." Jack glowered irately.

_ "Oh, so the little boy does know his words."_

"Only if I'm provoked."

_ "Grow up already." _ Pitch snorted.

Jack crossed his arms. "Perpetually seventeen."

_ "All the more reason. In the age from which you were born in, you'd be considered a man. Start acting like it."_

"What are you, my father?"

_ "Technically your grandfatherâ€|_" Pitch mumbled, his voice carried away by the sound of lapping waves.

"I'm sorry what was that?" Jack demanded, lifting a hand to his ear.

_ "I said I'm going to go to sleep. I have a long day of searching; tomorrow is the last day, I have to be back at Berk by tomorrow." _

"Why?"

_ "Because it is Snuggleturooughâ€|or whatever the Vikings call their ridiculous holiday." _

"Snoggletog."

_ "Whatever." _

"Why do you need to be there?"

_ "Because if I am not, Hiccup would be heart broken. And I cannot allow that to happen." _

Jack smirked smugly. "A little cocky, isn't it?"

Pitch sighed. _ "It's the truth, Jack. Hiccup and Iâ€|there is something about it that when we are separated, it hurts us. I suppose you could compare it to your friendâ€|the one who I will not name because I absolutely despise him." _

"Jamie?" Jack asked quietly.

_ "I said I would not name him." _The Night Fury yawned.

"Whoa, you actually getâ€|sleepy? Like, on your own?"

_ "This body is a mortal one." _

"Hmâ€|what if I help you find your helmet?"

_ "Pardon?" _

It was Jack's turn to roll his eyes. "What if I help you find the helmet? Four eyes are better than two, and it could get you back to Hiccup sooner. I could start tonight even! I don't need to sleep ya know."

_ "I am not so sure I can trust you, Frost. How do I know you won't freeze the whole bloody ocean?" _Pitch inquired, wiggling a bit to get himself more comfortable.

"Oh come on, I'm not mean." Jack said, sticking his tongue out immaturityly.

Pitch closed his eyes, his ears settling flat and limply against his head. He didn't respond for a while. Jack's brows quirked up.

"Um, Pitchâ€|?"

_"I suppose," _the dragon said groggily between a yawn. _"I could use the assistance. The ocean is so damn big." _

Jack gave an amused smile, before a look of wonder graced his facial features. "Hey Pitch, what's so special about this helmet? Couldn't your friend get another one?"

_"It was a gift from his mother. She died quite some time ago." _Pitch mumbled tiredly, not opening his eyes.

Jack's face sobered. "Oh. I'm sorry."

_"Hiccup was so little when she died, according to his father." _Pitch murmured, his voice going in and out. _"I owe him at least the return of the last thing he has to remember her by." _

"Then you definitely have my help, Pitch."

The dragon didn't answer.

"Pitch?"

All the winter sprite got in return was the soft snore of a dragon.

Jack smiled wistfully and pushed his luck by patting the dragon on the nose. "Dream of him, Pitch. You'll see your boy soon enough."

Ø‰Ø‰Ø‰

When Pitch awoke that morning he was very surprised to see a pile of frozen over fish next to him. He blink groggily to clear his vision, only to see Jack standing on his staff again, staring at him with a curiosity that could only be matched by Hiccup.

"Good morning sleeping beauty!" Jack crowed, perking up as the dragon shook himself awake.

_"Frost." _Pitch grunted tersely. Without hesitating he dug into the pile of fish. His lips quirked into a smile as he felt Jack recoil in disgust. Yes, he was eating raw meat, and yes he was most definitely enjoying it.

"So I did find something you would be interested in." Jack grinned, interrupting the Nightmare King's breakfast.

Pitch swallowed down another fish. _"Oh really?" _

"Umhm. Ta-da!" Jack shouted, pulling his hands out from behind his back.

There, half frozen over in Jack's hand, was Hiccup's helmet.

Pitch choked on his meal. _"How on earthâ€¦how on earth did you find that?" _

"Let's say it took a lot of fishing." Jack squirmed. "It's amazing the things that a fish'll swallow."

_ "A fish swallowed his helmet?" _Pitch demanded with disbelief, a fish still hanging from his mouth.

Jack huffed, a bit miffed. "More like a whale did."

_ "So how did you get the helmet from the whale?" _Pitch squinted suspiciously.

"I froze it."

"Jack!"

"What?"

The Nightmare King exhaled with irritation. _ "You cannot just go freezing things as you want! I appreciate your assistance but if people find the carcass of that frozen whale, they will get suspicious." _

"Relax, it thawed out," Jack nodded, before quietly adding "eventually."

Pitch groaned.

"So are we going to get to Berk or not?"

_ "We?" _

"Yeah, I found the helmet, so I get to meet Hiccup!"

Pitch stamped his foot. _ "Oh no, that is where draw the line. That boy is highly impressionable, I do not want you being a bad influence for him." _

Jack feigned offense. "Who, what? Me?"

_ "Yes, you." _Pitch growled, before grabbing the helmet between his jaws and shooting off.

Jack looked away as the blast of wind smacked him in the face. He looked up and smiled widely with amusement. His eyes sparkled.

"Arse!" He called out before rocketing off into the air to tail the dragon.

To say that the flight back to Berk was peaceful, was completely true. Not once did Pitch run into trouble. And the who scene with Hiccup being happily reunited with him and the joy of seeing his boy's face at receiving his helmet was worth all the trouble from the past three days.

So helping his stumbling, sleeping boy up the stairs to his room didn't bother him at all. The adults were starting to get rowdy and the aura of the Great Hall was starting to get tainted with something that was influenced by the amount of mead the brutes were drinking. Even that didn't bother him; when he was a soldier, he had his fair share of drinking fiascos. No. What bothered him was the certain winter sprite that was waiting for them in Hiccup's room.

"Oh Thor!" Hiccup shrieked looking at Jack with horror.

The winter sprite grinned. "You can see me?"

Hiccup's hands waivered on Pitch's snout. "Toothlessâ€|it's JÃ¶kul Frosti."

Jack looked from Hiccup to Pitch before bursting out laughing and pointing at the dragon. "Your name is Toothless? Oh haha!"

_ "Shut it Frost!" _ Pitch almost roared, if not for the boy who was standing right next to him. _ "I told you not to come here." _

"And obviously I didn't listen." Jack leered.

"Wait, you can understand him?" Hiccup whispered.

Jack cocked his eyebrow. "Can't you?"

The auburn haired boy shook his head.

"Hm, that's strange."

"What's he saying?" Hiccup asked curiously.

Pitch narrowed his eyes. _ "Do not tell him anything Jack. He does notâ€| does not know of what I've done." _

Jack nodded, his eyes holding a certain amount of wisdom. He looked to Hiccup. His smile was still wide and still brilliant.

"You know, I know this dragon very well." Jack chirped. "He's a little grouchy, but I suppose he's okay. But he told me to tell you that, he wishes you a happy Snoggletog. And that he loves you, like a father loves a son."

Hiccup's eyes widened and a heartwarming smile broke across his face. "He reallyâ€|really said that?"

"Promise kiddo." Jack nodded, leaning forward and ruffling the younger boy's hair. "On my honor as an ageless, white haired, perpetually seventeen year old boy!"

Hiccup's smile couldn't have possibly gotten wider.

Jack crossed his arms, trying to act responsible. "Now, you should get to bed. Toothless tells me that you two have some early flying to catch up on."

Hiccup practically jumped into bed. "Right!"

"Goodnight." Jack called out, stretchingâ€"preparing for his flight.

"Wait!" Hiccup cried out, "are you reallyâ€|I mean, I'm right about you being JÃ¶kul, right?"

Jack nodded, knowing his history about himself well. "As right as the snow I make. Now go to sleep, you've got an early start

tomorrow."

Hiccup smiled, nodded eagerly, before closing his eyes.

"Not a bad influence." Jack smugly whispered to a stunned Pitch.

_ "Frostâ€|iâ€|" _The Nightmare King was lost for words.

"What? Pitch Black is stuttering? No!" Jack clutched at his chest in fake disbelief.

_ "Thank you Jackâ€|for telling him those things." _Pitch whispered.

_ "I do not get to tell him those sorts of things." _

"Yeah well, you just make sure you take good care of him." Jack said, lifting himself into the air. "He seems like a good kid."

And with that the winter spirit was gone.

With a relieved sigh, Pitch slunk over to Hiccup. The boy had already begun a steady pace of breath which told Pitch that he was asleep. With a warm puff of air, Pitch nuzzled the boy's cheek.

Then he pulled Hiccup's wool blanket up to the boy's chin to keep him warm from the cold night. Hiccup still gave a shiver. Looking around cautiously, Pitch made up his mind. As carefully as he could, he climbed up onto the little wooden bed, and curled up around the child. Hiccup gave a sigh of content before grabbing Pitch's wing and pulled it tighter around him like a blanket. Pitch grinned before closing his eyes and laying his head next to Hiccup's. It brought back memories of falling asleep next to his little daughter. The daughter he thought he had forgotten about long ago.

The Nightmare King cuddled the boy closer to him. Hiccup burrowed closer to the dragon's side, seeking his warmth. Pitch let out a happy breath; feeling like a father again after so many years.

"_Sleep tight Hiccupâ€|" _And then after a pause, he whispered oh so quietly: _ "I love you." _

* * *

><p>AN: Hope that was good enough. Thank you to: SapphireRoz, Britt30, Rochana, Pearlness4700, general zargon, ivanganev1992, He-who-runs-into-walls, Vi-Violence, Liliana Dragonshard, Phantombowtie, Demonicssis, dawn2halen, sauara, GuardianDragon98, Guest, Roses, Guest, Hopeless shipper, DarkHorseBlueSky, Vanessa15975329, Azlea, DeathBright, Guest, Guest, Guest, and Hobbes22. Thank y'all so much.**

Hm. I haven't seen high or low of Loki or Thorin since their chest game...I wonder what happened...maybe they're still playing.

**Anyways, I've officially started planning for the sequel. And let me warn y'all: It is not like this story. It is dark. There will be cussing. there will be blood.

>**And

>**there
>**will
>**be
>**FEELS.**

We have about fifteen more chapters for this story and then...give a drum roll please, we will have King and Dragonheart. **Tada! Tell me what you think! Do you like the sequel's title, si or no? Takk fyrir! See you all next time.**

31. Chapter 31: Gift of the Night Fury

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**A/N: Me: hey guys, wassup? It's another update! It's a sappy, sap-fest chapter! In the reviews that I got, I got quiet a lot of people asking for a Guardian's view on the last scene of GotNF, sooo ta-da!

>Thorin: It took her a few hours but, she has gotten it written.
Me: AW look! THE LOVE OF MY LIFE IS BACK...er, I mean...Thorin you're back! Yay...wait...where's Loki?

>Thorin: *thoughtfully* One of your fans...I believe her name was Sapphire Roz, kidnapped him? Honestly I could care less.
Me: Well...knowing Sapph, he should be okay...

>Thorin: *smiling* I am sure he is fine, _**ghivashel**.

>**Me: *blushes* G-g-g-guys, enjoy this chapter! *faints with a smile***

* * *

><p>Chapter 31: Jack

Jack flew around Berk, his hoodie blustering about as huge flakes of snow twirled around him. He laughed and continued to coat Berk in a soft blanket of beautiful snow. It wasn't the icy type, nor the ugly grey kind. This snow was pure and untouched. When he was done, he smiled proudly. He wanted to see what Pitch and Hiccup were going to do before he left.

A small squeak peeped up from his pocket.

"Hey Baby Tooth!" Jack cheeped, looking down at the tiny fairy peeking out.

She chirped.

"We'll only be here a little bit longer, m'kay?" Jack said, stroking the little creature's soft features.

She gave an affirming chime before disappearing back into his pockets.

Jack relaxed before sitting back in the pine tree he had nestled himself in. He watched Hiccup's house to see what would happen. It wasn't until the sun had just begun to raise that a black figure climb out of the roof. Jack grinned as Pitch made his way up the roof. The Night Fury seemed perfectly content with looking out among

the crashing waves for a bit. His wings were calmed and his tail swung like a pendulum. Then after a bit, he jumped down and disappeared behind the house. He didn't reappear for some time. Finally the dragon crawled back up onto the roof and continued his banging. All the while Pitch shook his head with almost an amused look.

And then he started jumping up and down on the roof.

"Pitch, what the heck are you doing?" Jack muttered, watching the dragon jump up and down.

_ "Hiccup! Stoick! Hiccup! Stoick! Both of you wake up!" _The dragon called. _ "A long day today!" _

Almost instantly, the auburn haired boy came out. He stopped out at the door way and looked upon the still sleeping village. He smiled softly, a look of wonder and peace covering his face.

_ "Hiccup!" _Pitch barked, jumping down from the roof.

The boy looked up at the roof. "I'm coming Toothless, I was justâ€"

The boy was cut short as the Night Fury seemed to drag something in the snow.

Hiccup looked genuinely confused.

"Toothless, what'd you pull this out for? You don't need it anymore?" The boy kicked what seemed to be a saddle out of the way.

Jack pursed his lips.

"Come on let's get going." Hiccup said, reaching over to the dragon.

_ "Honestly, you are as dense as your father." _Pitch crooned, moving away.

Jack almost laughed.

This time Hiccup was sincerely confused. Pitch moved out of the way and settled himself right behind the saddle. He looked from it to the boy.

_ "Come on Hiccup, put two and two together." _Pitch laughed, moving away as Hiccup tried to approach him again.

"Would you quite fooling around? You have your new tail now!" Hiccup chuckled with a bit of frustration.

_ "Yes, I know." _Pitch growled, his eyes looking up at Hiccup with a sudden hint ofâ€|

"Wait?" Jack drawled out. "Is Pitchâ€|is Pitch being mischievous? God, I want a camera!"

He leaned in closer to watch the fun.

Hiccup stopped moving and looked at the Night Fury questioningly.
"Toothless?"

Clearly the look on Pitch's face said, 'how can I make you understand'? So standing up, Pitch lifted his tail up. Both fins fanned out and Jack almost laughed when he saw the shape. Pitch's two tailfins made a heart.

_ "Now let me make this as articulate as possible." _Pitch growled.

Hiccup or Jack did not have time to react as the black dragon slammed his tail down on the ground over and over again.

_ "Iâ€" _

Bang.

_ "Willâ€" _

Bam.

_ "Notâ€" _

Bang.

_ "Flyâ€" _

Bam.

_ "Withoutâ€" _

Bang.

_ "You." _

Jack's eyes widened incredulously as a prosthetic fin flew from Pitch's tail. Hiccup's eyes were as wide as Jack's as he raked his hands through his hair.

"Toothless! What are you doing?" He yelled.

Pitch dragged the saddle in front of him. _ "Is it clear now?" _

"Toothâ€|" Hiccup petered off, his words not forming in his mouth.

Jack almost fell out of the tree as Pitch made the _cutest_ gesture possible.

_ "I want you by my side Hiccup. I marred you, you marred me. We are stuck together." _The Nightmare King rumbled.

Hiccup smiled, his eyes lighting up like the Fourth of July. He raced to the dragon, embracing him. Pitch returned the hug, folding his wings tightly around the boy before letting him go. He snorted and gestured up to the sky.

_ "Well, are we going to go flying or not?" _

Was it even possible for Hiccup's smile to get any wider? Jack grinned as he could practically hear dramatic and heroic music playing in the background. He placed a thoughtful hand to his chin as the boy scurried around, tacking the dragon.

"You know Baby Tooth," He said. "His whole storyâ€¦what Pitch has converted to here, it could make a good movie."

The little fairy piped up from his pocket.

"Yeah I think so too." Jack nodded. "It'd need a catchy title thoughâ€¦ like A Nightmare's Blessing, orâ€¦ Penance of the Nightmare King."

Baby Tooth gave a helpful chirp.

Jack tilted his head in confusion. "How to Train your Dragon? No, I don't get it; Pitch isn't a dragon, not really."

Baby Tooth was about to pip again before Hiccup and Pitch shot into the air like a triumphant missile. Jack shot out of the tree, trying to follow them as discreetly as possible. The duo seemed to have a specific place set in mind.

Jack frowned as they reached the frozen sea stacks.

"You ready bud?"

Jack almost screamed as Hiccup crouched up on Pitch's back. The scrawny kid was in a pounced position, as if about to jump off. Pitch himself had a game face on and was solely focused on something that wasn't there.

Then suddenly, with an excited laugh, Hiccup jumped off the dragon's back with an impressive backflip. Jack tightened his grip on his staff in fear for the two as they both dived down to the earth. But, when the boy smiled at the dragon, and dragon returned it was a playful pushâ€"the winter sprite wasn't too worried. Both of them seemed to completely trust one another.

As soon as they had begun, they stopped. Pitch turned over and Hiccup grabbed the handle bars to the saddle. Pulling himself back onto the dragon, the boy gave a steady click in the stirrups. With another yell from the two beings, they pulled up last minute above a forest of treesâ€"spraying a veil of snow down below.

Jack sighed, his lips quirking up. "I think he's finally found a believer, Baby Tooth."

The fairy gave a sneezy, affirmative squeak.

"Oh right, right!" Jack exclaimed, watching the two flying away into the horizon. "We shouldâ€¦should probably leave."

He reached into his pocket and grabbing the metal snow globe. He pulled it out and absentmindedly looked out at the snowing world around him. His thumb hovered over the button that would send him back home.

Jack chuckled, thinking to himself. _Winter in Berk lasts most of the year. I make sure it hangs on with both hands and won't let go. The only real comforts against the cold, for the inhabitants of this freezing place, are those they keep close to their hearts. I've never experienced a Snoggletog beforeâ€"never really wanted to take part in a holiday with such a crazy nameâ€"but I think it maybe the best one ever. I witnessed a little boy give a selfish Nightmare King a pretty cool gift. But he gave the boy a better one._

The world disappeared with a flash of bright light and a whizzing sound as the Spirit's finger pressed the button. Jack closed his eyes. But he could almost swear he heard the happy roars and whoops of joy from Pitch and Hiccup.

He gave the boy his heart.

* * *

><p>AN: Me: Yay! Okay that's done! Now we can skip forward about eight years to when Hiccup is twenty five, sorry no HTTYD 2 for you guys.

>Thorin: Expect a wedding night, a disturbed and scarred dragon, and a very angry fairy.
Me: A huge thank you to all my reviewers who reviewed so quickly for this last chapter: Vanessa15975329, DarkHorseBlueSky, Guest, Mizookie, dawn2halen, Pearlness4700, sauara, SidheWolf5, GuardianDragon98, Sapphire Roz, Demonicssis, general zargon, and Vi-Violence.

>Thorin: Reviews mean the world to our Master Writer.
Me: Oh yeah! Speaking of reviews guys, I would really love for y'all to check these two things out. Me and the Amazing-Thalia-Grace are writing a HTTYD Xover Hobbit story called In the Flame of Error check it out please! We've already got the first chapter up and would love to see y'all's reactions! And second thing, I made a very poor commercial for A Nightmare's Blessing! You can check it out here: watch?v=d7-FD1mPANs **

**Tell me what y'all think! See y'all later! Takk fyrir and hope you enjoyed this quick little update.

>Thorin: Until we meet again.

32. Chapter 32: Selfish Fear Machine

a/n: I own nothing.

SPOILERS! SPOILERS! SPOILERS! SPOILERS!

WARNING: SPOILERS!

So, many of you guys wanted a HTTYD 2 chapter. And some of you wanted an angsty chapter. So...i'm skipping on that one chapter I promised last time for this one. I hope you like... THE HTTYD 2 ANGSTY NOT-SPOILER FREE CHAPTER.

**Thorin: I think they understand.

>**Me: Just checking.

>**Loki: Somebody kill me...again.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 32: Pitch

Twenty two year old Hiccup finished pounding the iron rods with his hammer. Giving them an appraising look, he walked over to the counter and inserted them into the maroon cloth tail. Pitch watched as Hiccup did these actions deliberately slow. He had to admit he felt bad for doing this to Hiccup, but he had to do this. His task was very important and he could not postpone it any longer.

Hiccup could not come with him for this, either.

Hiccup's green eyes blinked slowly, as if still trying to comprehend what he was doing. The Nightmare King nudged his arm, trying to reassure him. The young man gave the dragon a weak smile.

"The last time you left bud, it nearly broke me." He admitted, "I don't think I can handle you being gone for very long."

Pitch crooned. _"This is something I must do Hiccup. I will not have any peace of mind until it is done."_

"I know, you need your space sometimes." Hiccup continued. "And it must be annoying to have to fly with me all the time."

_ "Not in the slightest," _The dragon burbled, bumping the Viking playfully in the side. _"But you cannot go where I go. It would hurt you too much."_

"I justâ€|call me clingy, but it hurts me when you leave."

_ "I know. It hurts me as well. But this is something I _have _to do, Hiccup."_

The man sighed and held up the fin. "Ta-da. I modified our tail. When needed, I can control it. Or, if we ever need to, such as nowâ€"it can serve as an automatic tailfin as well."

_ "Clever lad." _Pitch beamed as Hiccup walked around him to strap the tail on.

The dragon waited patiently as the young man's fingers worked nimbly. Every little motion he memorized, it felt like maybe one day, he would have to apply the fin to himself. Finally, he felt the strange click onto his one natural fin. Looking behind, Hiccup gave him a confirming nod to test the improved prosthetic out. He gave a few experimental flaps before deciding that it was good for flight.

"Okay, seems as you're all ready." Hiccup nodded, patting the dragon's bare back.

_ "I should be back in a day." _Pitch eased, looking at the door thoughtfully.

"You come back soon." Hiccup said quietly.

Pitch nodded. He wondered why Hiccup couldn't understand him. It only seemed that when he was under extreme amounts of emotional tensionâ€"good or badâ€"could the man understand him. If anything, it

was a bit frustrating at times.

_ "Goodbye, Hiccup. I will return soon." _

With that, the dragon rushed out of the house and soared into the sky.

In the discouraging days, where I knew that I hit my mark, and all you ever did, was look at me with nothing but shockâ€|

Pitch bit back the self-pity.

_ Save it for when you get there. _He thought angrily.

His black wings beat the wind slowly, each concussing thud slamming his sides. It irked him when he made mistakes. Especially when he tried over and over again to fix them. That was the whole point of him being on Berk wasn't it? So that he could fix the mistake that he had made with the Guardians.

Pitch snarled, his tail curling and lashing as he dived a level lower in the sky. The temperature started lowering and he knew that he was almost there. Ice particles from the clouds began to stick on the tips of his wings and tail. The Nightmare King blinked away the cold, the frigid temperature burning his eyes.

Not sure how long he'd been flying, but not really caring, he dove down onto the first ice carapace that he could. Looking around, he saw the familiar ice spikes and black dirt. He flitted from perch to perch, until his claws skidded against, the ashy black ground. Heaving a sigh, Pitch looked up to see the half burned Viking ship.

The rock in his throat forced its way down, plummeting to his stomach. Pitch hesitated, looking at the ashy, rotting wood. Two years in one of the colder parts of the north had taken its toll. Finally, mustering up his guts, Pitch hopped up onto the still intact part of the ship. The weather worn wood wailed under his weight but still held. Inchng forward, Pitch looked with mournful eyes at sight of the burned away pyre.

He exhaled. _"Hello Stoick."_

And foolishly, for a second, Pitch waited for some sort of sardonic come back. He got none. He shook his head.

_ "You know, last year, Hiccup up and I went scouting out from Berk. He didn't know it but traveling further up north, I found your funeral pyre. I hadn't realized that it had sailed so far from Valka's Island. I didn't tell Hiccup though. I couldn't._

_ "Truth is Stoick, I'm still a coward as I ever was. There is so much guilt from what happenedâ€|that, I do not even know how to deal with it. I cannot even look Hiccup, nor Valka in the eye. How can I? As it is, it took me a year to finally pull myself together to tell Valka that I needed to go on a flight alone._

_ "I am horrible person and dragon, Stoick. I swore that I would protect you, Hiccup, Astrid and I failed. Worst offâ€|I killed you. After I promised that you and I would have no more qualms since the

end of the war."—

Pitch lowered his head and touched the base of what remained of the burial alter that Stoick had been put on.

"What type of person does that make me? I could have controlled myself."—

He tried to push away the burning, oily dragon tears that slipped past his lids.

"I was able to listen to Hiccup the second time, so why could I not ignore the Alpha's call the first time? Was it the promise of power and Fear again? I believe that the Dark Side of me still thrives, despite how Hiccup and I locked it away. I was too tempted by the feeling of Fear it promised me. I wanted it."—

"And my selfishness was your demise. You were so selfless in your last moment, Stoick. You were protecting your boy while I tried to kill him. I tried to kill the one being who I had finally been able to call mine. I deserve no such right now."—

Now the tears really did spill down, and he couldn't control his frustration as he slammed his tail down on the wood. His heart ached. It burned with shame. How could he have been so naïve to the fact that he could never change who he was. How could he have possibly thought that maybe, just maybe, he could've been Kozmotis Pitchiner again.

He growled. "I am nothing but a selfish Fear machine."—

Pitch almost jumped at the hand on his shoulder. He spun around, his tail raising into an offensive position. The great mammoth man rose against the sun, any color gone only showing a silhouette.

"Dear MiM." Pitch muttered, hoping and Fearing.

The figure stepped forward and he was met with sympathetic blue eyes. Pitch closed his emerald eyes, and turned his head. He would not deal with this now. Not now.

"Jack told me what happened." North mumbled apologetically.

"That winter sprite needs to learn his place in the matters of other people's business." Pitch hissed.

"Are you going to look me in face, Pitch?"

The dragon turned his face and opened his eyes, glaring at North. "Fine."—

"I came to tell you it was alright." The large white-haired man nodded. "That there was nothing you could do to change what happened."

"I could have fought harder, North!" Pitch shrieked angrily. "I could have fought the Alpha. You and I both know that my mind is strong enough for that."—

"Pitch, as much as you vish, you are not Boogeyman. You are dragon."

And a dragon, however powerful, is not as strong as Boogeyman. See?" The man continued. "Boogeyman would've handled Alpha easy-peasy, but a dragon must fight for dues, yes?"

Pitch looked away.

"You made it right, in end, Pitch." North eased.

"I do not like feeling powerless, Nicholas." Pitch sighed, laying down. "Iâ€"

"Hush, old friend." North nodded, patting the dragon's head and settling down next to him. "You've had long journey from Berk to south coast of North Pole."

"North Pole?" Pitch murmured, looking at the Santa Claus in surprise.

"It vas one of reasons why I chose North Pole for home." The white haired admitted. "The story of a man vho saved his son, buried under snow. It is very inspiring. To be a Guardian is to be selflessâ€"to give yourself to protect children."

Pitch hummed.

They both sat there in silence. For once, Pitch was enjoying the boisterous man's presence. It was companionable, and he needed someone here with him, as much as he wanted to say that he could mourn Stoick alone.

North chuckled.

"What?" The Night Fury asked lifting his head up, looking at the man with the faintest hint of annoyance; the silence had been disturbed.

The blue eyes sparkled. "Jack said you vere dragon. I did not believe him. I owe him sled for day."

Pitch's head fell back to the wood with a thud.

"You are all children." He groaned.

North sat against the dragon's side, his body shaking in a fit of chuckles. Pitch closed his eyes and ignored him. Instead he focused on the hardness of the floor boards, or the smell of ash that loomed around the ship. He sighed. Being here, at Stoick's graveâ€"admitting his weakness, made him feel better. It made him feel a bit lighter if anything. No doubt that was helped by the reassurance from the Guardian.

Pitch lifted his head again and tilted his head.

"North."

"Yes?"

"As completely irritating as you are, thank you."

North grinned. "You are velcomeâ€|Toothless."

Pitch moaned and laid his head back on the ground as the fat man sung with laughter. Still, the Nightmare King couldn't help the small grin that snuck its way onto his snout. Eventually, his eyes began to drift shut, as he fell asleep against the comfortable sturdiness Stoick the Vast's grave and the friendship of the Guardian of Wonder.

* * *

><p>An: I regret nothing.**

Thanks to all of y'all for reviewing. I can't list names right now because i'm being watched...but wait! oh no! please don't take me away! Ahhhhhhhhhh...

**Thorin: Oh dear. I will go and rescue her. *leaves*

>**Loki: *grins and sings* All by myself, never wanted it any other way. Thank you for reading, lovely readers. Please review.

>ME: *whispers from a dark corner* DarkHorseBlueSky, Liliana Dragonshard, Zehava, Sapphire Roz, general zargon, GuardianDragon98, Vanessa15975329, Mizookie, Vi-Violence, XFaerieValkyrieX, Roses, He-who-runs-into-walls, collegebooklover, Pearlness4700, ivanganev1992, and angelofdeath8254-thank you all:) Oh no! Goodbye! they're coming!
**

33. Chapter 33: The Wedding Night

**Hi guys, it's me again! I LIVVVVEEEE! Sort of...I wanted to warn you all that I'm starting school again; so updates will not be constant like they had been in the summer.

>Thorin: 'Tis a sad day.
Me: Indeed. Enjoy guys!**

* * *

><p>Chapter 33: Pitch

He ran for his life as his feet pounded across the earth. This time there was no boy to lift him off the ground away from his Fears. He was on his own. He could still hear the terrible, terrible sounds that came from behind him. Damn his dragon hearing! His heart thudded harder as he pushed himself towards the forest. No, he wasn't being a coward, running away. This wasn't cowardice.

This was self-preservation.

Whatever his boy was going through, he could do so alone. Pitch would not face this with Hiccup. Not this time.

The heat in his burning legs rose to his cheeks as he remembered what had happened.

It had all started earlier that morning. Hiccup had woken up early and Pitch had followed shortly after. He helped his boyâ€"who was no longer a boyâ€"dress up in his father's old armor; the metals had been refitted to compliment Hiccup's smaller frame than Stoick's. Then the young man had allowed the dragon to choose from two capes. A brown fur cape or a black; obviously Pitch had chosen the black

one.

That day was going to be embedded in Hiccup's memory for the rest of his life, whether he would regret it or cherish it was entirely up to the outturn of events.

After a light breakfast of porridge for Hiccup and a basket of fish for Pitch, they had gone a quick walk patrol to make sure that Berk was entirely fit and safe. Several border guards had been placed along the four beaches: north, south, east, and west. Several dragon patrols had also been placed on the mountain peaks to keep watch for any incoming dangers.

Once satisfied that everything was in order, Hiccup and Pitch wandered off to the Cove where the ceremony would be held. Everyone knew of the once-secret meeting place of the dragon and human, and Hiccup thought it fitting that the ritual would be held there, where everything had begun.

Gobber, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Tuffnut, and Eret had all been there, guiding and helping other men from the village in setting up long polls with furs and streamers attached, while Gobber set up the sacrificial pyre.

By the time that everything had been ready, Hiccup seemed ready to burst with embarrassment. Both Eret and Snotlout had to steady him. Once the remaining villagers began to arrive, Hiccup's nervousness had melted into the calm, nonchalant demeanor of their confident leader. Although, Pitch new his boy and could clearly see (feel) the Fear from the auburn head.

When Astrid and Ruffnut arrived, it was as if the village had released up a pent up breath. Pitch had grinned at the sight of the two blondes. Ruffnut had done well in taking care of Astrid. The other blonde was dressed with fine light cream furs, ranging anywhere from elk skin to bear skin. Her hair was pinned up and crowned with a variety of white goose feathers, making her hair curl and a braid around them like a wreath. Even in his opinion, Pitch had thought her beautiful. In her and Ruffnut's arms was one thing he knew he had been happy to see: Astrid's dowry.

The ceremony had gone by without interruption. Though, Pitch could say that his own wedding ceremony had not involved a sheep and yak sacrifice, nor the offering of one's own blood as well as your beloved's. The wedding feast had been even better; food was served in every form from roasted yak meat to fish stew. Fish racks had been hung for the dragons to celebrate alongside with them as Pitch had requested (puppy-eyed).

That was when everything had spiraled downward for him. He had been careless—"thoughtless in fact. He had not been thinking. Late into the night, he had discovered that both Hiccup and Astrid had left without him. Feeling slight offended, for he had arranged some of the wedding himself—"having personal experience and all—"decided to go home on his own. After bidding his goodbyes, he left; ignoring all the snickering from some of the older dragons.

Mistake: He had gone home.

He had gone home on Hiccup's wedding night.

Which is where he currently found himself. Running for life, having been scarred eternally. Sure he as well had once completed his marriage ritual, but he as sure as Hel, did not want to witness someone else doing the same thing.

Pitch looked back briefly to find that all of Berk was far behind him. The village was no longer seen behind the line of tall pines acting like a fence.

_To keep me safely out. _Pitch thought, turning his head to the front again.

He had three seconds to realize that there was a tree in front of him before he smashed into it. He let out a pained yowl before scuffling back to shake his head. Pain webbed up the front of his jaw.

_Dammit, I had forgotten to sheathe my teeth." _He cursed, feeling one of his sharp little teeth sticking him in the gums.

With his tongue he tried to remove it from his mouth. The little stinker stayed buried in the delicate pink flesh of his gums. Groaning, he collapsed on the ground.

_This night couldn't get any worse. There is no possible way it can." _

He closed his eyes, his top jaw awkwardly overlapping the bottom. It was going to be a long night.

Pitch woke to the sound of fluttering. Not dragon fluttering, but something definitely like insect fluttering. He couldn't help but hate every single midge that existed on the island of Berk. But when he opened his eyes, it was not a hoard of midges that was in front of him.

"I'm so sorry, so sorry!" The fairy gushed, her hand pulled back from his slightly open mouth.

Pitch's eyes widened. _"Toothiana?" _

The Tooth Fairy backed away slowly, her translucent wings buzzing. "I-I-Iâ€|waitâ€|how do you know my name?"

_Toothiana from the past, then. _Pitch thought. _"Allow me to introduce myself, my name is Koz." _

"Um, hi, butâ€"uh, that still doesn't explain how you know me."

_Hm, I have traveled far and wide, Tooth Fairy, and I have heard many tales of you." _Pitch lied breezily.

"Ohâ€|really?" She asked, a bit hopefully.

_Quite so. In fact, a few of the dragons on this island are also aware of your existence, because of me." _

Pitch might as well give himself a good name then.

"Oh!" She cheeped, a smile pulling its way across her face. "Then you know why I'm here."

"Quite so, although I must admit I'm a bit afraid it will hurt."
Pitch rumbled.

Tooth looked uncertain. "For you're right?"

Pitch painfully grinned. "That remains to be seen."

She laughed uncomfortably.

He rolled his eyes. "So are you going to help me, or do I have to bang my head against a rock to knock it out?"

"Oh goodness no, you'd get a headache!" She shook her head, inching forward.

Pitch opened his mouth to reveal the embedded tooth.

"Oh you poor thing!" She squealed, her hands instantly fingering his gums.

Pitch resisted the highly tempting urge to snap his mouth shut. That would probably be hilarious. Nope, he wasn't going to do it. He needed a good name with her.

"All done." She chirped, pulling away from him.

He closed his mouth and ran his tongue over the line of toothless gums, no longer feeling the tooth. He nodded to her. His eyes flicking over her bright array of feathers. "You have my thanks."

Tooth blushed, smoothing back her feathers. "Oh, it was nothing."

"You helped me; that is something more than most can account for." Pitch grinned lopsidedly, warmth blooming across his chest. He stopped himself there. I don't know if I'm developing feelings for this fae or what, but it ends here. It is very disturbing.

"Why?"

He winked at her. "Secrets, secrets."

She giggled. "That's no fair!"

"Oh my dear, I think you'll find it is considerably fair." He chuckled.

Waitâ€|he was just being friendlyâ€|right?

"Alright, alrightâ€|fine." Tooth laughed. "So, if you don't mind me askingâ€"why are you out here?"

Pitch shivered. "It is my friend's wedding night."

This time, the Tooth Fairy let out a loud laugh. "Let me guess, is your friend human?"

_ "Quite." _

"Oh you poor dear!" She tried to snuffle her laughter by covering her mouth with her hand.

_ "I have been severely scarred, and trust meâ€| I've seen many a battle." _ He smirked.

She hummed, her wings flying a little faster, her hands rubbing her arms. "I don't doubt that, you seem to have a good many scars."

_ "And a good many more to come." _ Pitch nodded, watching as she kept rubbing her arms. _ "Are youâ€| are you cold?" _

"Whoâ€"oh me? Well, yeah, butâ€| I'll be leaving Berk pretty soon, so it's okay!" She spluttered quickly.

Pitch swallowed. _ "You are leaving?" _

Tooth nodded. "Yeah, not too many people believe in little fairies that come in the night."

_ "Oh." _ He said looking away back towards the village. The night was still young.

"But I can stay!" She blurted before quickly adding, "â€| if you want the company that is."

Before he could realize what he was doing, Pitch lifted his wing up and gestured his head. Tooth looked unsure so he gave her a reassuring huff. The fairy hesitantly fluttered over to his side before sitting down. Pitch wrapped his wing around her like a velvety blanket.

"It's so thick!" Tooth marveled, her fingers lightly brushing over his wing membrane.

Pitch shivered. _ "It has to be for long time, high altitude flights." _

"Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot that wings are sensitive sometimes." She bumbled quickly, pulling away.

He was very aware of her own wings pushing up against his side.

Perhaps this wasn't the best of ideas.

"Look at those stars, aren't they lovely?" She asked, quickly changing the topic.

Pitch smiled, thankful. _ "Indeed. I have many stories, about those starsâ€"actually." _

"Really?" Tooth tilted her head to the side curiously. "Could you tell me one?"

Pitch faltered, heat rising to his snout. Since when had Toothiana have a nice smile? He mentally slapped himself.

_It _would _make sense._

_ "Of course, I do not mind, Toothiana." _He agreed pleasantly.

He couldn't possibly miss the deep blushed that bloomed across the bridge of her nose.

Pitch cleared his throat quickly. _"Right, yes wellâ€œit started long ago, in the time of the Golden Agesâ€œ|"_

Ð‰Ð‰Ð‰

If a dragon-who-should-be-a-man and a fairy-who-should-be-a-Guardian fell asleep together under the stars, well, then it was nobody's business but their own.

* * *

><p>AN: Okay, it came out a bit fluffy...sorry.**

**Thorin: We do not mind.

>Loki: Burn the fluff.
Me: Whatever. Thank you to: dawn2halen, Liliana Dragonshard, ivanganev1992, Sapphire Roz, Rochana, Pearlness4700, GuardianDragon98, Amazing-Thalia-Grace, Angela, Demonicssis, sauara, SummerSnow, He-who-runs-into-walls, This is fury, and HawkeyeLover for all reviewing.**

**On another note. Guys, I am setting up two contests. **

1: If you make a fan art to this story THE WINNER will A)have their fanart as the cover for the sequel for a month, B) be able to make their own Guardian for the sequel. [I would really love a fanart from this chapter too, sooo]

2: Make an AMV of the song King and Lionheart by Of Monsters and Men with clips Hiccup, Toothless (from HTTYD _AND_ HTTYD 2 please), and Pitch for the sequel of this story: King & Dragonheart. The winner will A)have their video posted on my profile. B) I will subscribe to them on YouTube. C) they too will be able to make up a Guardian for the sequel.

I hope you guys do this! I would really like to see the stuff you make! Just PM me the links when you're done:) Both contests will close with the end of this story, which is still like 10 chapters away, so you do have some time. So, BYYEEEEEE, SEE YOU NEXT UPDATE XD

This chapter is dedicated to fantasydreamer244

34. Chapter 34: Down the Rabbit Hole

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_**A/N: Hi guys, long time no write, right? Haha lol, well school's

as hectic as ever and quite frankly junior year is stressing me out mondo major time. I don't have much time to write anymore so updates will be precious. On the positive note, this story has almost come to an end. I think I've decided that A Nightmare's Blessing will end with 40 chapters. Does that sound good? Then when I am able, I will begin the sequel King and Lionheart.**_

_**Thorin: It is good to know that you've set priorities.

>Loki: Yes, she has begun eight FanFictions and hardly updates them now; perfect prioritizing.
Me: Ah! O_O

>Thorin: Do not offend CAMBRIA as such.
_Loki: I only speak the truth.

>Me: I'm so sorry I'm such a horrible person, guys!_

* * *

><p>Chapter 34: Pitch and Hiccup

Pitch watched as the impatient forty-year old paced back and forth over the wood floor. The uneven clanking of Hiccup's prosthetic leg pounded like an unhappy pestle. The man mumbled to himself unhappily, every now and then glancing at the front door. He waited.

_She should be back by now. _Hiccup thought broodily. _She should've found him by now._

Pitch crawled up the stairs, allowing his boy to be alone in his thoughts. _It's been days since the lad has disappeared, I can only hope that Astrid can find him._

The wood of the old hut's stair creaked in protest as the dragon hoisted himself up to the upper level. All though the wood was not the only thing that moaned in protest. The Night Fury could feel his joints and bones groaning in protest as he worked himself up. He let out a melancholy sigh. He knew that this was to come with agingâ€“with mortality. He wondered, or supposed, it would not be too long before death would come wondering about at his seams.

He shivered. That was one spirit Pitch did not want to meet.

_I should've been able to stop it. _Hiccup thought angrily to himself as he slammed his well-calloused fist into a wooden beam. _The dragon evaluation was my responsibility, I should've followed him. I should've made sure he'd come home safe and sound._

Hiccup looked at the small dragon doll that rested unused on the floor. His son was ten years old already, but child would not leave the animal that had been made by his grandmother. That is until seven days ago, when the boy had disappeared on a dragon-compatibility evaluation test.

That hadn't heard word of the child since.

Since then, he and Astrid had taken shift searching for their son, go further and further out every day. If Astrid hadn't found the child yet, Hiccup and the Night Fury would be traveling close to the east mainland.

Pitch looked out the window, sniffing for any scent of Astrid or Stormfly. The wind gave a faint tell-tale that they would be back

within the next few hours. He shook his head. There was no smell of the missing child

It would be Hiccup's son to disappear. I suppose misfortune runs in Hiccup's genes. The Nightmare King rested his head on his claws.

By the time Astrid had arrived, Pitch had already disappeared out the window to speak to Stormfly. The azure Nadder rested weakly outside of the hut, her body heaving and shaking. Inside, the loud shouts of the arguing adults could be heard.

"Greetings Stormfly," Pitch nodded in a chill manner. "No luck, I presume?"

>"Take a wild guess, Pitch." Stormfly snapped, her tone exhausted.

The Night Fury rolled his eyes. "I meant no offense by my statement. I simply mean to know if you found any clues on the boy's whereabouts."

"Not even close. I couldn't latch on to even a scent." The Nadder gurgled.

"Strange considering the child's choice dragon was a Typhoomerang. Such large dragons tend to have potent musks."

"I thought so too. The only thing I can think ofâ€|" She paused.
"The only things I can think of is that they both fell into the ocean or they were flying above the high wind streams."

"I believe I like the latter theory the best."

"So do I."

Stormfly shivered with fatigue as she propped herself closer to the wall of the house. Pitch lifted his left ear and reorganized all eight of his feelers so that they stood stiff, he wanted to catch the slightest sound.

I Fear of what will happen if we do not find that boy soon. It will be very deadly, very deadly indeed. He thought.

As soon as the thought left his head, a very angry Hiccup stormed out of the house, his prosthetic leg digging into the permafrosted ground as he stormed about. The Night Fury gave one perceptive look before crouching low.

"Let's go Toothless," Hiccup snarled, his voice dangerously low.

"As you wish." The dragon burbled worriedly.

I must find my son, Hiccup thought slightly sympathetic. Sorrow for pushing you so hard Toothless, but I must find my son.

The young man jumped onto the dragon's waiting back, grabbing hold of the saddle handle bars immediately. After this, the black dragon did not hesitate in lurching into the sky.

"Be safe, Toothless! A dark storm approaches." Stormfly warned from

the receding earth.

_Hm, I will remember thus. _Pitch thought, allowing Hiccup to take control of the steering.

Hiccup growled with frustration as he and Toothless soared up the appropriate wind currents. His eyes looked past the leather of his mask to the unending sea. It would take four days to travel dragon back over the ocean to the mainland. In that time, they needed to find his son.

The hours passed relentlessly with no sign of the boy. They kept flying. The first day ended with a glowing sunset and still now mark or trace of the chilled. Hiccup reluctantly forced Toothless to land.

For Hiccup, the next day started with a cold hard bar of grain and a quick swig of mead. It was not pleasant in the least, but that was the last thought on his mind. Pitch could hardly push aside the fact that Hiccup was straining himself in a way that was unhealthy. Actually, he was straining the both of them.

The second day passed as futile as the first.

The third day opened up with a hopeful smile but both weary dragon and weary rider met the rays with little hope. At some point around noon, Pitch thought he'd caught a whiff of Hiccup's offspring. But as soon as he dove the chase the sent, it was immediately drowned and lost in the smell of sea salt.

"What do you think, bud?" Hiccup asked quietly, his tone mournful.
"What are the chances that he survived?"

Pitch did not answer. Instead he forced his wings to fly swifter, with better strength and distance. He knew what it was like to lose a child. He could only hope it wasn't too late for Hiccup and his son.

The night broke like a mournful specter. It paid no heed to the dragon or the human, it simply trumpeted that another day was lost to vain efforts. They landed and set camp on a small island, perhaps a costal isle banking the shores of the mainland.

Hiccup sniffed, his anger getting the better of him.

"I've lost the dearest thing to me

For him I'd travel every ocean and sea.

For what greater heart

Could bear the thought of thwart

When his own son has not marked

Single trace or hair

For his care.

"On the wings of dragon he flew.

To distances I thought I knew,
If I could, I restore him to me;
I would've never made him flee.
So great Thor and Odin strong,
Please bear my soâ€|"

Hiccup paused in his mournful lament as a sobbing choke broke from his throat. Tears spilled down his cheeks as his heart took a turn for the worse. He continued his son's poem.

"So great Thor and Odin strong,

Please bear my son along.

"Should he not Berk make,

Carry him to Valhalla in your wake.

By side of my father,

By side of my mother,

Please keep my son safe by warm fodder.

Keep the fires bright

To serve as light of red

So that my wife and I may follow when we are dead."

Pitch clenched his eyes shut as Hiccup's murmured prayer tumbled garbled from his lips. The man rocked himself back and forth in hopelessness and Fear. Pitch did nothing to it. He did not touch it. He simply sat by the Viking's side, keeping vigil over the restlessly sleeping man, who'd cried himself to sleep.

A laugh filled the air. It was brittle and cynical. It mocked and burned. Pitch's hackles raised as he spun around. His gold-emerald eyes burn at the sight in front of him.

At least twenty Nightmares stood and nickered before him. Their beady gold eyes glared at him. He pawed at the ground, his tail swishing protectively in front of the sleeping man, whose face burrowed in pain. No doubt the proximity of the Nightmares was affecting Hiccup.

Pitch stretched out the small bits of his powers and begged the shadows to fight the Nightmare's. They did what they could within his power.

"My, my, my. Look at this, a dragon striving to control the darknessâ€"to control Fear." A voice crooned.

Pitch growled, his ears shooting erect. This was the moment a time paradox could occur at any moment. With a sassy flick of his eyes,

Pitch glared at the shadows before him.

Stepping from the darkness, the Nightmare King stood regally.

It was strange for the Night Fury to actually look at himself. He now understood how truly frightening he'd been, although he couldn't help but take the information with some pride. He was tall, his body seeming like an extensive shadow. His eyes flashing between a gentle haunting silver and a dark sinister gold. His filed-tooth grinned curled dangerously, giving a horridly mischievous grin. Pitch had always known he'd been scary, but never thisâ€œdemonic.

"So tell me, dragon, how is it that you are able to control the shadows?" the past-Nightmare King wondered.

Pitch clamped his mouth shut. He would not be the one to rip apart space and time.

The past-Nightmare King's smile faded into a dangerous grin. "Come now, I know that dragons are able to speak to spirits. So, by all means tell meâ€œI mean you no harm."

_I know you far too well for that. _Pitch thought with a growl.

The past-Nightmare King cocked his head to the side. "Come on, do not tell me that you are nothing but a senseless beast. You seem far too intelligent to be just a wild animal."

Pitch gave a warning snarl.

"Perhaps it is that man that bogs you down? If I were to kill him, you'd be free."

_Touch that man, and you die." _Pitch snarled out, his voice full of malice.

The past-Nightmare King recoiled as if stung or burned. "What meaning of trickery is this?"

Of course he'd recognized his own voice.

Pitch braced himself to attack himself. He wondered if he were to attack past-him if it would hurt him-him at the same time. There was a momentary glare down between the two before the past-Nightmare King stiffened.

"Fine, you brute, have it your way."

The past-Nightmare King formed a long sword of nightmare sand and aimed it at the Night Fury.

Pitch coiled himself like a spring, ready to attack.

"Oi, bush pig, bugger off!"

Both Pitches started at the sound of the Aussie voice. Jumping out of the ground like the devil himself, Bunnymund appeared out of nowhereâ€œhis boomerangs already unsheathed and pointed at the past-Nightmare King.

Past-Nightmare King gripped his sword tightly.

Bunnymund smirked. "Get out of here wank stain, before I kick you out."

The past-Nightmare King gave both dragon and Bunnymund a judgmental look before disappearing. The Nightmares remained, though. Without any hesitation, they charged at the two.

Immediately the two animal-like creatures sprang into action.

Pitch's wings swung around like deadly swords, the arm bone sliced through many Nightmare's. His purple fire leaked through his mouth like a liquid, seeking any unfortunate victims. Bunnymunds boomerangs shot in and out of his hands like needles, sewing in and out of Nightmares before they could even realize what was going on. In no time at all the potential threat was gone.

Pitch felt tired.

"So, I'm glad to know you've been keeping busy, Pitch." The Aussie rabbit joked, cleaning off his weapons.

The Night Fury sheathed his claws and teeth. "I suppose then, you are the Bunnymund from my time?"

"Aye."

"Alright. What are you doing here?"

Bunnymund sighed as if Pitch had missed the most obvious thing in the world. "Och, you're as good as two blondes put together. Jack, North and I have all come here in search of that little buggers son."

Pitch looked at Hiccup and then at the overgrown rabbit. "You've been looking for Erik as well?"

The bunny snickered. "Who Lil' Red? We've found 'im already, but yes, we had been looking for him."

"Then you know where he is?"

"Obviously."

"Will you take us there?"

"No, I'll leave the bloody galah and his bugger of a father separated. Of course I'll take you to the boy."

"No need to get offensive, rabbit." Pitch growled warningly.

"Berk is the only place in the north that I can't reach. I have a bit of a right o be bitter, I think." Bunnymund snorted.

"You thought wrong." Pitch growled, beginning to walk away.

"Ay, youâ€"blondieâ€"where are you going?"

Pitch nearly snarled, despite the rabbit's generous actions.

_ "What?" _

"Where are you going?" The Easter Bunny demanded.

_ "To wake up Hiccup. The boy won't feel safe if he wasn't meeting in person with his son." _The Nightmare King explained.

"Or I could just take you to Lil' Erik the Red and get 'im out of there before his father reaches the end of the rope. He won't even know you're gone."

_ "This is true," _Pitch hesitantly agreed.

"Then let's go and come back before the human wakes." Bunnymund pushed.

Pitch finally nodded. _ "Fine, _Aster_, just please make sure we get back in time." _

"Don't call me by my first name." Bunnymund groaned but crept closer to the open ground. The rabbit looked at the dragon expectantly.

Pitch nodded and prepared to jump down the rabbit hole. But before he did, he looked gratefully at the bunny.

_ "Thank you Bunnymund, this will mean the world for Hiccup." _

Bunnymund smiled with amusement. "So you'd changed for the better after all. I'm surprisedâ€"but none of that now, we've got a boy to pick up!"

Together they jumped down.

* * *

><p>AN: So I wonder what will happen to our dear characters. Anyone get the historical reference for Hiccup's son's name, by the way?_**

**_Loki: I believe they understood.

>Me: *sniffles* I just wanted to make sure.
Thorin: Changing the subject, thank you to: GuardianDragon98, Britt30, Demonicssis, Sapphire Roz, Amazing-Thalia-Grace, Zehava, Liliana Dragonshard, ivanganev1992, sauara, Your. Worst. Nightmare.1090, Moonpie, He-who-runs-into-walls, Vi-Violence, crackerjack642, and Malical15 for all reviewing.

>Me: Knowing you guys all read my things gives me many happinesses. So thank you for that.**

IMPORTANT:

BEING THAT I ONLY PLAN ON WRITING 6 MORE CHAPTERS, THAT MEANS YOU HAVE ONLY 6 MORE CHAPTERS BEFORE MY 2 CONTESTS CLOSE. PLEASE MAKE SURE TO ENTER BEFORE I CLOSE. PM ME WHEN YOU HAVE A) MADE YOUR FANART; OR B) MADE THE FANVID. SO FAR I HAVE ONLY HAD ONE ENTRY AND I WOULD LOVE TO SEE MORE SO PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE PARTICIPATE, THANK YOU!

**_Me: I think that was it.

>Thorin: No my dear, you are forgetting one thing.
Me: Oh?

>Loki: *sighs* This chapter is dedicated to Liliana Dragonshard for coming up with a cleverly crafted version of "King and Lionheart" so that the lyrics and title would fit the lines of "King and Dragonheart". Thank you very much, dear.
Thorin: Alright, now we're done.

>Me: Oh, okay. Bye y'all!**

35. Chapter 35: Sinking Friendships

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**A/N: Me: Well my friends, we have finally come to the second to last chapter of my How to Train Your Dragon chapters, after the next, it will solely be focused on well...

>Thorin: Don't tell them, CAMBRIA.
Loki: I do believe that will be called a "spoiler".

>Me: Ah, right well, okay. Thanks guys, for sticking with me even with my crazy updating schedule. *shakes fist at sky* curse you school!

* * *

><p>Chapter 35: Pitch

The minute that he and Bunnymund emerged from the tunnel, Pitch could tell that something was horribly wrong. His nostrils flared with the smell of Nightmares and the darkness that seeped from this place reeked of Fear and even blood.

Erik's blood.

The dragon growled, stepping forward his wings flaring dangerously. Everything inside of him screamed "caution". Even the Darkness that was so carefully tucked away inside of him seemed to still. Something was horribly wrong.

_ "Aster," _Pitch growled. _ "You can smell it as well, then?" _

"Sorry mate," The Aussie voice snarled.

Pitch stiffened.

"But, you walked right into this."

The dragon spun around, his tail like a whip as the giant rabbit hurled one of his boomerangs at him. There was no recovery time as the tai-chi master lunged at the Night Fury with an undercut jab and a kick. Pitch spun out of the way, tucking his wings close. At the last minute he lashed his tail out, snapping at the Guardian of Hope's arm.

_ "What is the meaning of this, rabbit?" _Pitch roared, jumping to the left as the Guardian used his other boomerang as a throwing knife.

"Is it not obvious?" A silky voice rang out.

The dragon paused, his emerald-gold eyes widening. His pupil's narrowed as he glowered furiously at the darkening shadows. Bunnymund has stopped fighting as well. He'd become eerily stiff during this period of time. As this happened, some of the shadows gradually began to form. Pitch immediately knew what was happening.

"How is this possible?" He demanded. "This creature is that of the future. You should not have any knowledge of him."

"It must puzzle you, dragon." The shadows continued. "How I was able to gain control of this Guardian of Hope. After all, you had not seen me but five minutes ago."

Pitch snarled. "The thought crossed my mind."

The silky voice laughed. "Ah, so you can speak. Our encounter a while ago gave me the impression that you could not speak. In fact, you and I seem to sound quite alike."

"I assure you," the Night Fury cackled. "You and I are not alike."

"Oh?" the shadows continued. "Do the Vikings not call you the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself? Do you not instill Fear into the very hearts of such petty humans?"

"Once they called me by such," the once-was Nightmare King snarled, "but now only those who are ignorant to my ways call me such. Or by those who have a right to Fear me."

"Do all of your humans know of the secret that you keep though?" the shadows taunted. "Do they all know of the reason why you enjoy such Fear?"

He shouldn't know. Pitch growled with alarm. "Very few know of my secret. You could not even know."

The shadows grew bright glowing eyes. "So you should think. I must say, I am quite enjoying this conversation with my future self."

It was like being stabbed in the heart. It burned. It flowed. Fear coursed throughout all of his veins. Pitch couldn't believe his ears. How could past-him know? Shouldn't he have remembered, then, meeting his future-self from before?

"You must wonder how I found out." The darkness murmured with a laugh.

"Possibly." Pitch feigned with boredom.

This seemed to make the shadows taken aback. "Possibly. You've just meet your past-self and you're only slightly interested in how I found out about you?"

"I could care less. I prefer to let the past live in the past." The dragon yawned; he eyed the warrior rabbit to his left carefully.

Aster seemed to be in a darkened trance. Where is Jack and North?

"And yet here you are." Past-him marveled mockingly.

Pitch glared.

"You know," the shadows began. "The Guardians are very weak."

"Tell me something I don't already know." Pitch snapped.

"They'll do anything for a child. Especially under a death threat."

The Night Fury's eyes widened. "What did you do?"

There was a cackle. "Oh no, dragon, I believe you mean: what did we do?"

Rage filled his stomach as the laugh worked its way through the dark. Summing up every ounce of fire power that he had, he shot off his plasma blasts. The darkness lit up in a conflagration of bright purple, blue, and silver. Bunnymund fell back at the brightness of the light, blinking dazedly. Pitch released another blast, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

"What have you done to my family?" He roared.

All around him the echoes of "we" sang through the flitting light. Fury just kept piling on. He shot out another fire ball. It exploded beautifully. His mind began to cloud and the Darkness that was imprisoned began to rattle its cage.

"Let me out, it hissed. If I am let out, your rage will be more powerful."

"Shut up!" Pitch howled, his eyes flashing completely gold.

"P-p-pitch?" Bunny groaned from the floor.

The dragon did not seize his rampage. The Darkness stayed tucked away, but his anger did not. The shadow became lighter and lighter with each volley. The once-was King continued and continued, each shot becoming impossibly stronger.

"Toothless!"

The dragon stopped all together at the sound of that voice. His mind shut down and the only thing he could feel was Fear. Not here. Not here. Not here. And yet the light he'd causedâ€"which stayed as if there was a light switchâ€"revealed the shape of a man that he'd presumed to be past-him.

It was Hiccup.

It had to be a trick of some sort. Former-him was trying to grab him by the very Fear that haunted the depths of his heart. And yet, it looked like Hiccup. It smelled like Hiccup. And the Fearful aura around him said everything Hiccup. This was no deceit of the past

Nightmare King.

_ "Hiccup!" _Pitch shrieked, running towards the man.

The green eyes that used to be so bright dully flicked towards the Night Fury. "T-t-toothless."

Pitch immediately skidded to his boy's side, he nudged him gently.
_ "Are you hurt?" _

The man did not move. "T-t-toothlessâ€| Iâ€| I can't move."

_ "What's wrong?" _

"I can'tâ€| can't move my armsâ€| or legs."

Pitch thanked MiM that Hiccup could understand him whenever the dragon was under extreme emotional tension.

_ "Hiccup, what did he do to you?" _

"I think I explained to you, _we _did it together."

The midnight colored dragon did not have time to evade the Nightmare sand scythe that collided with his face. He tumbled back, a yowl of pain ripping from his mouth as he was blown from the sprawled out man's side.

With a shuddering breath, Pitch realized that his forelegs, his hind legs, and his wings and tail were going numb.

He opened his mouth and croaked in pain.

Past-him stood between himself and his boy in all of his Nightmare glory. His eyes mocked him cruelly and his fists curled around the large weapon. His smile was a perfect filed grin.

"You must really be bewildered now."

Pitch's eyes widened with a craze. He'd lost all movement abilities.

"Well, after discovering who you were, I decided to take things into my own hands. How _dare _you soil the name I worked so hard to build upon. Giving hope to the Vikings, giving your love to this pathetic human, and inspiring so many others." Past-him spat. "It's positively disgusting."

"T-t-toothlessâ€| whatâ€| what is he talkingâ€| talking about?" The Viking on the ground gasped.

_ "I had to learn a lesson that you will have to learn in the future!" _Pitch growled.

"Hm, you still have one more lesson to learn." Past-him chuckled with a deranged grin. "Learn to keep yourself to yourself, never give your heart to anyone. The only thing you should enjoy in life is the power you give yourself."

Hiccup's eyes widened. "T-t-toothless?"

Past-him's scythe turned into a long black sword. Pitch's eyes darkened as he raised the weapon over the Viking. No. No. No. No. MiM no. God no. This couldn't be happening.

MiM nodded and pressed a hand on his friend's shoulder just as the Gold had done. **:Then take with you this gift. Once and only once, I give you the ability to change your form from dragon to man. But the effect will only last for an hour.**

Man in the Moon's words ran clear and true through his head. The dragon knew what he need to do. He couldn't stand by and watch his boy be murdered. With a savage yell, he summoned MiM's power.

As past-Pitch brought his sword down upon the terrified Viking, a bright light swept across the room and the past-Nightmare King shielded his eyes with his free arm. The flash only lasted a second, but as he freed his eyes from the closed position, a sharp clang reverberated through the room.

The angry burning emerald-gold eyes of Pitch Black in all his former glory met those of his past-self as his own sword clashed against the other's.

"You will not harm my boy."

Past-Pitch's eyes widened with shock as the once-was Nightmare King twirled around with military brilliance, swing his sword in a perfect arc. Past-him changed his sword to halberd, releasing himself from his initial surprise, and charged at his future self.

Pitch roared in anger, swinging with every practiced move he could remember. He tucked and rolled, the ends of his long robe flying about in the light like the wings of the Night Fury. Past-him was finally able to counter, swinging about his halberd and forcing a collision upon the once-was Nightmare King's head. Pitch screamed as he flew back, his hand flying to the side of his head.

"Toothless!" Hiccup shrieked.

Pitch could feel the man's terror.

He picked himself up, his breath flicking out in shattering breaths. He tried to ignore the steady trickle of ooze that flowed from his temple. Pitch gripped his sword tighter and charged at himself again.

"You will not harm my boy!"

His sword dragged across former-him's chest. Both Pitches screamed simultaneously. Pitch sank to his knees as past-Pitch pressed his hand to the wound that poured forth black ichor. Pitch looked down to see his own chest dripping with dark maroon blood. The color of blood of his people.

"Look at you, so weak and mortal." Past-him taunted.

Pitch looked up, a maniacal grin covering his grey face. "It is my mortality that makes me strong!"

He lunged forward, his sword bypassing the other's halberd and sinking into the shoulder. Pitch ignored his own pain and the spurt of blood coming from his own side. This needed to be finished.

By hurting his past self, he was hurting himself. He knew the risks. But Hiccup was more important, and he was all that mattered.

"YOU WILL NOT HARM MY BOY!" Pitch yelled, his sword tearing out of the shoulder and sinking into the left part of past-him's chest.

Immediate pain branded through his chest. His eyes flashed a bright color of black and he fell back to the ground. Blood flushed from his heart side.

"You idiot!" Other-him shrieked. "I will end you once and for all."

He raised his halberd high over his head in an insane fury.

Black sludge and maroon blood mixed together on the ground. Pitch felt as if he were sinking into a puddle of life force.

"Toothless!" Hiccup screamed.

Pitch could hear his boy struggling to move.

"Hiccup!" He croaked.

The boy silenced.

"Findâ€|findâ€|find Erik." He murmured.

With one final burst of energy, he grabbed his sword and lunged upward. The blade slashed across past-Pitch's face. The halberd and the sword fell in tandem. Past-Pitch stumbled back, clutching his face.

Pitch himself fell to the ground, rolling through the dark bloods. Agony scraped his face and precious maroon liquid flowed from his face.

"We will end this one day," Past-him screamed, his large hands covering his face. "One-day my revenge will be renowned and you will know my Fear!"

And with a large blast of darkness, the past-Nightmare King disappeared.

Pitch groaned and sank further into the ground. Blood soaked his hair, his skin, and his clothes. He looked upâ€"however much he could, one of his eyes had been torn by his own blowâ€"and marveled at the ceiling.

"So this is what it is like to actually die. He thought wistfully. "It has been a very long time since I have thought of death."

"Toothless!" A voice cried out.

He couldn't see anymore, but he could hear. Pitch heard Hiccup dragging himself across the floor, the armor scratching across what he supposed was rock. He actually had no idea where they were.

"Toothless!"

A hand grabbed onto his arm.

"Hiccup," He rasped.

"Toothless! what's going on?"

"I can't explain." Pitch murmured, gasping as it hurt his lungs to speak. "But I wish for you to know that it was my deepest pleasure to serve you."

"Toothless!" Hiccup cried.

Pitch raised his hand from his face, wishing that Hiccup couldn't see it, and pressed it against what he hoped was Hiccup's.

"With my blood you'll be able to see what you could not."

"Toothless!"

"I love you, Hiccup my Dragonheart."

And with that, the Nightmare King closed his good eye and let his head rest against the pool of blood.

I am ready.

"Toothless, no! No, no, no!" Hiccup yelled, his weak arms shaking the other man's body. "I have questions! You can't leave me!"

I cannot grant your wish this time, Hiccup. Pitch could faintly hear Aster stirring. Take care of him rabbit. Make sure he and his child return to Astrid safely.

"Toothless!" Hiccup howled.

Pitch sighed, his breath shaking out in a shattering way for the last time.

As his skin slowly began to crawl and scales began to form on the skin, the heart beat its last. Bright emerald-gold eyes faded. The chest stopped its struggling rise and fall. And the jaw unhinged limply.

The Viking wailed over the half-transformed, dead body of the Nightmare King.

* * *

><p>AN: **_*Me: Bwahahaha, eat that peasants. Was that worth the wait or what?! Hahaha, expect another month before the next update.

>Loki: Now that is cruel.
Me: *rolls eyes*

>Thorin: *chuckling* We would like to thank: GuardianDragon98, sauara, PhantomBowtie, Britt30, general zargon, ivanganev1992, ZARABEARA, crackerjack642, Guest, Saph, and Malical5 for all reviewing on that last chapter. You all have been very devoted to this story and for that we are grateful.

IMPORTANT: PLEASE REMEMBER THAT MY CONTESTS FOR THIS STORY ARE ENDING WHEN THIS STORY ENDS, SO HERE ARE THE GUIDELINES AGAIN!

1: If you make a fan art to this story THE WINNER will A)have their fanart as the cover for the sequel for a month, B) be able to make their own Guardian for the sequel. [SUGGESTION: I would really love a fanart from this chapter too, sooo...]

2: Make an AMV (FANVID) of the song King and Lionheart by Of Monsters and Men with clips Hiccup, Toothless (from HTTYD AND HTTYD 2 please), and Pitch for the sequel of this story: King & Dragonheart. The winner will A)have their video posted on my profile. B) I will subscribe to them on YouTube. C) they too will be able to make up a Guardian for the sequel.

**Me: Alright guys, I think that's it. I hope you guys enjoy and I'll see you when I update again.

>Loki: Be gone peasants.
Thorin: Fare thee well, Menfolk.**

36. Chapter 36: SÃ-Ã°asta KveÃ°jan

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* * *

><p>Chapter 36: Hiccup

Hiccup's hands shook as he grasped the material of the man's black robe. The cloth seemed to be solidified ichor; gritty and shifty, almost like the sand on a beach. What made the situation worse was that it seemed to melt away in Hiccup's hands, turning back to small sparkly black particlesâ€"fluttering helplessly onto the contorted and deformed face of the grey man.

The tears slipped from the Viking's eyes. He couldn't remember the last time he'd cried. Perhaps it had been at the birth of his son, or the death of his mentor, or the death of his motherâ€|he couldn't recall. But nothingâ€"except for the death of his fatherâ€"had ever burned a hole into his soul like this.

His body quivering, Hiccup gathered the still, bloody, mangled corpse into his arms and rocked it back and forth. Before he could realize what was happening, the words left from his mouth in a mournful tune. As the world broke around him, his song reverberated through crumbling halls.

"May the V-v-valkyries welcome you and leadâ€|lead you through Odin's great battlefield. May they sing your name withâ€|love and fury, so that we might hear it...hear it rise from the depths of V-v-valhalla and know that you've taken your rightfulâ€|rightfulâ€|rightful place at the table of kings. For a great dragonâ€"manâ€"has fallen: A dragon. A warrior. A friendâ€|a father."

A cry broke from his throat the moment those words were uttered. He hadn't meant to say them. Of course Toothless wasn't dead. The dragon-man would wake up in a minute, burble at him for worrying and then explain to the best of his capabilities on what the Helheim was going on. Of course the last Night Fury in existence wasn't dead, it wasn't possible. The dragon had lived through so much, he could not be felled at the single stroke of a sword. It wasn't the dragon's nature to be conquered by such a petty weapon.

It wasn't his fate.

"Oi, kid!"

A soft hand fell upon Hiccup's shoulder. The Viking reacted in no time at all. Resting the body quickly onto the floor, his sword "Inferno" was drawn and pointed at the throat of a very unusual creature. A giant rabbit as a matter of fact. His breath was caught in his throat before he shook his head and narrowed his eyes. His dragon had transformed into a man right before his eyes and he was going to question a giant rabbit?

"Kid, we gotta get outta 'ere. This place is fallin' apart!"

Okay, the talking is a little weird. Hiccup admitted to himself before gripping his sword tighter, glowering up at the rabbit.

"The Helheim are you?"

"Look, kid, that don't matter right now! I have to getch'ya outta here though!" The rabbit growled.

"I won't let you take me anywhere. We can't leave Toothless!" Hiccup argued, scooping up the prone body with one arm while the other remained armed and pointed at the giant animal.

"There's nothin' you can do for 'im. 'E's dead!" The rabbit yelled.

Hiccup bellowed, switching the fire on his sword to ignite. "He is not dead! I will not leave him behind!"

"Look kid!" The rabbit roared, pointing at the body. "He's already leavin'. So should we!"

A moment of horror crossed Hiccup's face before he looked down upon the body in his arms.

Starting at the fingertips of the grey body, the skin slowly started to crumble, and then everything within. Muscle, bone, fat, and sinew began to glitter and churn like the black of the soiled robe. Bit by bit, the flesh began to fall off into little bits of black sand. It worked its way up the arms, the skin shimmering like polished ivory until it fell apart into splotches of sand.

Hiccup screamed gathering the deteriorating man closer to his chest. He began to hiccup, the tears pouring down his cheeks as this abhorrence continued its path. He was scared. He was afraid.

The cracking of rock walls echoed through their makeshift haven, but

Hiccup did not flinch. He could only watch, terrified, as his best friend from childhood began to shrivel into dark gleaming sand.

The handâ€“er, pawâ€“that had been trying to pull him away from the spot on the ground, clenched his armor tighter. Before Hiccup could react, he was pulled away from the ground and thrown over the furry shoulder of the rabbit. What remained of the body fell to the ground amidst a pool of black.

The tears poured down like falling stars.

"No! Take me back!" Hiccup howled. "Please take me back we can't leave him!"

The rabbit's ears flattened against his scalp but he didn't turn around. He didn't look back. His large feet tapped the ground, a large hole appearing at his whim, before he jumped in with the Viking.

Hiccup yowled and shrieked. He pounded the animal's backâ€“demanding he be taken back. He fell thirteen years old again, screaming to empty ears to be reunited with his dragon. With his friend. But like then, he would have no such luck.

"_Please_!" He wailed. "Take me back! He can't die alone!"

"Hiccup, you must be strong for 'im!" The rabbit scolded, running down a tunnel. "'E would not want ya like this!"

"He would never leave me alone to die!" The Viking chief agonized. "He would stay by my side to the very end!"

"He didn't die just for you to follow him!" The rabbit yelled, leaning forward throwing the man off his back; the man skidded forward onto the ground, looking helplessly at the rabbit. "Pitch died to save your life! He knows you have a family to get back to. A wife and a son, as well as an entire village! He would want you to move on and protect those that you have to."

Broken emerald eyes looked up to fierce burning ones. The rabbit's facial expression softened, and that was all it took to break the last of the man's composure. Hiccup burst into a series of harsh cries and screeches like a pained child. The rabbit's warm arms encircled him and he was drawn into a furry embrace. Hiccup clutched at soft tufts as he keened into the strength of Hope.

"Ya gotta be strong for 'im." The rabbit shushed. "It's what 'e would've wanted."

Hiccup sobbed his heart out.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!"

His world stopped, and he turned around slowly, still in the comforting arms of the rabbit.

Running towards him, like there was the spirits of Helheim chasing after him was Erik. Hiccup pushed himself away from the embrace and ran towards his son, his peg leg clanking against the dirt ground. His arms enclosed around the child.

For the first time since Toothless' death, a sense of reality and security clasped Hiccup by the heart. His son was in his arms and he knew that the boy was now safe. Whatever happened, the child was now in his arms. Hiccup looked up from the blonde locks where his face had been buried to see, coming around the bend a skinny boy with bleached hair and a brown cape and a large manâ€"who reminded him much of his fatherâ€"in a bright red cloak. His arms tightened around Erik.

The rabbit rushed up to the incoming two.

"Jack, North! 'Bout time ya both showed up. Where the 'Ell 'ave ya been?"

"Fighting off Nightmares," The white haired boy growled. "They were everywhere down there."

"Ve vere lucky to leave with our lives." The bulky man added, popping his back joints.

The white haired boy looked around. "Hey, Bunny, speaking of Nightmaresâ€"where's Pitch?"

Hiccup realized that they must've talking about Toothless. Who else could they have been?

He stepped forward his son in his arms.

"He's gone." The tears were blurring through his eyelids again.

"Vhat?" The burly man demanded, baby blue eyes wide.

_Must more phantoms haunt me today? Do the gods enjoy tormenting me?
_Hiccup mourned, the eyes of his father looking back at him.
"Toothlessâ€|he didn't survive the fight with the dark man."

The white haired boy was the first to speak. "That's impossible! Pitchâ€|he's unstoppable whenever you're around! There's no way he could've been defeated."

"Do you think I would lie?" The Viking snapped.

Erik whimpered.

"Toothless is gone! He's dead and I could do nothing about itâ€"because I was too terrified to be able to do anything else! If I had just thought to reach for my sword on my legâ€|to just thinkâ€|"

His voice cracked and once again he buried his face into the hair of his son. Erik held onto the braids in his father's hair. He knew who they were talking about and his little innocent heart shattered at the thought of never seeing his favorite dragon again.

"That is vhat Fear does to personâ€|" The red-cloaked man murmured.

"He's really dead?" The boy whispered, looking to the rabbit with

wide grief-stricken eyes; he'd come to finally accept and befriend the former Nightmare Kingâ€|now he was gone.

"I saw it myself." The rabbit mumbled.

"Let's go."

The three looked up to see fire-burning emerald eyes staring right at them.

"Our work is not yet done." Hiccup rumbled. "Let's go."

Hefting his son, the chief stalked away from them, heading into the next tunnel entrance he could find. The three tottered after him dazedly, confused at the sudden change in the man's demeanor. But if they were inside Hiccup's head, then they would know why he was suddenly stoic.

:You must say **_sÃ-Ã°asta kveÃ°jan**_**, Hiccup. Pitch was very brave to give his life for you. It was your love that allowed him to come to the decision that he did. This is what you use in everything around you, Hiccup Nightmare's Dragonheart. Love. You have always done soâ€"a love for your dragon, your father, your mother, your wife, your son, your people. It is your love that gives you strength and in return strengthens others. Do not forget this. For love gives courage even to the most hopeless of hearts. Now go, Hiccup. Finish what you must:**

I will. Hiccup swore.

The three caught up to the man as he stood out of the tunnel, standing on a small island surrounded by nothing but sea.

"I thought your tunnels took us to helpful places." The boy groused to the rabbit.

"I 'ave to be focused!" The rabbit defended.

"Well, then, get focused."

"Ya think it's easy, ya wanker?"

"You do it all the time."

"Well a person doesn't just die ever day do they?"

"You're going to blame Pitch when he hasn't even been dead for a day?"

"I'm not blaâ€"

A loud screeched filled the air and the foreign trio looked to the Vikings in surprise. Hiccup tilted his head up again and released a loud guttural sound. Erik followed his father's lead and mimicked the cry.

"What are you doing?" The bulky man asked.

"Summoning a dragon." Hiccup brusquely answered, before returning his attention to the sky.

The trio looked to each other worriedly. Something was wrong with the man. He'd become solemn. Something different about his aura radiated from his essence. It was strange.

A response shrieked across the sky. It took about another thirty minutes before a dragon came into view. It's bright red scales, and silver-grey horns, and not to mention it's immensity made even the rabbit and the bulky man scared. Hiccup, Erik and the boy simply walked up to the dragon and mounted without a hitch.

Thank you, Torch. Hiccup thought numbly, his hand running across the bumpy scales of the dragon.

"Are ya sure it's safe?" The rabbit asked, looking nervously at the dragon.

"Just get on." Hiccup snapped.

The burly man and the rabbit wasted no time getting on after that.

"So where are we going?" The white haired boy asked.

"Back to Berk." Hiccup answered a matter-of-factly.

No one responded.

"Vhatâ€|vhat you plan to do?" The bulky man asked.

Hiccup pursed his lips, his facial expression hardening, his arm curling around his son even tighter. He didn't answer them for a long time. His emerald eyes wandered the quivering waves of the ocean or the fluffy soft cloud. Finally though, his face softened and he looked slightly over his shoulder.

"_SÃ-Ã°asta kveÃ°jan_." Hiccup whispered.

The bulky man, the rabbit, and the white haired boy looked at each other confusedly.

The Viking sighed and looked off into the distance. "The last farewell."

Ð%Ð%Ð%

In the darkness, a pair of gold eyes opened. Black goo poured from one eye, while more poured from the chest and shoulder. Pitch Black blinked, trying to remember why he was covered in the Fearlings' life force. As the wounds sewed themselves back together, leaving no trace of scarring, he tried to remember. The Darkness and the Gold threatened to emerge from their exile in his mind to help him with this conundrum, but he forced a barrier around himself, he was confused enough as it was.

All he could remember were the Guardians and that spirit Jack Frostâ€|damn the allâ€|

Looking down on his arm he noticed something glimmering. Tilting his arm slightly, he looked at the sleeve of his robe. There resting

innocently, were flecks of bronze sand.

The Nightmare King growled.

Even though it seemed too dark to be Sanderson's dream sand, who else could it have belonged to? He clutched the bit of the bronze sand that rested in his palm.

If he were to ever bring about the downfall of the Guardiansâ€”Sanderson would be the first to suffer at the hands of his revenge.

Without a doubt.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you to GuardianDragon98, Saph, Demonicssis, .Nightmare.1090, Britt30, Pearlness4700, general zargon, Liliana Dragonshard, sauara, Sapphire Roz, and Malical5 for all reviewing the previous chapter.**

No major A/N due to the fact that I wanted people to pay attention to this chapter. The contents of this chapter are EXTREMELY important. So if you don't think you got everything, please re-read.

**Thank you for reading. **

37. Chapter 37: Remember Me

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**_A/N: Me: Hi y'all! Guess what? It's Christmas Break! Yeshhhhhh!

>Thorin: She's been eating nothing but Christmas chocolates this entire week.
Me: I had a legitimate excuse, I had final exams for the semester. Junior year stinks.

>Loki: And that gave you the excuse to hoark your face with sweets?
Me: IT WAS JUST CHOCOLATE, SHEESH! Anyyywayyysss, concerning the story...I, personally, was very amused with what y'all thought of the last chapter. I'm sorry to admit it but, I started laughing at some of the reviews. It was like, y'all were being so CUTE! Kawaii ^(*u*)^ _**

**_It seems that a good number of you forgot that there were two Pitchs. One from the past (still-bad) and then, the present Pitch (the Toothless one). You also seemed to forget that the past-Pitch had run away from the battle, wounded, but yelling something like "It's not over!" And that our beautiful, finally-changed Pitch Black, DIED. So, now that I've explained this, I think you all can divine for yourselves who swore vengeance on the Guardians.

>Loki: I will give you a hint, it was past-Pitch.
Me: *smacks him upside the head with a frying pan.

>Loki: Owwww...
Thorin: I do believe you were supposed to allow the audience to figure that out...

>**

**_Me: TWAS A SHORT LITTLE SUCKER, I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT! THERE WILL

BE A LONGER CHAPTER TO COME, I PROMISE! AND HOPEFULLY IT WILL MAKE Y'ALL HAPPY!_**

* * *

><p>Chapter 37: Pitch

He looked to his boy excitedly as Valka looked from dragon to boy.

_ "How about some lunch?"_

_ Hiccup was just as excited Pitch was. It had been a long time since the dragon had met another _reasonable _human being, and despite the boy's mother being a crazy dragon-saving vigilanteâ€"he could smell the sensibility on her. Of course, she'd also stayed away from her home village in hopes that it would be better for them._

_ How selfless was this woman?_

I do believe, _the black dragon thought smugly, _if I had my original body back; and she was not married to Stoickâ€"I'd take her for my own wife.

_Then again, thinking such a thought brought back horrible memories that he fought so hard to keep buried. _The Nightmares raging through the nightâ€"the Fearlings roaringâ€"and of course, his own blade, hands, arms, shoulders, cloak, and face soaked with the blood of his wife. Where his daughter had goneâ€|he knew not. But the sane part of him, the one that was still barely conscious; Kozmotis, prayed that the evil part of him would not find her. _The dragon shivered and tried to force the memory down again; he shoved it into the darker part of his mindâ€"the part where the Darkness laid caged._

_ The boy looked to Pitch and he shot Hiccup a crooked grin._

"Of course we can go eat with her." _Pitch snorted, sticking out his tongue for a moment._

_ Valka gave a small nervous laugh before looking back at her son._

_ Hiccup gave a small, anxiously happy smile. "Sure."_

_ Pitch barely gave Hiccup the moment to climb on; the dang Nightmare King was hungry. Of course, falling into a freezing ocean, being carried away by water dragons, and then rendered unconscious for a few minutes can do that to a person._

_ Hiccup laughed amusedly. "Alright, alright, alright bud! We're getting you some food. Geez, calm down you over grown puppy!"_

_ Pitch bucked again. "Call me a puppy again, and I will incinerate you!"

"Acting like a dog does you no favors."

_ Pitch rolled his eyes and looked at the Valka-laden Cloudjumper._

"Ah, annoying as ever, Uglaandlit." _Pitch chortled, jumping up into the sky._

"You as well," _Cloudjumper replied. _"Ten years of being separated has done nothing to your irksome personality, Pitch Black."

_The Night Fury snarled. _"It would have been better if you had been left in the raid, and I had found the woman."

"Why, so you could flirt more with her? You do realize she is familiar to dragon mating performances?"

"Uglaandlit, it would be better if you shut your howling maw."

Hey Mom, I think Cloudjumper and Toothless aren't getting along very wellâ€|"

"Ah so I was correct in my hearing, your rider gave you the name Toothless. How fitting for a cowardly king."

"Shut up. At least my parents did not name me _Owlface._"

"Hush you."

I think they're getting to know each other dear." Valka cackled. "Both are such rare dragons, they probably didn't realize either race existed still."

"His race doesn't exist at all." _Cloudjumper snapped. _"Night Furies are the after-math of punishment. Every dragon knows this."

"Oh how I wish your name was _MÃ¶llaus_." _Pitch groaned, lifting him and Hiccup higher into the air._

_ Cloudjumper growled slightly._

_ Valka laughed and pet the dragon's head. "You calm down now. I understand the two of you are a little tense._"

_ Pitch wanted to snort at the thought that she could recognize their patronizing each other. Her voice was so sarcastic. She knew they were bickering._

_ The woman stood up and turned cloud jumper around. She held out her hand to stop them. Both Hiccup and Pitch looked at her confusedly.

—

_ "I thought we were going to get something to eatâ€|" Hiccup wondered aloud._

_ Valka grinned before pointed down._

_ Hiccup and the black dragon looked down into the frothing waves to see several sea dragons circling a school of fish. Pitch recognized this for independent sea dragons. They always hunted alone, no more than pairs if in groups at all._

_ They barely had time to brace themselves for the giant Bewilderbeast rearing his body out of the ocean. The magnificent dragon sprayed cold foam and water in every direction. He snorted.

Out through his nostrils, fish were squirted in a rainbow._

**:Feeding frenzy!: **_The old dragon laughed, enjoying the frantic yet playful demeanor of the other dragons as the fluttered about trying to get food._

_ Before he fell back down into the water, he looked at Pitch. _**:I wish to speak to you later, Notorious One. There is much to converse about especially of your banishment from your real world. I wish to help relieve your sentence in any way I can.:**

_Pitch looked up at Hiccup. _"Well, I do believe we can trust him."

Hiccup sniggered before gesturing at the still raining fish.

"Do not mind if I do." _The dragon bellowed amusedly before shooting down into the chaos._

_ Opening his jaws, he allowed every loose fish to enter his mouth. Let it be known, that day, Pitch discovered just how wide he could open his vice-like jaw._

_ He returned to the level of a giggling Valka and a still sulking Cloudjumper with a mouth full of food._

_ And then later that day, they'd been reunited with Stoick._

_ Pitch smiled as he pushed the shy wife towards her sturdy husband. Hiccup looked from them, to Gobber and finally to Pitch. He gave the dragon a heart-breaking smile. The boy had never been happier._

_ "We can all be a family again." Stoick smiled, his voice thick and full of emotion._

Yes, _Pitch thought. _We can all be a family.

Stoick looked over at the black dragon and rolled his eyes playfully. "Not ye; yer dead.

And then suddenly he was falling. Memories, gone. Voices, gone. Names, faces, times, lives, lands, days, years, hours gone.

_ Black._

_ Dark._

_ Black._

_ Dark._

_ Cold._

_ He was alone, curled up in a prison with only Fearlings as his companions. They reached out with their ichor-dark, poised nails. They lashed out at his skin, his grey skin and black robes. He opened his emerald-gold eyes, trying to force the shadows to protect him. They ignored, allowing the Fearlings to continue their onslaught of physical attack._

_**"Come." **_They hissed. _**"This is where you belong."**_

_** "Daddy, daddy, daddy!" **_They mocked and cried. _**"Save us, we're scared! Daddy, we're scared!"**_

And then they were gone in a swish of light. Pitch looked up.

_ There standing in the darkness, in a mob of light, was a man. His tall body seemed to stretch through the abyss, and his eyes glowed emerald like a burning fire. His hands clutched in on themselves, they covered in a brilliant purple light that licked up leather clad arms. The rest of the man's face was shadowed and the black hair on his head billowed behind him with dark medium-long locks and a few tussled braids causing a shadow to fall upon any familiar features._

**:Your children are safe.: **_The man whispered._

_ Pitch's eyes widened. He knew that voice. Where had he heard that voice before? Where had he heard that voice before? He could remember. He'd just seen the manâ€|boyâ€|the man was aâ€|aâ€|a boy?_

_ The green eyes darkened and the figure began to disappear._

"Wait, don't leave me here!" _Pitch shouted, fearing the darkness would awake again._

_ The man's eyes did not falter. _**:Do not forget me, and you will have Courage.:**

"Do not leave me here!" Pitch shrieked out more forcefully.

The emerald eyes darkened. **:**_**Do not **_**forget me, Toothless, and you will have Courage.:**

And then it all came back. Rushing over his mind like a furious ocean. Everything that he'd forgotten.

_ A curse, slavery, Hiccup, the woods, a new tail, a first flight, an amusing but frustrating blonde girl, a fight, a furious Avara, fire, Hiccup, death, Hiccup, Gobber, Stoick's lullaby, a sick Hiccup, a metal foot, a new tail, flying again, Hiccup, Snoggletog, a new tail again, leaving, Hiccup's helmet, Jack Frost, the Great Hall, Hiccup, dragon races, chief speech, Valka, Stoick's death, the Bewilderbeast, Hiccup, Drago, peace, Berk's prosperity, a new era, Hiccup, Erik the Red, Himself, the black ichor, restoring his powers, dyingâ€|Hiccup._

_ Everywhere he searched his memories, that boy was there. Hiccup._

_ Hiccup, Hiccup, Hiccup, _Hiccup.

_ What a nuisance._

_ And he remember one more thing._

_ He looked up at the man with the emerald eyes hopefully._

_ The emerald eyes bore into the emerald gold ones._

:Don't forget me Toothlessâ€|okay?:

Pitch breathed. "Hiccup the Dragonheart."

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Pitch shot up, his breathing ragged and hollow. His hand flew to his chest in panic as he felt the soreness and pain from his previous dealt wounds. Had he not died? Then whyâ€|why was their air flowing through his lungs?

"Whoa, whoa there! I'd take it slow if I were you! Your body's been out of commission for a long time."

Pitch looked up, propping himself up with his arm, horror dawning upon his now non-dragon face.

Jack Frost hovered above him, a large goofy grin spread across his face. Although, in the sprite's defense, his eyes held a good deal of worry. About a century's worth. And a century, for Jack Frost, was a very, very long time.

"Well, if it isn't the same old cranky Pitch Black we all missed, knew and loved!" He teased, before observing him. "Or perhaps not. Our Pitch Black had creepy silvery-gold eyes. Not pretty green and gold ones. What're you trying to do? Be a lady killer?"

The other Guardians in the roomâ€"yes, Toothianna, North, Bunnymund, and Sandy were there tooâ€"all looked at Jack seriously. The winter spirit held his hands up with no remorse. Bunnymund face-palmed. Sandy looked back to Pitch with a question mark floating above his head. Tooth looked like she was about to flip out. North scratched his beard.

"How do you feel, friend?"

Pitch moaned and flopped back down onto whatever he was laying on.

"I wish I was still dead. Better yet, I wish anyone but you four were here."

"Hey! I'm here too!" Jack shouted upset, after doing a quick head count on his fingers.

Pitch closed his eyes and covered them. "I was going to ignore you."

Bunnymund sighed. "Takin' care o' this wanker's body fer fifty years an' this's what we get. Gratitude, mates."

The Nightmare King growled and squeezed his eyes tighter, trying to reimagine the man-from-the-darkness' face. The image was faint but still somewhat there. He frowned and tried to picture Hiccup's face again. The first thing that came to mind was the nervous face of a young boy holding a knife far over his head.

It took Courage to shoot down a Night Fury; and it took even more than that to _befriend _the Nightmare King.

It took Love.

_I will not forget you, Hiccup. I swear. _Pitch promised.

* * *

><p>AN: Me: alright...so if you guys were confused, please read my Author's Note at the beginning of the chapter if you didn't already. It clears up some stuff. And if you are still confused, then...this chapter was supposed to be confusing because it was focused on a near-death experience, and that shit is all confusing and...stuff...

>Thorin: Language, dear.
Me: my apologies, younger readers.

>__**Loki: *whispers* I think something is wrong with her.

>Thorin: I think she's tired.
Me: I would like to express my supreme gratitude to: Liliana Dragonshard, Moonpie, Britt30, Sapphire Roz, sauara, Saph (THANK YOU FOR GETTING IT!), general zargon, ZARABEARA, lala32903, Pearlness4700, Ivanganev1992, and thedayisslippedaway16 for all leaving thoughtful reviews.

>__**Loki: She is broken.

>Thorin: I do believe it is fatigue.
Me: *shushes* 'Tis Shakespeare in the Park, my good comrades. *passes out*

>Loki: Oh dear...is she dead?
Thorin: Hope not, or else we'll have to finish the story.

>Loki: ...mm, true...
__**_

__**IMPORTANT:**__

__**Here are the rules for the contest that are coming to a close shortly. Anyone who wants to enter, still can!**__

__1: If you make a fan art to this story THE WINNER will A)have their fanart as the cover for the sequel for a month, B) be able to make their own Guardian for the sequel. [SUGGESTION: I would really love a fanart from this chapter too, sooo...__]

__2: Make an AMV (FANVID) of the song King and Lionheart by Of Monsters and Men with clips Hiccup, Toothless (from HTTYD AND HTTYD 2 please), and Pitch for the sequel of this story: King & Dragonheart. The winner will A)have their video posted on my profile. B) I will subscribe to them on YouTube. C) they too will be able to make up a Guardian for the sequel.__

__PLEASE AND THANK YOU FOR CONSIDERING! __

38. Chapter 38: Comes into Play

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__**A/N: Hi guys! It's been a real long time since I updated, and I'm really sorry about that. My life is super busy, as I'm beginning SAT prep, college prep, AP test-prep and coming to the end of my Junior

year. I hope that because of the long waited updates, it will not keep you from my story, but if it is just too long for your taste...

>may I remind you I updated almost once a week for the majority of this story! Jk, I understand if you all are busy too.
Now regards to my contest, it is still up, however I have too few contestants. I NEED MORE PEOPLE. Please, you all, I would ask this, but please consider joining!_**

okay, without a further ado, here is the long awaited Chapter Thirty Eight.

* * *

><p>Chapter 38: Pitch and Manny

The cold stifled the air as if no warmth could reach. Small puffs of fluffy, misty air swirled around with each breath. Pitch folded his arms and looked about his lair. Nothing but swirls of black onyx sand whispered around the floor, and rusty cages squeaked in protest from the ceiling.

His fist tightened.

"What did you expect from your old home?" Pitch muttered. "A warm hearth and good company?"

You've always been alone.

The Nightmare King walked down the stone rather than shadow traveling. He wanted to use his legsâ€"the non-dragon onesâ€"to savor their feeling. Although if he had to admit, if being a dragon meant getting Hiccup back, he would become one again in a heartbeat.

He made it to his old study. This part he used often before his time of revenge. Opening the large doors, he entered the room. Books were littered all throughout the room, papers and scrolls that had been on his desk were strewn about. His desk was broken, and several of his bookcases.

"The Nightmares did quite a job on the placeâ€!"

He followed the wall to the third bookcase, thankfully it had been left intact. He made a mental note to come back and clean the place up, although he believed he would be moving his headquarters.

Bracing his hands up onto the shelf, he began to push. With a low creak, the wooden structure began to move. When it had been moved entire, Pitch wiped his hands on his robe and looked up at the hole in the wall he'd uncovered. His gold-emerald eyes softened as he reached forward into the darkness and grabbed onto something. Pulling out, he uncoveredâ€"like lifting a velvet black curtainâ€"a delicate, wooden chest.

Setting it on the floor, the Nightmare King made a key from his sand and pressed it into the lock. The contraption gave a quick click. Pulling the key out and dissolving it, he opened the chest.

Tears began to pool. Ever since his time as a dragon, he never really

had a hard time crying. Was that a shame?

He pulled out the locket first. His long piano fingers brushed the character of his daughter. Her smile sincere and earnest, her face full of youth. His hand tightened around it and he held it close to his heart.

"I have not forgotten about you Seraphina. I promise you I have not." He whimpered, his form shaking as his tears spilled.

With his free hand, he reached deeper into the chest and pulled out a long gold cape. The three tiers made it seem elegant, and the silver chains that draped across the back marked his status as a general. After that, he dragged forth a set of golden bracers, pauldrons, and greaves. He looked at the armor forlornly. He'd forgotten what he'd given up, when he had been forced to take on the burden of Nightmare King.

But being Toothless had helped him remember.

Looking at the locket in one hand, and his cape and armor in the other, he faintly smiled. He set down the clothing and took the locket in both hands. Carefully clasping it, as not to break it, he placed the necklace in its place. It should have never left it, to be quite honest.

Once that was done, he looked into the box to see if there was anything else. There resting innocently at the bottom of the chest was a standard black military long-coat and a pair of charcoal trousers. Pitch smiled and shook his head.

The time to protect, has come again. He need surely.

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"Whoa! Someone's got a new set of duggies! I dig it!" Jack shouted, pointing at Pitch as he appeared into North's workshop.

The other Guardians turned around.

A tall, lithe man entered from the shadows. Slick black uniform cloaking his body, gold armor decorating him, and a glittering gilded cape fluttering elegantly from his body. His emerald-gold eyes glowed with a sort of fire they'd never seen from Pitch Black.

"Oh my." Tooth squeaked.

Pitch lifted a brow. "Oh my? Is that really all you can say to my change of wardrobe? I do believe a 'why, Pitch, you look quite dashing' would be adequate."

"Not on yer nelly are ya getting' one o' those!" Bunnymund protested as Tooth flushed furiously.

Pitch cackled. "No need to get your fur in a twist, rabbit. I was merely looking for another complement. Jack did quite well in feeding my ego."

Jack Frost grinned. "Your welcome!"

North smiled as Bunny face-palmed.

"So, what is plan now, Pitch?"

The gray man pursed his lips, in all honestyâ€"past getting change, he did not have a plan.

"I do not know." He admitted.

Sandy looked up from his spot. I didn't forget what you'd told me that day.

"Mm? And which day was that, Sanderson?" Pitch tilted his head to the side.

The day you were afraid that Hiccup would not awaken.

The Nightmare King hummed. That day.

Do you remember what you told me? You said 'I do long for my immortality, and I do long to be a king again, but I would give them up a thousand times over if it meant that I could live a life with him'.

"What is your point, Sanderson?" Pitch demanded, a faint blush on his cheeks as Jack made a cooing noise.

Have you considered being a Guardian? Sandy proposed.

The other Guardians got silent.

â€|well, all of them except for Jack.

"Yeah!" he exclaimed. "You protected Hiccup so well! And all of his village! I'm sure if we talk to Mannyâ€"and by we, I mean youâ€"he'd for sure let you be a Guardian!"

Pitch rubbed his temples. "That was far too many exclamatories in one sentence."

"This wanker ain't got what it takes ta be a Guardian!" Bunnymund protested. "For the past thousand years all 'e's been doin' was terrorizing people, not just kids!"

Pitch crossed his arms. "A man can change. Do you not remember how I died because you gave in to my past self's power? I died for everyone that day. Especially Hiccup and Erik."

"And who's fault was that? Ironically none other than yourself."

"Shut up rabbit. It was a different era, it could not have been helped."

"Oh really?"

"Boys, boys." North interrupted stepping between the two battle-ready spirits. "Manny and I 'ave gone over process, already."

"Really, and what did MiM have to say?" Pitch drawled, crossing his arms.

North smiled. "Simple. 'E said you remain Nightmare King _but _become Protector of Fear."

"Was I not that already?" Pitch murmured.

"More like 'abuser of Fear'." Bunnymund sniggered.

"Bunny." Tooth groaned.

"Rabbit, another word out of you I will send you to the largest taxidermy I can find."

North cleared his throat. "As I vas saying. Manny says you are not ready yet to become Guardian. So meanwhile, you become Protector."

"That's kinda mean." Jack growled, holding onto his own grudge with the Man in the Moon.

"Yes, how much more do I have to prove that I am changed?" Pitch agreed.

"I don't know." North shrugged. "I just relay message, yes? All Manny said is that you must vait for someone."

"Who? Who do I possibly need to become a Guardian?" The armor clad spirit demanded.

Again, the Spirit of Wonder shrugged. "I don't know. He didn't say."

"Well you are just a bundle of help." Pitch growled, turning around and beginning to stalk back towards the shadows.

"Where ya goin'?" Bunny demanded.

"Alone." Pitch snapped. "To think."

And then he was gone.

Jack stood up, his staff in hand and summoned a gust of air to fly out of the windows.

The other Guardians just watched.

Sandy just smiled.

Pitch followed, the shadows, trying to find the familiar pathways to a place he thought he knew so well. As he emerged from the darkness, a breeze of freezing past through him. He knew he wasn't cold, and yet he still shivered.

Think nothing of it. He thought to himself.

Pitch stepped onto the perpetually frozen ground, and looked around.

Nothing existed in sight. It was solely a place of permafrost and tundra. His fists tightening, he stalked across the ground, heading in the direction his heart longed. He knew this placeâ€"desolate or not. For what felt like hours, he knew he only traversed for minutes. Yet still, his hope became more and more doused with the signs of no life. No song birds sung, no elk ran, and certainly no dragons flew.

Berk was lifeless.

And then he came upon what he was looking for. Except, he had hoped it wouldn't have been the way it was. He'd a sneaking suspicion, yet he'd hoped it wouldn't have been true.

For miles, stretching across the grounds, were tombstones. They jutted out of the ground like little teeth. The signs of Odin and Hel, war and death, carved on them.

Pitch stood there like a golden specter, among the dead.

"There was a big war, ya know."

He spun around to see Jack, crouched on his staff, ready to spring.

"When?" was all Pitch could muster.

"Aboutâ€|I think 533 AD. They didn't last very long after you died, and certainly not much longer when Hiccup's line died. After the war, whoever was left got up and moved." Jack explained, blue eyes big and sad.

It felt as though all breath had escaped his lungs. Trying, trying, trying to breathe, Pitch turned back towards the tombstones.

"Who began the war?"

"Not the Hairy Hooligans." Jack stared forward at the graves as well. "The Scotsmen, I believe. They'd begun a conquest to kill the Vikings that'd impeded on their land. But, to themâ€|I guess all Vikings were the sameâ€"it didn't matter if they loved peace or not. Several tribes were wiped out, like the Peaceables and the Visithugs."

"Well, the Visithugs were certainly not peace-loving." Pitch chuckled mirthlessly. "Do youâ€|do you know where Hiccup's is?"

Jack nodded, and flew off again. Pitch half expected the boy to jump from grave to grave, but the sprite held his respect. He spirited away over all of them, mindful not to touch the rocks. Pitch himself walked between the spaces with respect, giving a silent prayer for each of his tribe. Becauseâ€|where they not his tribe? After years of living among them and protecting them, didn't he have that right to call them his?

After a while, Jack landed next to a small rock, which was encircled by another five. Pitch walked up to them. Written on one were the signs of Loki, Nott, and Forsetiâ€"following shortly below, was written:

"_Hiccup the Dragonheart_

Friend of all,

King among Vikings,

Prince among Dragons."

Next to his was a tombstone with the runes of Freyja and Tyr, Astrid's name followed. Then there were three smaller tombstones with names that were unrecognizable to him: Ofla, Stryn, and Stoika.

"They had three children, one of them died at three and the other two were stillborns." Jack murmured. "By the time that Stoika had died, Hiccup and Astrid were too old to bear any more children."

"What of Erik?" Pitch asked.

The imp grinned a bit. "Ever hear of Erik the Red?"

The Nightmare King chuckled a bit. "That damn little idiot did something right, then."

"Whoa, you could say that." The Spirit of Fun laughed.

Kneeling in front of the grave, Pitch placed his hand on the tombstone. Jack expected the man to ask for privacy. He expected words of sorrow, or words of solitude, or gratitude. Instead Pitch gave a barking laugh.

"What are you up to now, you stupid boy?" He asked fondly.

Jack's brow quirked. That wasn't exactly what he expected.

Pitch did not turn around. "Something that Hiccup told me, was that the Darkness inside of me would remain forever caged until the day he died. It was his love for me that kept it locked away. So tell me Jack, if Hiccup is dead, then why am I not evilâ€"as I was before?"

The icy blue eyes widened, and Jack sucked in his breath. "Youâ€|you think Hiccup is the one who you're supposed to wait for?"

That recognizable Cheshire grin spread across Pitch's features. "Man in the Moon is a bastard like that. I wouldn't put it across him."

"So in other wordsâ€|"

"Hiccup is very much alive, and he is a spirit like usâ€|he is waiting."

Ò%Ò%Ò%

Manny looked at the guest sitting at his tea table. He never had many guests, too far away for any of them. But this spirit, unlike the others, had a few special qualitiesâ€"like teleportation.

:So,: **MiM began. **:Are you willing to take up this task?:

The man on the other side laughed. "It doesn't really seem like you're giving me a choice, you son of a bitch."

**:Now, now, HlÃ-n. What sort of language is that? You are to become a future Guardian if you take up my request!: **MiM protested, slightly taken aback.

The man pushed back his inky black bangs from obscuring his burning draconic emerald eyes. "Yeah, and that means babysitting a useless spirit who apparently can't defend himself."

:You know, for the Spirit of Love, you are quite bitter.: The Man in the Moon observed.

"MÃ;ni," HlÃ-n said deadpan. "You named me after a girl, and you made me the spirit of _Love_. Yeah. I'm a bit bitter."

**:Eros is not bitter about his position.: **MiM flinched.

"That stupid winged cherub, _Cupid_, is the Spirit of Lust, you lech!" The man argued.

:I admit that Eros was not my best decisionâ€¦but, that does not necessarily make me a 'lech' as you would call me, HlÃ-n.:

"Wellâ€¦as long as my partner isn't a perv, I guess I could check it outâ€¦Waitâ€¦" The man's brow furrowed and his eyes grew brighter for a second.

**:What is it?: **MiM asked curiously.

The man's eyes darkened. "Someoneâ€¦noâ€¦two spirits were on my turf." He glared at MiM. "I thought you said no one would be able to find my homeland!"

**:Only those who didn't know it.: **Man in the Moon explained carefully.

HlÃ-n growled. "Thank you for nothingâ€¦look, I gotta go. I'll talk to you later, MÃ;ni."

**:Will you go, then?: **MiM asked, watching as the man got up.

His black hair swirled in the wind, and the wings attached to his arms began to unfurl. The tail that curled down his legs flopped eagerly for flight. HlÃ-n fixed his armor.

"To North's? Sure why not? If only to laugh at this useless spirit. Sure you won't tell me his name?"

MiM shook his head. **:No. You'll know him when you see him.:**

HlÃ-n shrugged. "Fine. Have it your way."

He stretched his arms out, the ebony wings elongatingâ€¦and then he was gone. Teleported far from the moon back to Earth.

MiM sighed with relief. **:He's always so volatile. It must be hard on him, not knowing why he's guarding such a heavy burden on a person he does not remember. But soon enough, all things will come into play.:**

* * *

><p>AN: Soooo, yeah? What'd y'all think?**_

**I would like to thank: GoldenGriffiness, Sapphire Roz, sauara, GuardianDragon98, ZARABEARA, Saph, Liliana Dragonshard, DragonGirl223, Britt30, general zargon, Pearlness4700, Malica15, bornpuppetdiedcrying, fuiopu98, Guest, ivanganev1992, mollienaturerocks for ALL REVIEWING! I read everyone's reviews and love all of them so please don't stop! **

**Takk fyrir and goðan morgunn!**

39. Chapter 39: The Wanting

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A/N: Well, my lovelies, it's been a while hasn't it? So sorry about that. School was busy, especially with APs and Finals in the way. But it's over now. School has officially ended, I am now a senior and life has finally calmed down. I'm so happy I can get back to my normal writing schedule between college apps and looking for a summer job. Also guys, very important, I will be trying to publish my first original novel this summer, so looking for all of your support would be fantastic once it comes out:) I'll give out more information once the process actually starts, but I am very close to achieving my dream!

So now that is all out of the way, without further ado, I present, the long await chapter 39!

WARNING: Foul language (aka cussing) From Hlin because...he's got anger management.

* * *

><p>Chapter 39: Hlín

The fresh morning air hit his face as he flew through the air, his black wings extended long and taut. Hlín surveyed the area of Berk with cautious eyes, looking for any strange figures that he believed to encroach on his island. Only the snow and ice that whipped through the frosty ground and wind met him.

"Jack must've been nearby." He growled. If it was only Jack, then he needn't worry. But still, a presence other than the winter sprite's lingered in his home. One that felt strange and familiar.

He didn't like it.

"Whoever it is, I'll catch the damn wretch." Hlín muttered, landing with a soft thud.

His nostrils flared with the smell of darkness. One that he did not particularly appreciate in the desolate tundra of his home. There was far too much suffering to go around on his land for any wanton extras.

"I wouldn't have put it past stupid Grim Dite or Treachery to stop by." He muttered. They're the only Dark Ones who know of this place!"

His tail dragged through the glittering snow as he continued to smell the area. Jack had definitely been there. He'd have to talk to the stupid little bastard again about trespassing. But that other smellâ€œit really began to irk him. His eyes narrowed as the scent reminded him of the memories that lay dormant underneath the human part of his mind. The dragon part of his mind identified the smell as another one of his kind. Another dragon.

"Except dragons don't exist. At leastâ€œnot anymore." His voice dipped with an expected amount of frustration.

His feet stopped at the grave of the one who he constantly visited. Hiccup the Dragonheart's name read darkly on the slab of rock. HlÃ-n's dark green eyes narrowed even more.

"So, Hiccup, do you know this guy? The one who messed up my turf? I sure as hell don't. I know you have the damn answers so justâ€œlet me remember already. I know you're in me somewhere. Soâ€œ!"

For a moment the tough faÃ§ade slipped past his features and he became vulnerable. But just for a minute. Immediately the spirit's face hardened and his jaw tightened.

"I just need to remember already, dammit. Enough of your games!"

He faced the sky. "I know you can hear me, MÃ¡ni! Just give me the answers already! Just give me Hiccup's memories."

I don't want to forget the part of me that was alive.

He looked briefly to Hiccup's wife's stone.

I don't want to forget a life where I loved and where I was loved.

—

Isn't it funny? The Spirit of Love wanders the world unloved by anyone. A dark world for a bringer of hope.

HlÃ-n scoffed at the headstone. "You and your family's ashes lie hereâ€œwell, at least presumably. Don't you want me to remember? Huh? Do you want their love to go unnoticed by me? It must pain you so, you idiot."

Turning swiftly, he spread out his arms, wings billowing out like sails. His feet dug into the ground as he ran forward. The cold air, as his spun from the ground and into the sky, blasted against the angry thoughts in his head. His frown and clenched jaw lightened and he closed his eyes.

HlÃ-n's thoughts furious and otherwise sailed far away as his mind emptied. Flyingâ€œhis pastime, his nicheâ€œplaced away all his

furies. He smiled lightly, the wind howling in his ears like some sort of savage song while the cold seemed intent on tattooing itself onto his unaffected skin. Perks of being already dead, he supposed.

Opening his emerald eyes, he angled himself in the direction of the North Pole. In particular reason was he anxious to see North again, in fact, he tried to stay away from the jolly man as much as he could. The fat man annoyed him to no end. With both his heavy accent and boisterous personality, it was enough to make sure the aloof dragon-man stayed his distance.

"Well, hopefully it's worth the laugh." HlÃ-n mumbled. "We'll see."

He just prayed none of the other Guardians were there.

Other than Jack, the Guardians didn't in particularâ€¦like him. He supposed that he was far too close to a Dark One for their taste. Despite that he too brought beauty to the world in the form of courtship and healthy dates as well as deep friendships that could never be cut by any amount of disloyalty, they still believed him to be tooâ€¦ capricious for their tastes. Sure he had a serious anger management issue, but, he could keep it down around humans. But it didn't matter to them. Of the good spirits, he was the gregarious sore thorn that no one appreciated.

"But of course MÃ;ni decided that he wanted to make me a Guardian. Brilliant decision you old clot." HlÃ-n grumbled.

Tilting his direction, he managed to navigate between the tall icy steeples that called themselves mountains. He was sure that even Old Man Mountain could feel his presenceâ€"who couldn't identify he dragon's presence? HlÃ-n reminded himself that he'd have to say hello to the old coot.

Old Man Mountain was one of HlÃ-n's older acquaintances and probably the closest thing he could call family. The ancient nature spirit resembled the fleeting kind of all mythical creatures. His closest trait to a dragon was the fire-breathing capabilities and the horns on his head. He took a very young HlÃ-n under his wing long ago when the Spirit of Love first appeared.

"Come to think of itâ€!" He thought aloud. "I haven't had a talk with him in a long timeâ€¦not since I left, really. I wonder if he's still alive. Not too many people believe in the Spirit of the Mountains anymore."

He paid little mind after that to the mountains, and attended to his observance of North'sâ€¦home. The large building stuck out like a rose amongst weeds, although to be honest, HlÃ-n would've preferred the weeds.

The Spirit of Love's sight landed on the sleigh launch pad and decided that would be the best place for him to land. HlÃ-n tucked his arms in and dove. His mind chilled with the reveille of free fall. It screamed through his ears in a pleasing way. Love was often like thatâ€"a yowling down that excited and scared a person in such a pleasurable way that they wanted more.

His feet landed with a large boom. Several of the yetis in the nearby proximity scattered. Others looked at him as menacingly as the furry creatures could. One of them stomped up to him and gutturally berated him for disturbing the peace and for intruding where he wasn't wanted. Or that was what HlÃ-n presumedâ€"he didn't speak yeti.

"Hey, look, hairy fat man. I'm here to talk to the other one. You know, Big Hairy Fat Man? MÃ;n'i's orders. I didn't come on my own accord." He interrupted the tirade.

The grey furred creature snarled at his rude reference to the Guardian of Wonder.

The Spirit of Love just shrugged.

The yeti nodded brusquely before walking in towards the castle. HlÃ-n followed, supposing that was his cue to follow. He looked cautiously at the walls, telling himself to refrain from sneezing. Any of his plasma blasts would bring the ice palace down in a heartbeat.

His feet padded down the hall, his one faulty foot clanking incredibly loudly down the tile and wood flooring. He had to admit though, some of the dÃ©cor was rustic. A refreshing view instead of the imagined bright reds, greens and blues.

"Ah, you must be who we wait for!" A loud voice shouted.

HlÃ-n sighed, good feelings gone. "Ah, North."

He looked up, his draconic eyes trying to not portray any hostility.

The white haired giant smiled greatly. "HlÃ-n? This you? Look how big you've grown!"

"Yes," The raven head nodded. "I was still fairly young when you last saw me, huh?"

"Only few hundred years old." North nodded. "Come, come. Everyone else is waiting for you."

The Wonder Spirit herded a reluctant dragon spirit into a room with Bunnymund, Toothianna, and Jack Frost.

Tooth smiled politely while Bunnymund continued to ignore his entrance.

"HlÃ-n!" Jack exclaimed, sauntering up to him with an outstretched hand.

The younger spirit's enthusiasm was contagious and HlÃ-n's smile broke past the frustrated frown. He clasped hands with the Winter spirit and pulled in for a hug.

"Well if it isn't the whelp! Doing a little better for himself, eh?"

Jack laughed. "Haha, watch out man, I'm a Guardian now. Don't wanna mess with me!"

"You and your magical staff of twinkles?" HlÃ-n gestured to Jack's crook with an amused chuckle.

The winter spirit cuffed his friend on the back of his head. "Come on, don't be like that."

"Speaking of which," HlÃ-n rumbled, strolling down off topic lane. "What were you doing on my turf the other day?"

"Freshin' up the winter over there. Getting a bit too warm for my likes." Jack giggled nervously.

"Ooh, and with another spirit? A Dark One, nonetheless?"

"Dark One?"

"Jack." HlÃ-n's pupils narrowed. "You know only few can enter my domain. Being that it's a heavily influenced by sorrow, it's mostly Dark Ones. So. Tell me, who was it that you brought with you?"

"Ah, actually," North interrupted. "That would be why you're here. We are waiting for him and Sandy to return."

"Sandman and a Dark One?" a scandalized HlÃ-n demanded.

"Not like that." Bunny snapped, already irritated with the dragon. "They're just working as dream partners."

"Oh." HlÃ-n drawled. "I didn't know there was another dream spirit. What's she like?"

"He."

"I didn't know the Sandman was into that type of stuff."

That earned the Spirit of Love a sharp knock against the head with Jack's staff.

"Ow, man." HlÃ-n growled, rubbing his head.

"Be serious." Jack snickered.

"I waâ€" "

Bunnymund cocked his brow and dared HlÃ-n to try and continue.

The dragon backed down.

"So when are they supposed to be here?"

"Any moment. Just waiting for lull in sleep."

"People sleep all the time. That's gotta be pretty tough." HlÃ-n added, unimpressed.

The other Guardians just shifted uncomfortably, while Jack scratched the back of his head nervously.

HlÃ-n lifted a brow. And I wonder why they don't like me.

A cold air shifted through the room.

"We have returned, Sanderson decided to take an extended time in dolling out dreams. We are late because of him." A silky voice uttered.

HlÃ-n turned around to see the short, stubby, golden Guardian pout at the other's words. The other was anâ€|interesting specimen to say. He was tall, taller than him. And he wore all black military clothesâ€"something that HlÃ-n would date around the Revolutionary eraâ€"with gold armor that seemed straight from a fairy tale book. His pitch black hair defied gravity and his emerald-gold eyes reeked with dragonish qualities.

But worse of all was the scent.

The scent that had been bothering HlÃ-n ever since he returned to his territory.

The Spirit of Love waltz right up to the man, his brow furrowed angrily. "So you're the spirit I sensed earlier."

The emerald-gold eyed man lifted his eyebrowless brow unamused, although his eyes seemed to shine with recognition. "And you are?"

HlÃ-n stuck out his hand with as much forced manner as he could. "HlÃ-n."

The spirit laughed, a fond smile spreading across his face. "You look far from the goddess of Love."

The dragon-man's face flushed. He got the reference of my name?

The darkly clad man grasped his hand in a grappling handshake that screamed testosterone. HlÃ-n revealed his fangs to frighten the spirit, but he just gave him an equally worrying toothy grin.

Maybe he's not too bad. HlÃ-n thought, before he recoiled, agony shooting through his body.

He backed away from the spirit before crumbling to the ground. His mind whirling with things he'd so longed for. Memories. They were returning.

It took him a moment before he could shake away the dizzying amount of pain that racked his body. He could feel several different emotions as he looked that the spirit who crouched worriedly before him.

HlÃ-n opened his fanged mouth in a mirthless chuckle.

"You bastard, Pitch Blackâ€"or should I call you Toothless?"

* * *

><p>AN: _**

IMPORTANT: PLEASE REMEMBER THAT MY CONTESTS FOR THIS STORY ARE ENDING WHEN THIS STORY ENDS, SO HERE ARE THE GUIDELINES AGAIN!_

1: If you make a fan art to this story THE WINNER will A) have their fanart as the cover for the sequel for a month, B) be able to make their own Guardian for the sequel. [SUGGESTION: I would really love a fanart from this chapter too, sooo...]

2: Make an AMV (FANVID) of the song King and Lionheart by Of Monsters and Men with clips Hiccup, Toothless (from HTTYD AND HTTYD 2 please), and Pitch for the sequel of this story: King & Dragonheart. The winner will A) have their video posted on my profile. B) I will subscribe to them on YouTube. C) they too will be able to make up a Guardian for the sequel.

**A special thanks to: GuardianDragon98, DragonGirl233, dawn2halen, Saph, Anaire-197, general zargon, Sapphire Roz, Liliana Dragonshard, ivanganev1992, Britt30, Pearlness4700, TheSmileyGuest, Moonpie, ZARABEARA, Malical15, and Snowdrops and Rainclouds for all reviewing!**

**So, as all things must come to an end, this story has only two more chapters left! Yay! Are you excited? Because King and Dragonheart is going to be an emotional rollercoaster that was inspired by the song King and Lionheart by Of Monsters and Men, Tokyo Ghoul, the Hobbit and some of my own little experiences in life. It's going to be great:3**

40. Chapter 40: The Discerning

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A/N: Heeeeeey everyone! I'm so sorry for such a long hiatus, with school and my own original book series trying to get published, I've just been super busy. But none the less, I have produced the FINAL chapter to this story, followed by this will be a short epilogue to lead into the next story.

OH, IMPORTANT there is a new poll for the TITLE for the next story, please be sure to VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE ONE.

**Takk fyrir for all your patience lovelies! Bye bye! **

* * *

><p>Chapter 40: Pitch and Hlin

Pitch stared at the other spirit for a good long while. Not sure of how to react to the other remembering him. He offered his hand at least, to help pull the Spirit of Love from the floor. HlÃ-n slapped his hand away and stood up on his own, albeit a bit wobbly.

"So, it is really you," Pitch finally decided. "Hiccup."

"My name isn't that," HlÃ-n argued. "Not anymore."

"But that is you," the Nightmare King persisted. "You are, or were rather, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third."

HlÃ-n pressed a hand to his aching head, the pain was throbbingâ€"memories flooded him all at one moment, flashing before the forefront of his thoughts like lightening. A dragon, a black dragon with bright green and gold eyes. Always protecting Hiccup, always guarding him.

"And youâ€|you're Toothless," concluded HlÃ-n, swaying a bit. "You really are Hiccup's protector."

"You are unwell, sit down," Pitch murmured, reaching out to help the other Spirit.

"Don't touch me!" the Spirit of Love lashed out, his green eyes narrowed and furious. "Don't you dare touch me."

Pitch backed off slowly, his arm raised defensively. "I am merely trying to help."

"Oh? You're trying to helpâ€|help me," HlÃ-n stated, his dark pupils narrowed pencil thin.

Pitch's eyes narrowed as well. "Indeed."

"You want to help me?" the dragonish spirit growled. "You want to help me? You're hundreds of years too late! Where have you been?"

"I am afraid I do not understand," Pitch deadpanned.

"If you wanted to help me, why didn't you find me sooner? If you truly were the Toothless that loved Hiccup so much, why didn't you come to help me when I need you most! I am one of the oldest spirits here! North and Sandy being the oldest, so why didn't you find me, huh?"

"Oh Hiccup," Pitch murmured, taking in the seething dragon man with frustration at his own person. "I had been the Nightmare King long before Sanderson and North existed. Ifâ€|if things under different consequences could exist differently, I would have gone back for you. But when you had been first born as the Spirit of Love, Pitch Black had yet to meet you in the past. I would have never known you as the boy I know today."

HlÃ-n's expression darkened. "I'm not Hiccup. Not anymore. And you don't know me."

North intervened. "Nov nov, gentlemen, you both are different and yet not from times past. That matters little, nov. You both are guardians! Act like it!"

"What do you know North?" Pitch bit back, "I meet the young lad I spent years protecting and he has returned as an ungrateful brat."

HlÃ-n's hair rose as if on hackles. "Me? Ungrateful? Listen here Pitch, if it wasn't for me you'd be damned already to the worst doom you could think of. I saved your pathetic life."

"You saved my life?" Pitch roared. "I am not sure if you are aware, but I could have eaten you there in the cove when I first saw you."

You would be dead as dead could be!"

"And you'd be damned to a life as a blood thirsty animal!" HlÃ-n snarled back, his eyes dark and envious.

Pitch took a step back, eyes wide as the silent "like me" hung in the air.

HlÃ-n was jealous.

HlÃ-n was jealous of him.

"Thisâ€|was your dream, was it not, to be like the creatures you so dearly adored?" Pitch questioned.

"It was Hiccup's dream," HlÃ-n snapped. "Not mine. I would love to carry out my duties as a Spirit of Love without looking like a Dark One! Because that's what everyone presumes me to be. A Dark One."

"Perhaps if you did not walk around so hateful all the time, it would be a different story," Pitch lifted his chin.

"Oh that's rich coming from you."

"I've changed my ways!"

"But everyone still remember as the Nightmare King," HlÃ-n said in a dangerously low voice. "No, I refuse to allow you to be my partner. I will never be a Guardian if I have to work with you."

Pitch stared at the man, his eyes wide and confused.

"Butâ€|Hicâ€"

"I'm not Hiccup!" the dragon roared, his arms flashing out, flaring his wings. "Get that through your head! Hiccup may have loved you, but I don't! I can't love a man who abandoned me when I needed him the most."

"I never, ever, abandoned you," Pitch rumbled, his hand fisting.

"You died," HlÃ-n's voice shook, too many emotions splashing his tone for anyone to pick just one. "You died and you left me alone to rule my people."

_Hiccup's voice, _Pitch realized mournfully, the deep voice of HlÃ-n had resided to a soft quietness that could only be found within Hiccup. HlÃ-n truly was the angry spirit Hiccup had left behind after his death.

"You left me alone to rule Berk, to keep my family safe, to keep my people safeâ€"and I failed. My children died, my wife died, my entire tribe died, all because of you."

"I could not help my death HlÃ-n," Pitch tried gently, "I died saving you. Does that mean nothing?"

"To me," HlÃ-n stiffened. "It doesn't. It just meant I had to wait around for someone to notice me. And even then" he glared at the

Guardians, "no one cared."

Jack lowered his head.

"These stupid Guardians," the Spirit of Love rumbled. "They don't give a shit. There are thousands! Thousands of spirits out there who need help from you fourâ€"no five, sorry Jackâ€"and you ignore them completely. If they're not Guardians then they don't concern you, right?"

Bunnymund and North looked down ashamed, while Tooth fluttered mortified.

"We do care!" She piped up. "It's just that we're so busy! HlÃ-n, you must understand that with all the duties to the children we can't possibly check up on everyone."

"Except Jackie here does."

Jack looked around sheepishly. "It is doable, guysâ€|to try and visit everyone, fly around make sure they're okay."

"Not all of us fly," Bunnymund snapped.

Sandy looked down at his suddenly interesting hands. Maybe I can put him to sleepâ€|he'll calm down a bit after a nap.

"You get my point!" HlÃ-n barked. "For over a thousand years I've been alone, and so help me by MiM , I'll stay alone for a thousand years more!"

Pitch reached out and smacked the man across the cheek.

The dragon reeled back, caught surprised by the slap.

"Stop acting like a petulant child and listen," he growled. "Have you given thought that the Guardians may not have known of your existence? Jack and I know better than anyone that the Guardians have very tight attention spans and they can only do so much. I had no idea of your existence which is why I never searched you out after I returned from the past. If I had known that you were here in this time, as you areâ€|I would have sought you out first thing."

"HlÃ-n you cannot go blaming everyone for your strife. It does not work out. And I am telling this as a failed villain, a previous dragon, and the prior brother you'd once looked up to me as. You cannot hold onto your grudge against us for not knowing. It will destroy you. MiM has given you an opportunity to start over."

"You say you are not a Dark One, well prove it. Stop being so hatefulâ€"love and hate are not so different, this I understandâ€"but you must embrace the lighter side of your power more than the darker side, or else you might give in to it."

Pitch lowered his head in shame. "Trust me, I know."

HlÃ-n stood stock still, taken aback by his words. And for once, he looked at this man a little different. Before his memories returned, Pitch Black had always been nothing but a power hungry freak to himâ€"making little difference to why he should care about that

particular Dark One. But with Hiccup's memories, he found that he wanted to listen to this man's words.

He wanted to like him.

"Iâ€œ|" HlÃ-n paused. "I want to apologize on account of my behavior, andâ€œ|"

The dragon looked around, his eyes wide and confused. "I need time to think before I fulfill Manny's request."

And without another word, he spread his wings and flew from North's palace. He had to get away. He needed to be alone. He needed to think.

Pitch looked up forlornly at the window HlÃ-n had flown out of. Oh my boyâ€œ|what have I done to you?

* * *

><p>Next Chapter: Epilogue**

41. Epilogue

Epilogue:

The wind swirled around him as he sat in his hiding spot. Unlike the other spirits, he did not have a very ostentatious place for his home. In fact, much like Jack, HlÃ-n's home was a place from his past that he held dear. The cove was his one resting place that he could call his home.

Sitting upon an outcropping rock, HlÃ-n ran a hand through his hair sighing deeply. I don'tâ€œ|I can't forgive him, can I?

He closed his bright green eyes, laying back on the cool stone. In his mind he saw Hiccup, sitting back looking at him. The auburn haired man looked at him.

"Can you really not forgive him?" Hiccup asked, resting his hand on his knee.

"No I can't, HlÃ-n growled looking at his former self angrily. You love him too much to see how much he doesn't care.

"And you're too hateful to see how much he cares for you," Hiccup responded, sighing. "Loving and hating, I realize that's your thing, and you can only have one extremity of one or the other, butâ€œ| HlÃ-n, Pitch is everything to me. Just because you can't have experienced the things I did with him, doesn't mean you can't experience your own memories with him. He died for us, HlÃ-n."

"No, he died for you Hiccup, not me, HlÃ-n murmured.

"I'm not saying just utterly and totally forgive him," the man sighed, "because I don't think even I could do that. Not right away anyways, I'm justâ€œ|I love Pitch, as my father and my shield brother. Please don't destroy that relationship I had with him."

HlÃ-n looked up to the human. He looked sad and old, his hair peppered with greys and whites. His beard was unkempt and his armor as old as it was the day he died. And, the dragon man couldn't help but feel sad for Hiccup the Dragonheart.

_It's because you know you won't ever see him, huh, Hiccup? _

Hiccup closed his own eyes, leaning back in the darkness. _"As I am, I won't ever see Pitch again, yes. Butâ€|you will see Pitch and you are the future of myself. I ask of you, don't ruin what memories Pitch holds so fondly of me. If you're going to hate him, do so away from him."_

HlÃ-n shook his hair, unfurling his wings. _I will try Hiccup, but that's all I can promise._

The older man opened his eyes, the green orbs wet and pooling with tears. _"He is my first and best friend. Please don'tâ€|"_

_ I will try, _he interrupted. _That's all I can give._

And HlÃ-n opened his eyes.

His hand ghosted over his cheek, touching the tears streaming down his skin. He scoffed, wiping his eyes. His wings fluttered as a cold wind blustered over Berk.

"Why are you crying my darling?" A voice asked from behind him.

HlÃ-n wiped the tears from his eyes, sighing exasperatedly. "Oh, hello mother. And these aren't mine."

The woman's voice cackled in amusement. "But oh my dear, they're coming from your eyes!"

"They're Hiccup's."

He heard the ruffle of skirts and knew the woman to have walked around him.

"What do you want mother?"

"I want to talk to you about Pitch Black."

"Ooh boy, another one."

"You know it's only natural that you feel such strong emotions toward him," the woman chirped. "He did betray your heart."

"He didn't betray my heart, mother," HlÃ-n groaned, "he simply didn't know."

"Is that what he told you? Is that what Hiccup told you?"

"It is."

There was a pause before a long drawling laughing. "Oh my darling boy, that man does not 'simply not know' things. He is a horrible man who manipulates things. Do you honestly believe that he didn't

manipulate the truth to you? You were the kindest person he'd known in the past, how could he possibly believe that you died? You deserved more than he to be a spirit. How could he have not known?"

HlÃ-n stiffened.

"He is incapable of love, my boy," the woman mumbled. "You dodgedâ€|how do they say, 'dodged a bullet' when you refused your partnership with him. He will destroy your Love until it is nothing but the blackest hate."

Irritated, HlÃ-n sat up, opening his eyes. The woman stood before him in a beautiful green gown, her long black hair flowing behind her like a river. Her pale skin shone like the moonlight, and her bright gold eyes glowed like the sun. She seemed warm and inviting, ever the motherly figure she should be.

He lifted his lip snarkily. "Ever encouraging, Mother Nature."

The End...

End
file.